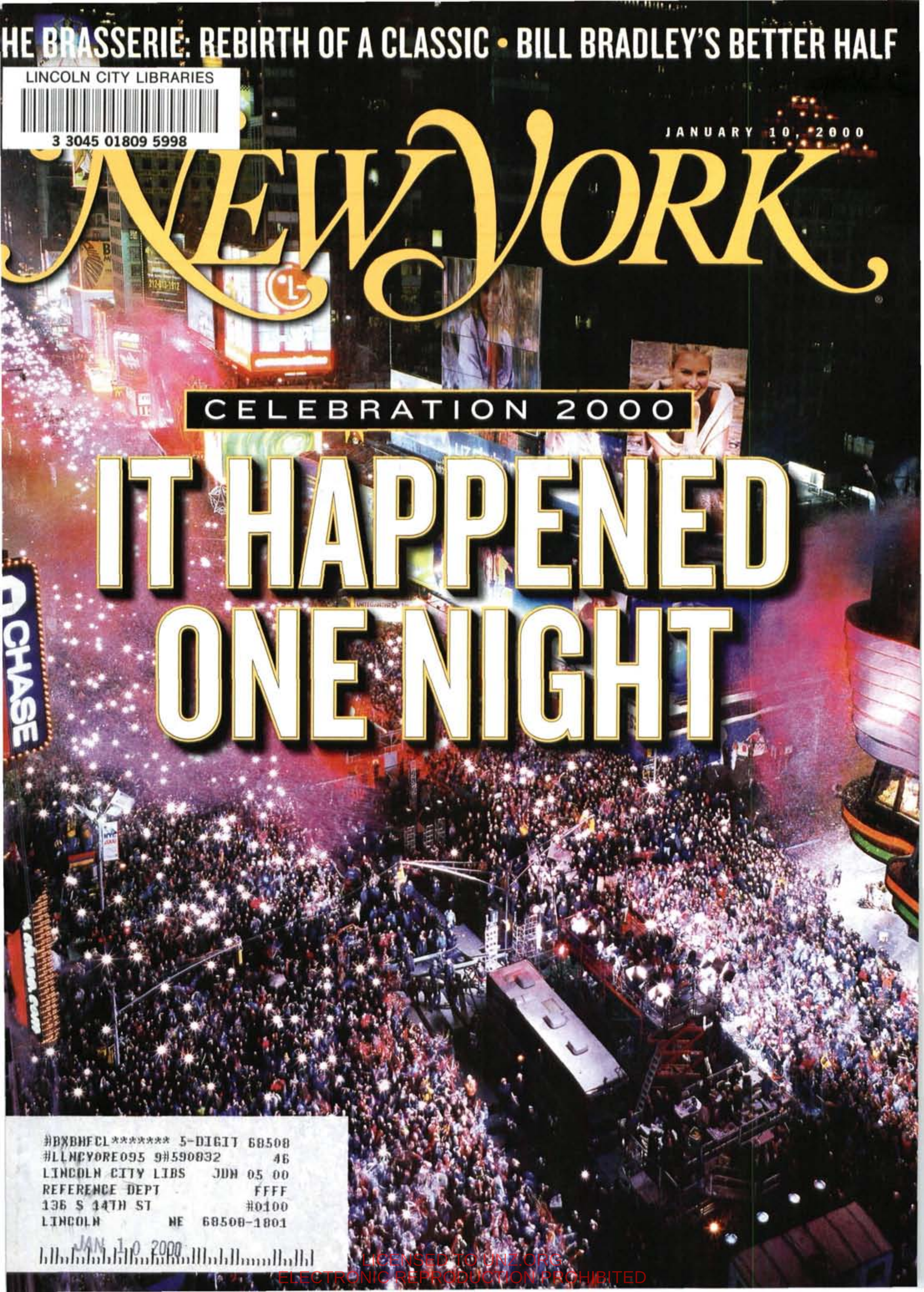

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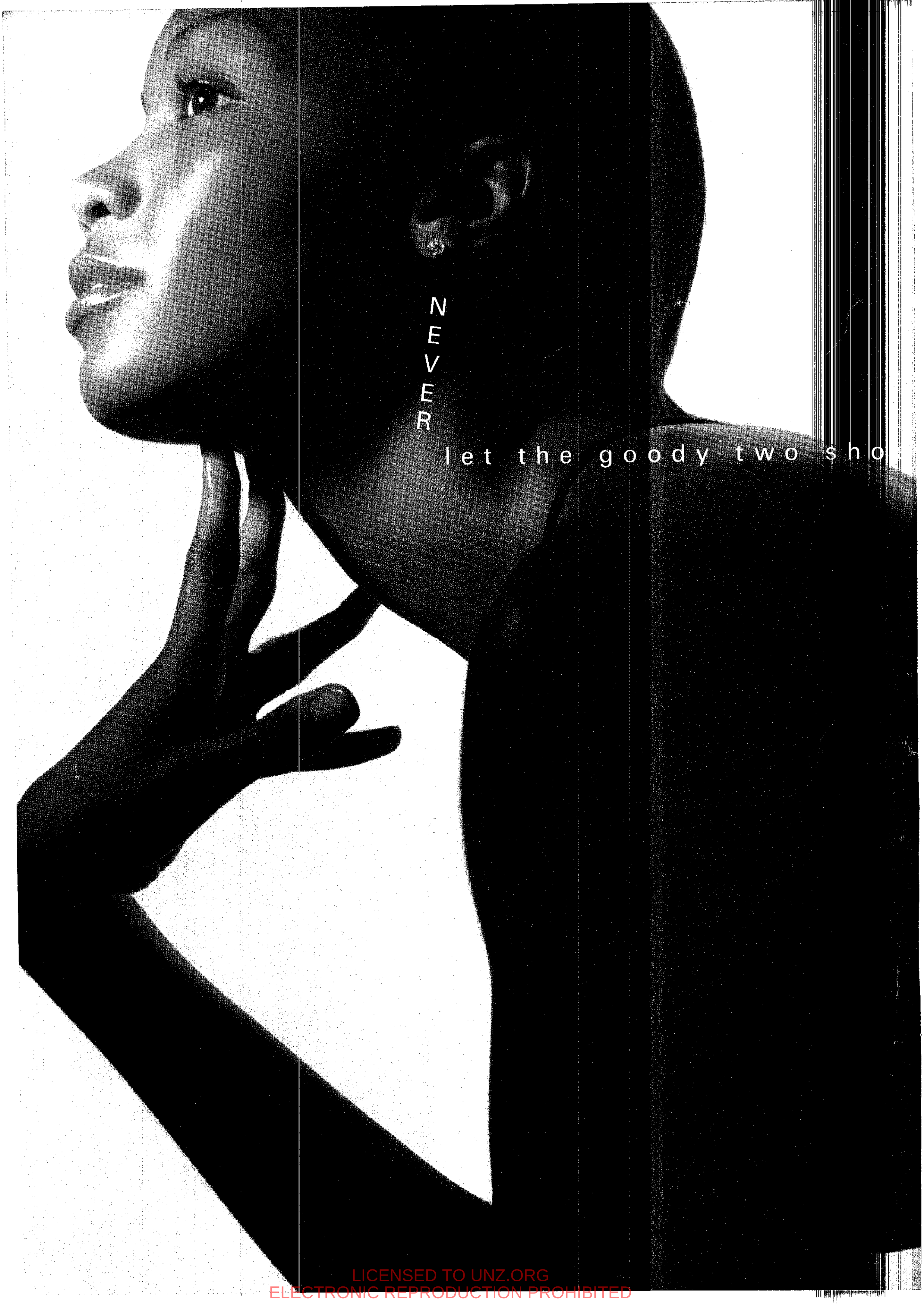
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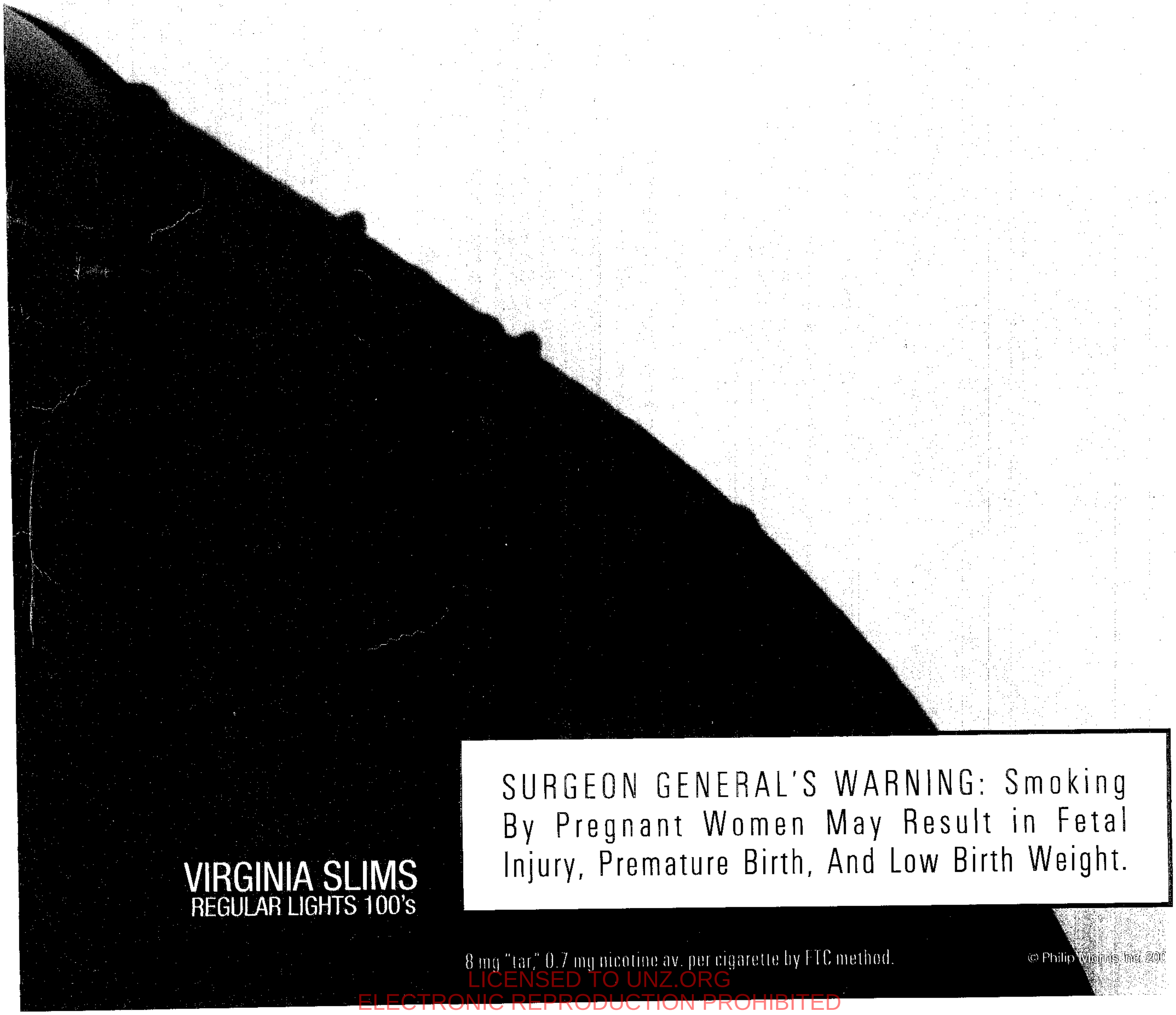

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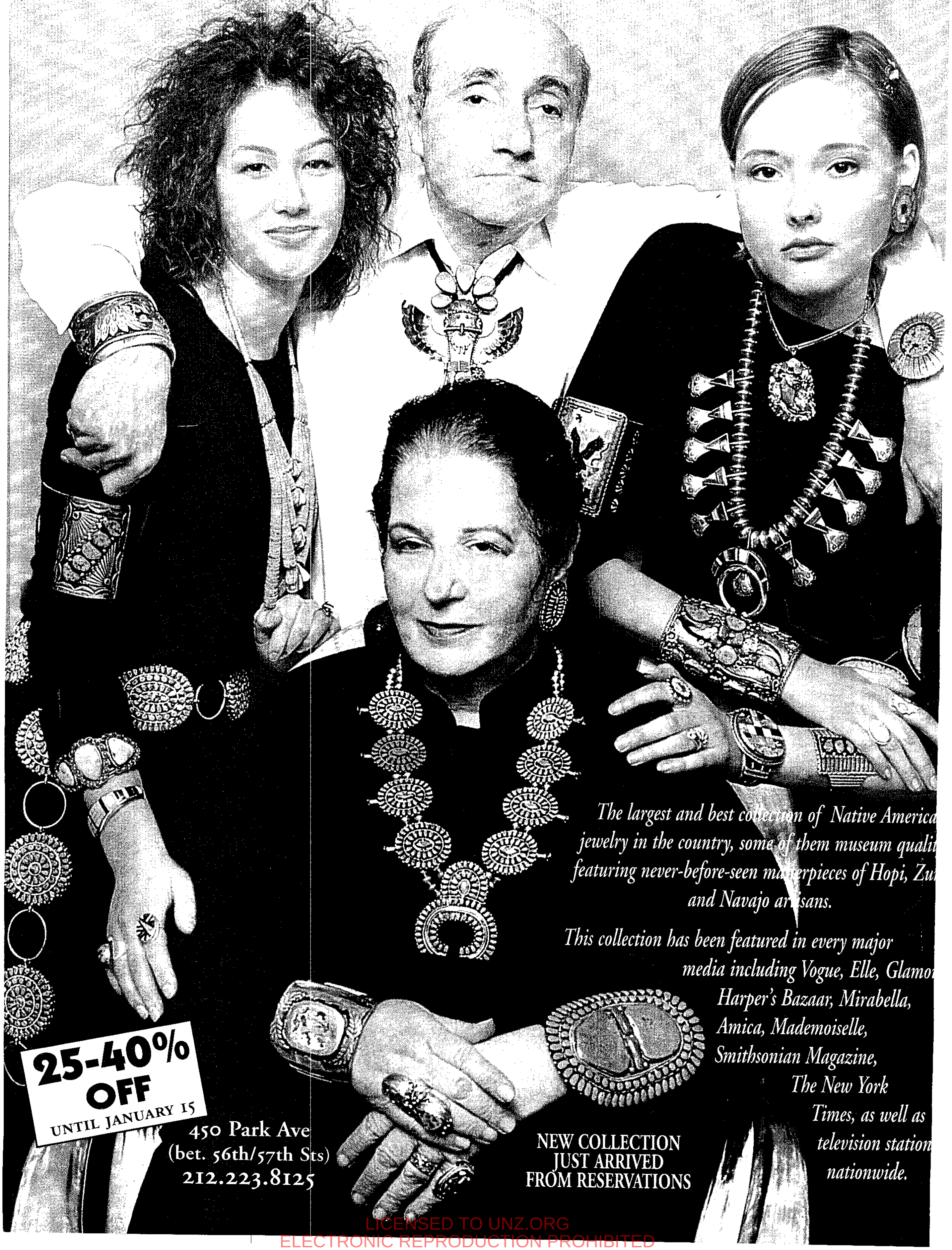

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Gibbie, a Times Square reveler, page 18

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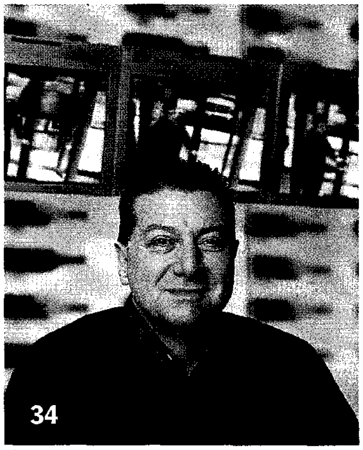
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MIKE CLARK, USA TODAY
"ONE OF THE BEST MOVIES OF THE YEAR!"

LOU LUMENICK, NEW YORK POST
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F.X. FEENEY, LA WEEKLY
"ALL BRILLIANCE!"

CHRISTY LEMIRE, ASSOCIATED PRESS
"'MAGNOLIA' IS EASILY ONE OF THE BEST FILMS OF THE YEAR."

JANET MASLIN, THE NEW YORK TIMES
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DAVID ANSEN, NEWSWEEK
"'MAGNOLIA' TOWERS OVER MOST HOLLYWOOD FILMS THIS YEAR...YOU ARE IN THE HANDS OF AN EXTRAVAGANTLY TALENTED FILMMAKER. THE BOLDEST PERFORMANCE OF TOM CRUISE'S CAREER."

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Separation Anxiety

Women who can't afford megabucks divorce attorneys; lawyers who aren't greedy and mean; Barbara Corcoran championed; Selena Roberts flamed.

MICHAEL GROSS JUST TOUCHED THE tip of the iceberg in his article "Trouble in Splitsville" [December 13]. Mr. Gross cited two women—wealthy in their own right—who could afford to retain top matrimonial lawyers. What about the women who can't afford to pay $1 million–plus? The women who get everything taken from them because they can't afford to pay but their husbands can? Maybe Mr. Gross can find out how Mr. X, who appears before the judge with an attorney who wears a Sulka suit, drives an expensive foreign car, and travels abroad (first class) many times a year, can claim to be unemployed with no assets. Mr. X is paying his attorney yet claims to be unable to afford food, shelter, or education for his family. How can the court let him get away with such blatant untruths? Is there anyone else, besides the lawyer, who is getting paid?

Celia Van Pamelen
OYSTER BAY, N.Y.

AS A DIVORCE LAWYER WITH OFFICES IN Nassau County and incidentally a member, along with Barry Levin, of Patricia Duff's current legal team, I was disgusted by the attitude exhibited by many of the attorneys quoted in Michael Gross's article. I am not "avaricious, conniving, and vicious," and neither are most of my adversaries. This article supports a common misconception—that people need a "bulldog" attorney in order to be represented successfully in a divorce. Nothing could be further from the truth. Such attorneys needlessly run up huge fees while increasing the animosity between the parties. Are good divorce lawyers aggressive, and do they enjoy the battle of litigation? Of course we do, but traits such as greed and viciousness have no place in divorce litigation.

James P. Joseph
GARDEN CITY, N.Y.

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MICHAEL GROSS OFFERS A HARROWING and troubling rendition of the dark and jagged landscape that families find themselves in once the adversarial system is engaged. Fortunately, there is a well-tested alternative. Mediation encourages husbands and wives to retain, rather than surrender, their own competence, and they are assisted and supported through a series of meetings in which they reach informed decisions in all areas of the divorce agreement. Clients usually complete the process in a matter of months—as opposed to years—with their wallets and, more important, their dignity intact.

Elana Katz
Co-director, Divorce Mediation Program
Ackerman Institute for the Family
MANHATTAN

MISSING FROM YOUR ARTICLE REGARDING the $200 million generated from divorces in New York is any mention of the numerous pro bono programs in which New York's matrimonial bar is involved. Among them is Neutral Evaluation, run by the New York State Supreme Court, in which New York's most experienced matrimonial attorneys help resolve contested cases without charge. There is also PEACE (Parent Education and Custody Effectiveness), an interdisciplinary educational program in which matrimonial attorneys educate divorcing spouses about custody disputes during evenings and on Saturdays, also without charge.

Amy L. Reiss
MANHATTAN

Word Wise

HAVING BEEN AN UNTUTORED NATURAL AT both standardized test-taking and the interview variety—two versions of telling 'em what they want to hear—and therefore having been admitted to the much-desired schools (Fieldston, Hunter, Stuyvesant), I offer this response to your grisly education package ["What Your 4-Year-Old Doesn't Know Could Ruin His Life," by Ralph Gardner Jr., November 15]. Replace the word *magazine* with the word *school* in Michael Wolff's article ["Media: Fast 'n' Hot," November 15]. "Each of these [schools] created an entirely coherent, fully operational, minutely detailed fictional world into which the [school] itself was the only door." If a child isn't already an expert at giving them what they want, maybe she or he has already begun focusing on a more satisfying vision.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

Double Standard?

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY BARBARA Corcoran's advertisements ["Barb Wired," by Peggy Edersheim Kalb, December 13]. That some consider them scandalous makes them all the more interesting. However, in the article there seemed to be more than a hint of jealousy on the part of the author and industry insiders over Ms. Corcoran's success. If the subject were a man, there surely would be no comment on his "airbrushed" arms should he be wearing a short-sleeved shirt. And were I a broker, I wouldn't mind one of those weekly yoga sessions or back rubs. Cult of personality? Sign me up.

Richard Falter
MANHATTAN

Not Sporting

FOR ERIC KONIGSBERG, SELENA ROBERTS may be "still the best sportswriter in town" ["Gotham: The Color Purple," November 15]. But sports is not about candy bars, domestic animals, cascades of water, or any of the other inappropriate similes and metaphors that fill Roberts's writing—it's about picks, rebounds, assists, blocks, blind passes, etc. She hijacks what should be an exciting game report with the self-indulgence of a columnist. The "cute" metaphors break the story line and dilute the content. I cannot imagine any other section of the *Times*—whether it covers science or fashion or food—departing so far from its lexicon as does the sports section. Roberts's special relationship with the players also seems to get in the way, as a number of articles fixate on the fortunes of Latrell Sprewell or Patrick Ewing instead of the game.

Samuel H. Bahn
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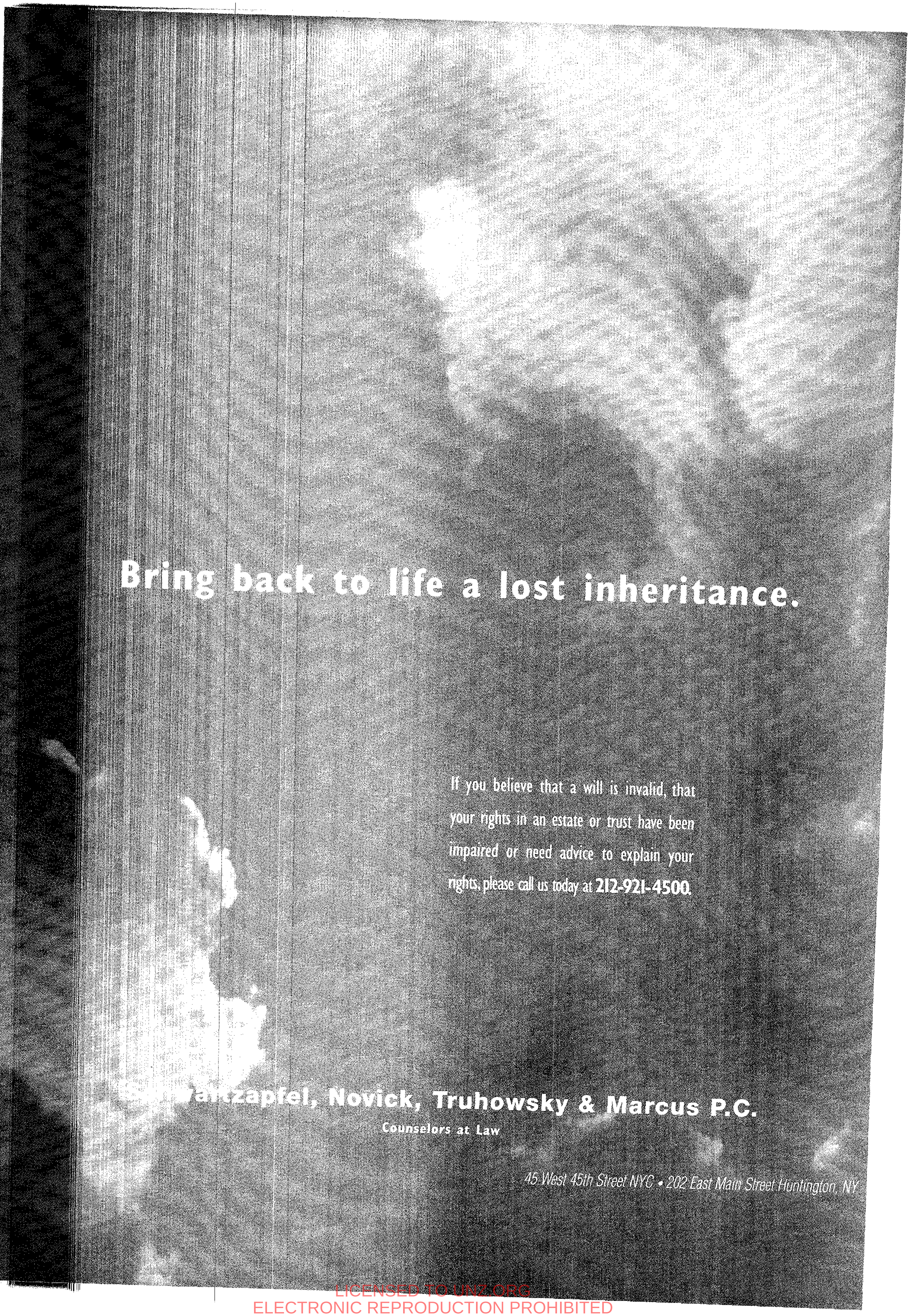

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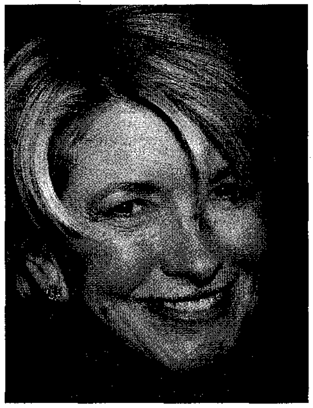


Martha Stewart:
Shilling for Bill?

MARTHA DRESSES UP GATES'S WINDOWS

Is **Martha Stewart** giving up hawking her homewares to sell software? Last month, the doyenne of domesticity reportedly performed an on-camera audition to be the official spokesperson for the Microsoft Windows 2000 operating system, which goes on sale in February. According to Hollywood insiders, the audition was a *spoof*, commissioned by Microsoft as a holiday gift for **Bill Gates** and shown at a December 15 gathering of the company's board members. Also participating were **Anthony Michael Hall**, who played Gates in last year's *Pirates of Silicon Valley* (and who says he's maintained a relationship with the magnate despite his less-than-kind portrayal), who was reportedly joined by rotund rocker **Meat Loaf** and *Will & Grace* star **Sean Hayes**. "It was a fun kind of promotional gag," says Hall. It's nice to see that despite Gates's legal troubles, the Microsoft gang is maintaining a sense of humor.

NEXT YEAR IN ORLANDO

Walt Disney must be spinning in his grave. It's hard to imagine what the notoriously anti-Semitic entertainment mogul would have made of **Michael Eisner**'s latest publicity stunt. On December 15, during the Orlando convention of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, Disney staff held a seminar on how to transfer the Magic Kingdom's utopian principles to the synagogue. According to the convention's brochure, "Disney staff members will share management techniques that synagogue leaders can apply to congregational life." When asked about the similarities between a billion-dollar international fantasy land and Reform Judaism, a UAHC spokeswoman stressed that the $85-per-person panel discussion was "insignificant" compared with the conference's more serious themes but did admit that Disney provides a "friendly and welcoming environment, which is how we want to run our congregations." Do we see mouse-eared yarmulkes in the future?

TRIPLEX TROUBLE; RUDY'S DREAM TEAM

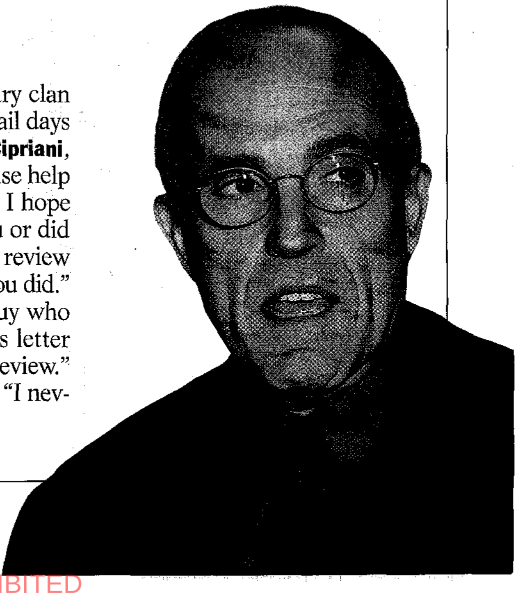
HOME FIRES: Does **Saul Steinberg** have more allegiance *to his brother's ex-wife than to* his own sibling? The chairman and CEO of Reliance Group Holdings recently relieved brother **Robert** of his position as president of the company. But now that Saul's giant 34-room triplex—formerly owned by John D. Rockefeller Jr.—is up for sale for a reported $40 million, which lucky Realtor has snagged the listing? None other than Robert's ex-wife, **Kathy Steinberg**, of Edward Lee Cave.

HEADS UP: Now that **Hillary Clinton** is in the race, it appears **Rudolph Giuliani** is starting to feel the heat. An administration insider reports that the mayor has been rounding up a cadre of confidants to compete with Hillary's press-savvy vocal hit men—**Harold Ickes**, **Mandy Grunwald**, and **James Carville**. Though no one would comment officially, Rudy's list is said to include the likes of former congresswoman **Susan Molinari**, Congressman **Vito Fossella**, and Liberal Party boss **Ray Harding**. The source explains that it was Giuliani-campaign executive director **Bruce Teitelbaum**'s shaky showing against Grunwald on *Meet the Press* that sparked the roundup. Snipes the source, "Bruce is well intentioned, but he's overmatched by Hillary's talking heads. We need a flamethrower."

Additional reporting by Lauren Bass and Suny Sehgal.

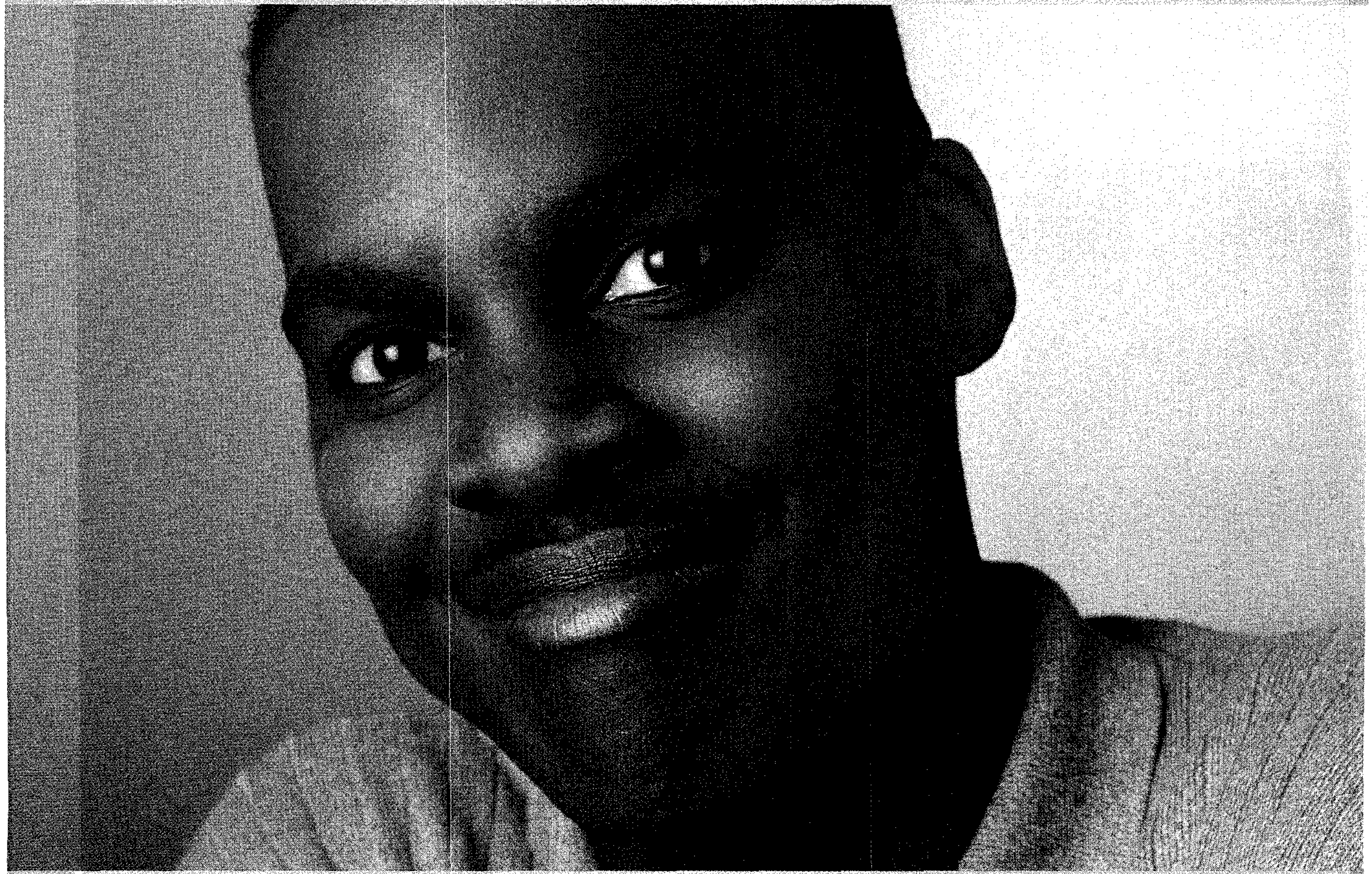
CIPRIANI AND *POST* GET OFF ON WRONG FOOT

The Ciprianis have never been known for accepting criticism graciously—after writing a less-than-glowing review of Harry Cipriani, former New York *Times* critic **Bryan Miller** was famously banned from Cipriani-owned eateries—and it's reassuring to see that nothing has changed. When New York *Post* restaurant critic **Steve Cuozzo** handed out a zero-star critique of the recently reopened Rainbow Grill, nominating owner **Giuseppe Cipriani** for the post of "Public Enemy No. 1" and likening the restaurant to "an airport lounge" with food that would "embarrass a Mulberry Street tourist trap," the wrath of the culinary clan was sparked. Cuozzo received an e-mail days later from family patriarch **Arrigo Cipriani**, which read: "Dear Mr. S Cuozzo, Please help me complete my files on food critics. I hope you will answer my question. Did you or did you not masturbate while writing the review on our Rainbow Room? It reads like you did." Explains Giuseppe, "My father is a guy who says what he thinks, but I believe his letter was written with humor, as was the review." Cuozzo's response to the allegations? "I never discuss my methods."



otographs: top, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; bottom, Henry McGee/Globe Photos.

“FOR ME, FIGHTING CANCER MEANT BELIEVING IN A TOMORROW WITH ME IN IT.”



Jim Rice’s future couldn’t have been brighter. He had just completed graduate school and started a great new job when he was hit with devastating news: He had cancer. Hodgkin’s Disease. Years of hard work and dreams were suddenly put on hold.

Seeking the very best medical care, Jim chose Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, where the doctors treat more cancer patients in a year than most doctors treat in a lifetime. Jim called Sloan-Kettering’s physician referral service and got an appointment to see a lymphoma specialist, a doctor with particular expertise in Hodgkin’s Disease.

At Sloan-Kettering, Jim discovered that his treatment required the most sophisticated medical expertise. It also took extraordinary courage and determination from him. Jim found strength in the competence and optimism of his Sloan-Kettering medical team. Their confidence gave him confidence. The confidence to dream and to plan for tomorrow. In many ways, they helped him live with cancer, until the cancer was gone. Now, seven years later, Jim remains cancer-free and lives his life, every day, as a gift.

If you or someone you know needs help, needs hope, call (800) 525-2225.

Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center
The Best Cancer Care. Anywhere.
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GOTHAM

Old Jack City

Who might finally burst the city's safety bubble? The drug lords of yesteryear.

AN EERILY ASCENDING murder rate. Four police precincts with rises in major crimes. Across the city, a new parlor game has emerged: predicting when New York's pendulum will swing back and unhappy days will be here again. But if the worst is indeed ahead of us, he next drug-and-crime wave could come courtesy of the ame folks who brought us he last one.

Each year, more and more of he most dangerous drug dealrs who were locked up by the tringent Rockefeller drug laws n the late eighties and early nineties are being released—oming home to a city that's amed and unfamiliar but still, in some cases, trying to get back in business. "They get their corners back. They could be away ten years, but they get it back," says Miller F., a 32-year-old ex-con from Bedford-Stuyvesant who just served four years in state prison for attempted murder. "I know three people like that. And because they've been in jail, they're even more rugged. They've got little teenage kids selling for them."

A de facto big-brother program for young dealers certainly doesn't bode well for street-crime trends. "We've already seen signs of an upswing in cocaine and heroin use by young dealers who stayed away from using those substances until now," says Richard Curtis, a John Jay College of Criminal Justice anthropology professor who oversees needle exchanges in Bushwick and the Bronx. "These young people don't have any mentors on the street. Now there are all these guys who have nothing but time to do that."

From 1980 to 1990, the number of drug felons imprisoned each year in New York State jumped from 886 to 11,000—fueled by the state's decision to let even minuscule crack possessions trigger long mandatory sentences. Now, as some of the harshest late-eighties offenders come home to roost, releases are starting to outpace imprisonments. "The release numbers are high nationally, but New York is far and away the highest," says Marc Mauer, head of the Sentencing Project in Washington, D.C.

Of course, Rockefeller sentences locked away many low-level, nonviolent drug traffickers too—and for those people, long jail time has changed their lives and, in turn, transformed the character of their neighborhoods. "If you had a community where half the men had been to a private high school like Choate, you know the community would be changed by that," says Lynn Zimmer, a Queens College sociology professor who has studied the city's mid-eighties enforcement explosion. "I think you have to think about entire communities socialized to prison life."

Not nearly enough programs are in place to keep ex-cons from falling back into crime. And since public housing is off-limits to ex–drug offenders and a revamped welfare system keeps a tight grip on benefits, the street often presents the quickest way to get cash. As many as 30 percent of all state imprisonments are now the result of parole violations, many for drug-tinged urine samples. In the decade to come, the parts of the city that already need the most help may look like revolving-door prisons away from prison.

"Jails are big, bad, and mean places, and people become meaner there," warns Nancy Mahon, director of the Center on Crime, Communities and Culture at George Soros's Open Society Institute. "We're in the midst of a sort of unnamed crisis. When this trend bursts, we're going to be in a lot of trouble."

ROBERT KOLKER

Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

Andy Cuomo yanking homeless cash? Political! RFK Jr. panning NYC's water policy? Political! "I wish they would stop it. It's actually silly," whines Rudy. So's the idea of R.G. as anyone's victim.

So you ended welfare as we know it, eh? Well, you needed a diversion after top fund-raiser Bruce Teitelbaum got all but accused of peddling political favors. Next, you'll be saying you created the Internet.

Andy and Bobby to the rescue! Any reinforcements are welcome, but so soon? Calling Rudy a bully upstate landed right—but also seems oddly last-ditch. Save it for summer, Hill.

Softball appearance on *Rosie*—with mom in tow and gingerbread cookies for everyone! Mom was the perfect candidate-softener—at least until she said, "Hillary has always been able to make good decisions."

rations: top, Marcellus Hall; bottom, Ingo Fast. Photographs: left, Frances M. Roberts; right, Richard B. Levine.

Parking Violations

Are Upper East Side garages taking unsuspecting customers for a ride?

enter here
exit only
stop here

AS GOLD-RUSH GOTHAM attracts ever more people with ever more money, the city's ever-rising rents are dominating discussions from courthouse to cocktail circuit. And as more of those people pour into the city in cars, the real-estate battle is moving to a final, rather ridiculous frontier: Upper East Side parking garages.

Almost a million cars come into Manhattan every day, according to the Department of Transportation, and uptown parking attendants are finding it difficult to make room for all the Land Rovers and Lexuses in an area that doesn't have enough on-street parking to go around. Some employers, says one Upper East Side attendant who insisted on anonymity, are "pushing you to jam the cars in. If you're not putting enough cars in, they'll get rid of you." Other garages have decided to simply create more room to meet the demand—by selling metered spots on the street as their own.

Captain Bob Cohen of the 19th Precinct confirms that he conducted an investigation into the street-parking scam last month: "We had a complaint that a parking garage was saying, 'Those are our spots, you can't park there,' and then selling them to motorists." "Those accusations are pretty preposterous," counters Tim Mustafaj, manager of Rapid Park Garages, which owns ten garages on the Upper East Side. "If the police are getting that kind of information, they should enforce the regulations."

That's just what Cohen is attempting to do—sometimes surreptitiously. He sent undercover officers out in an unmarked car to check out the complaint—and it wasn't the usual Crown Victoria. "You'd never mistake it for a police car," Cohen says, declining to describe the make. "We don't use it for patrol; we don't use it for the commanding officer to go to lunch in. We only use it for undercover operations." The car is so swank, he adds, "I'd probably get a date in it." No one, however, offered to sell the cops a spot.

Cohen notes that what might seem like a simple matter of garage gouging could lead to more serious crimes. "If I tried to park in a spot and some guy came out and said, 'You can't park there,' " he speculates, the police "would end up getting that as a call for a dispute in the street—one guy's about to crown the other guy with a tire iron. People get into fistfights over things like this." JOEL ROSENBLATT

Playboy's New Playmates

The magazine heads underground in search of tomorrow's audience.

ONCE THE SITE OF MARTINI-soaked soirées for the cocktail crowd and gregarious greet-and-gropes for the swinger set, the Playboy Mansion was tarnished as an A-list destination when parasitic types like Playmate-murderer Paul Snider (of *Star 80* infamy) crashed Hugh Hefner's party. But now, thanks to the presence of Young Hollywood tastemakers like Leo, Cameron, Ben, Matt, and Gwyneth, the mansion has been restored to its former glory. With its hipster cachet on the rebound, the company is attempting to seize the moment by sending out the bunny ears to mix with a new, untapped audience: underground-dance-club denizens.

Playboy has been a sponsor at the industry's Winter Music Conference in Miami since 1998, and recently the magazine's marketers have been infiltrating New York's trendiest nightlife parties, sponsoring French-house-oriented "Respect Is Burning" nights at Twilo, the underground house party "Rendez-Vous" at the tiny East Village spot Izzy Bar, and one-off events with celebutante D.J. Mark Ronson (pictured, with friend). Later this year, the magazine will release a CD by brand-name D.J. Dimitri From Paris called *Dimitri From Paris Presents . . . A Night at the Playboy Mansion.*

"Club culture is very similar to the cocktail culture of the fifties and sixties," says Alison Raleigh, *Playboy*'s college- and youth-marketing manager. "They're both about hanging out, listening to cool music, and just having a great time." Wouldn't rock and roll, with its beer-and-babes ethos, be the obvious soundtrack to *Playboy*-style hedonism? "A lot o rock music has politically correct overtones," Raleigh says disapprovingly. "And dance music serves a much younger trendier demographic."

Neil Aline, nightlife bon vivant and promoter of the "Rendez-Vous" party, is enthusiastic about the magazine's involvement in his events. "*Playboy* has been really cool to work with," he says. "They bring a lot of big spenders to my parties, media people—even some Playmates." But Aline admit that Playboy's club conquest i not yet complete. "The reaction is mixed," he reports. "Half th people think it's cool. The other half are, like, 'Why are *they* here?' " ETHAN BROWN

Photographs: top, Noah Sheldon; bottom, courtesy of *Playbo*

GOTHAMSTYLE

Beyond the Baguette

NINETEEN NINETY-NINE WAS THE YEAR OF THE handbag: As fashion's ficklest fans devoured Fendi baguettes, even snatching up every last copycat crumb, all the other designers decided to get a handle on the new accessories market. Last year's status-sack moment will reach far into spring 2000 as blue-chip couture houses, Seventh Avenue seedlings, and even seventies starlets all stitch up their own gotta-have-it bags.

Buzz bags (1), the brainchild of Jane Burley and Alicia Fox, might seem better suited to the Volvo set, with hot-pink tennis-racket covers and floral tissue holders ($24–$295 at Barneys and Henri Bendel), but the chintz wallpaper-type patterns (Fox is an interior designer by day) are being hoarded by Prada's urban army, which, you'll recall, took up the L.L. Bean tote last spring.

Patch NYC's kitschy bags (2) have already earned a cult following among the likes of Madonna and Winona—as well as the inevitable Old Navy knockoff. Designers John Ross and Don Carney are helped by the nimble fingers of Ross's mother and Carney's aunt, who sew the cute sequin-and-felt appliqués onto their vintage-inspired totes ($200–$265 at Calypso and Barneys).

British bag guru **Anya Hindmarch** opened her first Stateside boutique two weeks ago (29 East 60th Street), showcasing innovative designs like photographs reproduced on leather totes (3) and feathered clutches ($300–$1,100). A favorite of London's "It" girls, the bags are already on their way into the hands of this city's fashion flock.

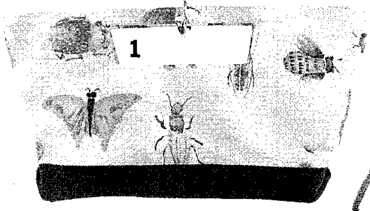
After the runway's recent tribute to her *Love Story*–style ponchos and tweeds, **Ali McGraw** is banking on her own fashion moment with a line of gold-and-silver-embroidered bags ($750–$1,200, available at Bergdorf Goodman). Inspired by her journeys to India, McGraw teamed up with Badgley Mischka's embroiderer to create her hippie-chic pouches (4).

Gala girls can now find their trophy bags at **Cynthia Rowley**'s boutique, where the gadabout designer has just introduced her first line of oh-so-precious purses (5). The colorful collection ($150–$300) includes a patchwork leather "Gaucho" shoulder bag and a striped "Pixie Stix" clutch big enough to stow away a pashmina.

Former MTV assistant Dana Feldman has just launched **Bella B.**, a line of handbags (6) with Catskills mah-jongg-player names like Shupee and Contessa ($150–$450, available at Barneys and Blue Bag in March). The whimsical collection includes an Astroturf valise with a garden-hose strap and a puffy silk-taffeta evening purse.

The quilted "Lady Dior" bag has already been crowned a house classic by the fashion bon ton (Princess Diana carried one); now Dior's head designer, **John Galliano**, has his own brand-new bag (7). The haute handbag ($1,150 at Bergdorf Goodman) takes the arts-and-crafts craze to delirious heights with real pressed flowers and PETA-friendly *faux* crocodile skin.

MAURA EGAN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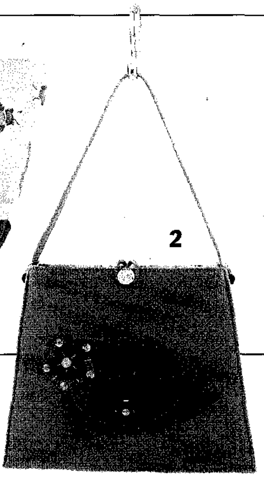
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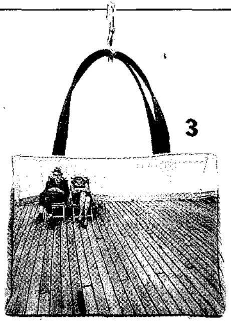
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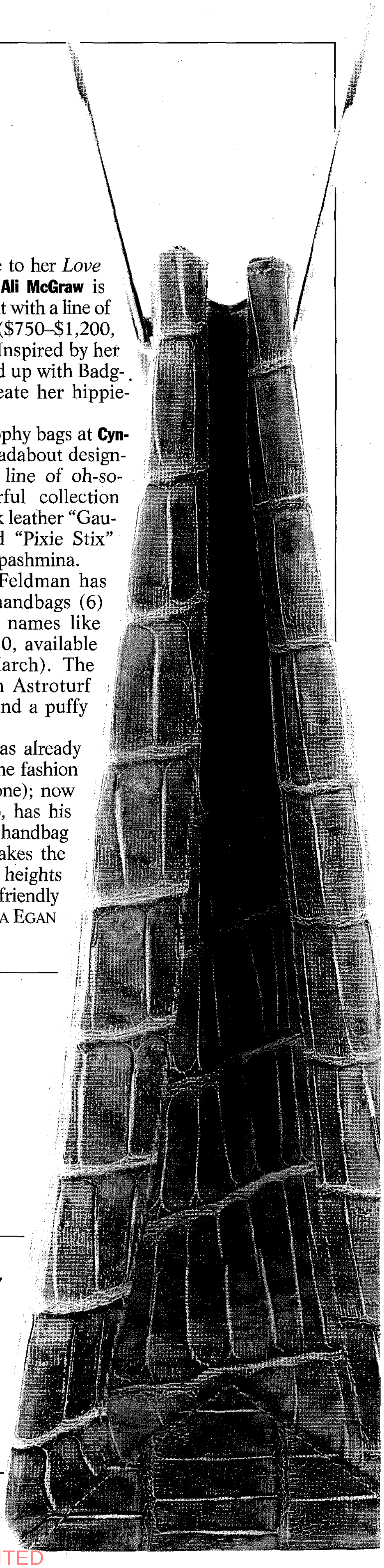
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Photographed by Cathy Crawford

MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

I Predict...

Amazon will be the Atari of the nineties. Gore will make his no-television pledge stick. Old media buys new media with dot-com ad dollars. Stand back and watch a pro work!

JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO PERFORM my punditry duty, or, if you will, exercise my pundit's right to predict the future (without any consequence whatsoever for predicting it wrong), an e-mail from PredictIt.com crossed my desktop. This was not entirely kismet because the company is eager to get media coverage and sends lots of press releases and promotional announcements to me (and I assume to countless others).

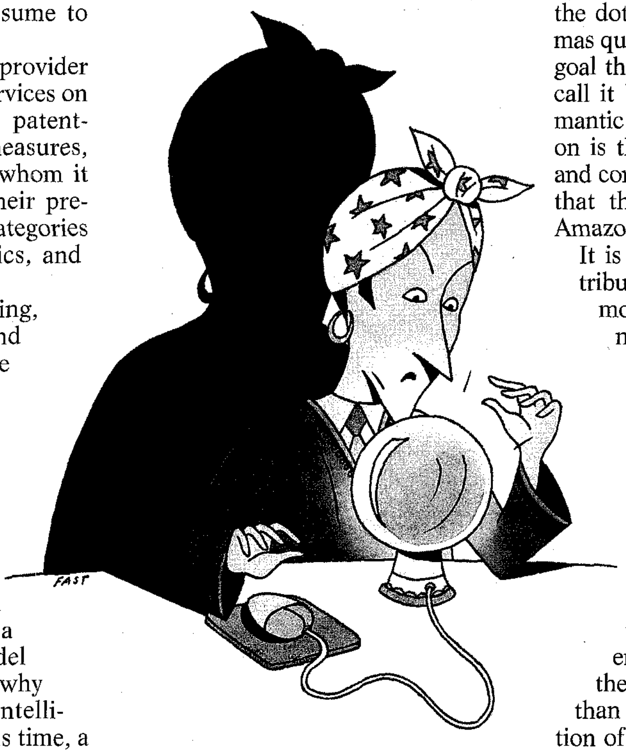
PredictIt.com is "the leading provider of user-generated prediction services on the Internet." Its "innovative patent-pending system objectively measures, identifies, and ranks users"—whom it calls "analysts"—"based on their prediction performance in event categories such as sports, finance, politics, and entertainment."

It is, in a manner of speaking, sort of a test for pundits. And PredictIt actually pays you the righter you turn out to be—or, that is, the more people who think you are right, and hence, the more people who consult your predictions (in other words, the more page views you generate), the more PredictIt pays you. "A cash reward" is the phrase. If you think this through, it suggests a whole new type of media model for people who do what I do—why not measure our predictive intelligence? Just calculate it out (this time, a year ago, I predicted AOL would buy CBS—no cigar). Rate me.

Naturally, I start to wonder if PredictIt can help me predict the answer to one of the New Year's most pressing questions—when is the Internet boom going to end? (At the same time, I find myself thinking that I can safely predict the end of the boom because of the existence of dopey companies like PredictIt.)

But predictably, I can't figure out how to work PredictIt. The site is much more lucid about the complexities of its business model—how its sticky content (a particularly sought-after Internet *oeuvre*) will produce a growing mass of daily page views—than it is about how exactly to get it to make a prediction. While I wait for my wife to see if she can successfully get PredictIt.com to predict something, I proceed the old-fashioned way:

Amazon.com will be the Atari of the Internet. This possibility is not as funny as it could be because Atari is largely unknown to the present Internet generation (a sixties fashion label, my daughter guessed). But in 1982, at the dawn of the personal-computer revolution, Atari was as iconic and as admired and as economically significant as Amazon is at this moment (fact checkers, I know, will find this hard to accept—but trust me). And then it wasn't. It was out of business.



Such a condition, wherein reasonable men can argue the merits of whether one particular enterprise will be among the most successful of the age or washed up within months, is existential. And weirdly unbusinesslike.

And indeed, Amazon is not a business in any conventional sense—that is, with any timely profit and loss obligations (Amazon's Jeff Bezos recently remonstrated that if it weren't for all the promotional costs, the company would be profitable; to which old-media wunderkind Strauss Zelnick observed: "And if my grandmother had wheels, she'd be a bicycle").

The hundreds of millions of dollars spent by Amazon and its compatriots in the dot-com uprising during the Christmas quarter have a vastly more profound goal than just to sell merchandise. They call it brand-building, but that is a semantic misunderstanding. What is going on is the creation of symbols. Amazon and company are trying to make the case that they represent the future. Think Amazon, think the future of retailing.

It is like politics. Investors, like contributors, will put up more and more money if they think they have a winner. It is like war too. The dot-com companies are out to win our hearts and minds. They want people to believe in the rightness, the inevitability, the saving grace of this new form of economic activity (socialism was the new economy at the beginning of the past century).

A big danger here for the dot-comers in waging their war is that they'll spend more of their energies and resources on creating the illusion (or delusion) of success than they will on the actual prosecution of strategic goals. The enthusiasms of the beer hall on one hand versus the reality of the Russian front on the other.

It's not so far out on the predictive limb to surmise that most of the advertising dollars spent this past season have been wasted. There may never have been more ill-spent money for more foolish commercials (many expressing an inchoate hostility, if you ask me).

Now, undoubtedly Jeff Bezos and his mother are pleased that *Time* has chosen him as Person of the Year. But, in fact, this ought to be a little worrisome too. For one thing, *Time* has astutely changed the nature of the symbol. In

Illustration by Ingo F

Time's story, Amazon stands less for the future than for the bubble—as Amazon goes, so goes the economy (what infamy Jeff Bezos might well have to bear). For another, the *Time* selection is as good an indication as any that a peak has been reached, a pinnacle attained. There aren't too many places to hide after *Time* taps you.

As for me, the first time I opened Amazon to its familiar depersonalized personalized greeting and got offered a power tool, I knew what my prediction was.

It's the media, stupid. NOW, THE SAME temptation that may bankrupt the Internet industry—to buy household recognition through television advertising—has, of course, bankrupted politics (morally, financially, and intellectually).

The justification for spending such sums is that television is the way to get known quickly, to establish credibility and play with the big boys, etc. But it is, as everyone not on television knows, just a big ego trip too.

Me, me, me.

The Gore offer (or gambit, or bluff) to suspend television advertising for the duration of the primary campaign was, motivation aside, quite possibly the most important contribution to politics since, well, the advent of television. What's more, it turned a difficult, obtuse administrative issue—campaign financing—into an easy-to-grasp, emotionally appealing one.

Simple. The problem with American politics is television advertising. That's why campaigns cost so much; that's why politicians have to sell themselves to God knows who. Television (and radio) advertising corrupts politics not only because it costs too much but also because it is stupid, inane, wasteful, and boring. Who would disagree?

So there's your issue. Get rid of television advertising. Or make it free. Everybody gets the same amount. (If everyone had the same amount, the advantages of television advertising would disappear.)

Gore will make his no-television challenge to Bush in the general election, and on this sexy anti-media issue, win.

Cash is king. THE FOLKS WHO BENEFIT the most from political and dot-com advertising are, even more than the winning politicians, indeed even more than paper billionaires, the major media companies. They don't even really have to sell this space. They don't have to convince these eager buyers that advertising on TV will earn more than it costs (as, say, you would have to convince McDonald's, or the Ginsu-knife people). Just like the political-ad buyers (if you've got it, you spend it), dot-com buyers are begging to buy this time (fighting for it! bidding for it!). Do you have any idea what the margins are on this kind of effortless sale?

There is an interesting reversal here. Because just at the moment careful marketers were judging network television to be wildly unproductive, the dot-coms (those theoretical harbingers of next-century target marketing) came along and give the networks a major cash infusion.

Again, like politicians, dot-comers see themselves as having one shot, so the marketing analysis that is applied is not cost/return but do or die. Indeed, like politicians, the dot-comers are not, in any conventional sense, marketers. They are gamblers.

Therefore, it is a logical prediction that in the same way the media took over politics—politicians devote most of their time and energy and influence to not only performing for the media but actually paying the media—the media, the old media, takes over the dot-com business (as with politicians, the dot-comers' most important job is getting their name in the paper).

> *"A handful of Internet companies account for the lion's share of Internet value and* **the others exist in a state of sickening precariousness,** *hoping for some salvation before the certain date when they will run out of cash."*

This happens because the dot-com companies, heretofore rich on paper value, will have run out of actual money (in fact, will have given their money to the old media), and if—or *when*—the stock market falters (remember, e-commerce companies support themselves not by selling products but by selling securities), old media will be able to buy new media for, well, cash.

So there it is. Old media buys new media in 2000. The circle is unbroken. Viacom-CBS buys AOL.

MY WIFE, HAVING MADE A DILIGENT EFFORT, says she can only get PredictIt.com to make sports predictions (if you think about it, she says, sports predictions are probably where the money is).

The company's CEO, one Andrew Merkatz, returns my call from his holiday in Colorado. In fact, he says, while they're going to be doing the stock market, and entertainment, and politics, while that functionality is all part of the big plan, only sports works so far (they're developing "my PredictIt" too—a tool that allows people to collect predictions from their friends, families, and officemates, like "When is our boss going to get fired?").

But big plans aside, the truth is, Merkatz explains, PredictIt.com, even though it's a public company, is a little strapped for cash. "It's hard to raise money," he says, a bit of honesty that strikes me as a bracing New Year's tonic.

The story, after all, of dot-com fabulousness, of ordinariness to riches, of Jeff Bezos turning a hope and a dream and a business plan into $10 billion, is a media confection.

We—we the media—love this story. We love the story of success (the fact that a handful of Internet companies account for the lion's share of Internet value—one percent of the 400 public Internet companies account for 40 percent of the Internet's $900 billion value, the Wall Street *Journal* reports—and that the others exist in a state of sickening precariousness, hoping for some salvation before the certain date when they will run out of cash, is beside the point). That we tell this story so often, and so well, helps move the market—it may in fact be the single greatest market mover. The media is the market (indeed, Wall Street likes nothing better these days than a company with a "good story").

But for the media, a story moves in one direction, until, by the rules of storytelling, the rules of how you hold your audience's attention, the story has to shift—this is called the reversal. George W. Bush is now approaching his reversal—whether it will be a temporary reversal or a dramatic, unforgiving descent, we do not yet know. But, similarly, the Internet and the new economy, having become so predictably successful, will have to reverse sooner rather than later. That's how a story goes. We love Jeff Bezos's $10 billion, but we will love it as much when he loses it. And that he will. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

THE BOTTOM LINE STEVE BODOW

Is That Your Final Offer?

The technology of the twenty-first century is bringing back the marketplace of the eighteenth. But do consumers really want to bid for their breakfast?

A FEW WEEKS AGO, I BOUGHT A big box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran at my neighborhood D'Agostino for $2.41. City-dwelling cereal aficionados will recognize this as the minor triumph it is—$5 is the going rate in most Manhattan groceries. But why, you may ask, is it news? Because the $2.41 was my idea; I bid for my breakfast cereal on the Internet. I went to the recently opened Webhouse Club site (www.webhouse.priceline.com), looked up "Raisin & Bran Cereals," picked a few brands I liked, and entered a bid—legally binding and backed by credit card. A minute later, Webhouse let me know that one of the brands I chose would sell me a box at my price. The company charged my American Express account, and I brought my Webhouse card to the closest participating store (most New York chains have signed on) to pick up my bargain-basement bran. The only catch was that Webhouse had the final word on brand; if I had insisted on Kellogg's trademarked two scoops, I'd have had to pay retail.

The big idea behind Webhouse and the better-known Priceline, of which Webhouse is a corporate descendent, is "dynamic pricing"—systems that adjust the value of goods in response to short-term changes in the market. The stock market is the prime example of it, and auction Websites like eBay have already taken advantage of the way the Internet can gather "bids" to bring the concept to regular consumers. Priceline and Webhouse take the notion a step further by offering consumers cash savings in exchange for their giving up a certain amount of convenience—usually the guarantee of getting their first-choice brand.

In 1998, Priceline began to apply the concept to airline tickets—the cost of which are manipulated to fill unused seats at the highest prices. By allowing customers to name the price they would pay to reach a destination, then running the offers through a database of discounted tickets to check for matches, Priceline gave people the chance to save money in exchange for their ability to choose carriers and flight times. It could take a savings of $50—or $200—for someone to switch airlines, but Priceline's system is based on the concept that every brand loyalty has its price. "If you absolutely want Kleenex, you'll have to pay the Kleenex price," says Jay Walker, vice-chairman of Priceline and founder of Priceline and Webhouse. "But there's a price at which you'll make a trade-off."

Dynamic pricing isn't exactly a new idea—the old economy called it "haggling"—and people are used to making offers on cars and homes. What we're not used to is dynamic pricing for so broad a range of consumer goods. Priceline is already brokering cars and hotel rooms, and Webhouse brings the model to tuna and toilet paper. And those are only two of the systems bringing dynamic pricing from the stock market to the supermarket. At Accompany.com, consumers bargain down prices on everything from electronics to clothing by joining cartel-like "buying groups" eligible for the kind of bulk discounts once available only to retailers. Haggle.com offers more gimmicky "shoputainment" that allows customers to negotiate with a computer program until they reach a match. Then there are the Coke machines being tested that raise the price of cola as the weather gets warmer.

WALKER, 44, IS MORE RESPONSIBLE THAN anyone else for bringing dynamic pricing into the mainstream. A Queens native who looks something like a cross between Carl Sagan and a Kennedy, Walker talks like a polished salesman, which is to say, with great ease, and often. In his Stamford, Connecticut, office, familiar grocery products like Tide and Oreos cover every available surface except the bookshelves behind him. "Those blue ones are the patents we've received," he explains, pointing to a neat shelf of about fifteen volumes. Walker specializes in patenting not software but "business methods"—a brave new (and recently court-approved) world of intellectual property that has made him one of the Northeast's few Web billionaires. Just underneath sit four shelves of red books. "Patents we've applied for," he says.

The mechanics of his Webhouse Club are surprisingly straightforward. Manufacturers update the Webhouse on how much of a given product they're willing to sell at what price levels. When a consumer makes an offer over the Net, Webhouse simply checks it against its supplier's database. The matches become sales.

Grocers—who guard their 1-to-2 percent profit margins hawkishly—get their full retail price from Webhouse in much the same way they're reimbursed by manufacturers for coupons. Manufacturers get "found" revenue—sales

Illustration by Robert Piersanti.

they might not otherwise have had—and an easy way to liquidate surplus inventory without having to advertise lower prices. And Webhouse gets the grocery sales, a small membership fee, and sponsorship and promotional dollars from manufacturers. Everybody wins—except perhaps brick-and-mortar warehouse clubs like Costco and Sam's Club.

Stanford University's Ward Hanson, whose *Principles of Internet Marketing* has become required reading at business schools, agrees that Walker's pricing system is ingenious, but he thinks Webhouse might be taking the model too far. "We went away from the Mideastern-bazaar model for good reason: the cost in time," he says. "I don't want to negotiate for my groceries." Mike May, an e-commerce analyst at the New York Internet-research firm Jupiter Communications, agrees. "There's a segment—the coupon clippers—who will see this as an opportunity to save a few dollars each trip to the store. But the majority will avoid it."

Of course, those "coupon clippers" are hardly a negligible segment—100 million Americans, according to the Food Marketing Institute. For their trouble, they save an average of $4 on each trip to the store. The average for Webhouse customers is $12.

THE RECENT EXPLOSION IN BUSINESS-TO-business e-commerce stocks like VerticalNet, PurchasePro, and FreeMarkets (up more than 500 percent from its December IPO) hinges on investor expectations that they'll be able to bring the increased efficiency of dynamic pricing to the lucrative world of corporate procurement. VerticalNet, for example, sets up electronic exchanges for industrial supplies so the process of offering and accepting contract bids can happen in moments instead of months.

We've become a nation of traders. An unprecedented majority of U.S. households now owns stock in some shape or form. Thanks to the Internet—both the medium itself and the ballooning stocks that represent it—we know our bid from our ask. The Web doesn't just feed our obsession with investment upticks but lets the truly trade-happy get up-to-the-minute "quotes" on everything from Cayman vacation packages to tubs of margarine. Wall Street–style commerce—frenetic, efficient, and calculating—is spreading like a computer virus.

Walker likes to take the long view: "The larger idea is that things that are not monetized today will be monetized in the future, because the free flow of information will allow it." Given the right tools, Hanson concurs, "even small businesses like auto mechanics and hair salons can practice this sort of yield management"—the MBA term for getting butts in seats by constantly rejiggering prices. Ticket prices for a blockbuster movie could peak on opening weekend and fall from there. Hungry? "If you said, 'I'm willing to buy a meal at Le Cirque or Jean Georges or The Four Seasons and I don't care which one,'" Walker says, "but I'll pay $50 a person for four people at seven o'clock, and the first of these three restaurants that takes my business is where I'll go'—that's an acceptable Priceline proposition. A restaurant might say, 'We're a little light tonight; let's take that business.' "

So far, Wall Street likes the way he thinks: Even at 69 percent off its 52-week high, the twenty-month-old company is valued at $9 billion. But Webhouse, which hasn't yet gone public, will still need to acquire customers quicker than it burns cash—and it could be a close race.

> *"The thing with dynamic pricing is that it makes more and more of the world feel like* **the meter is running.**"

The notion that convenience has a price and that that price can be traded for cash might seem downright dystopian—does anyone really have the time to talk price with his PC? On the other hand, dynamic pricing has been the dominant economic system for most of history; there's always a chance that we'll look back at price tags from 2050 as a historical anomaly—an economic growing pain on the path to perfect efficiency.

But there will certainly be growing pains along the way. A lot of new dynamic-pricing businesses are "ignoring the hassle factor," warns Hanson. As an example, he points out that most cellphone users actually buy more minutes than they need just so they won't have to worry about how much money they're spending. "The thing with dynamic pricing," Hanson says, "is that it makes more and more of the world feel like the meter is running." Which, now more than ever, it is. ▬

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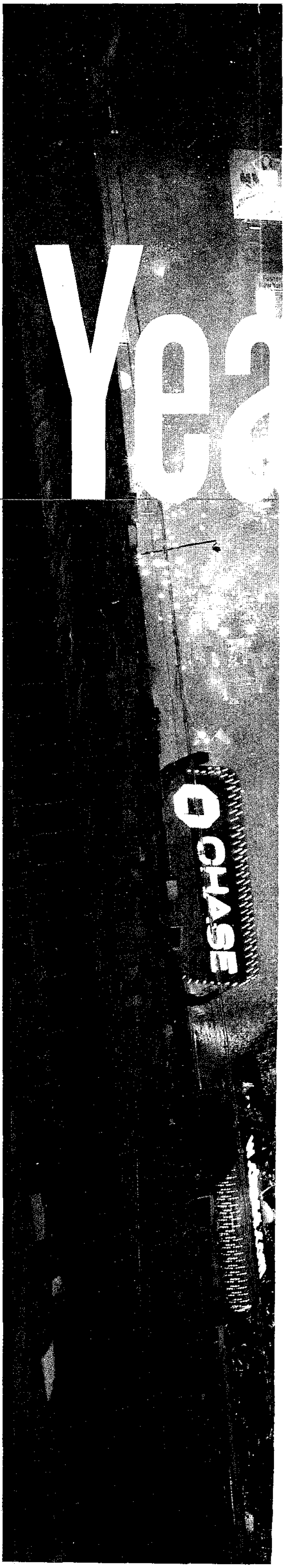
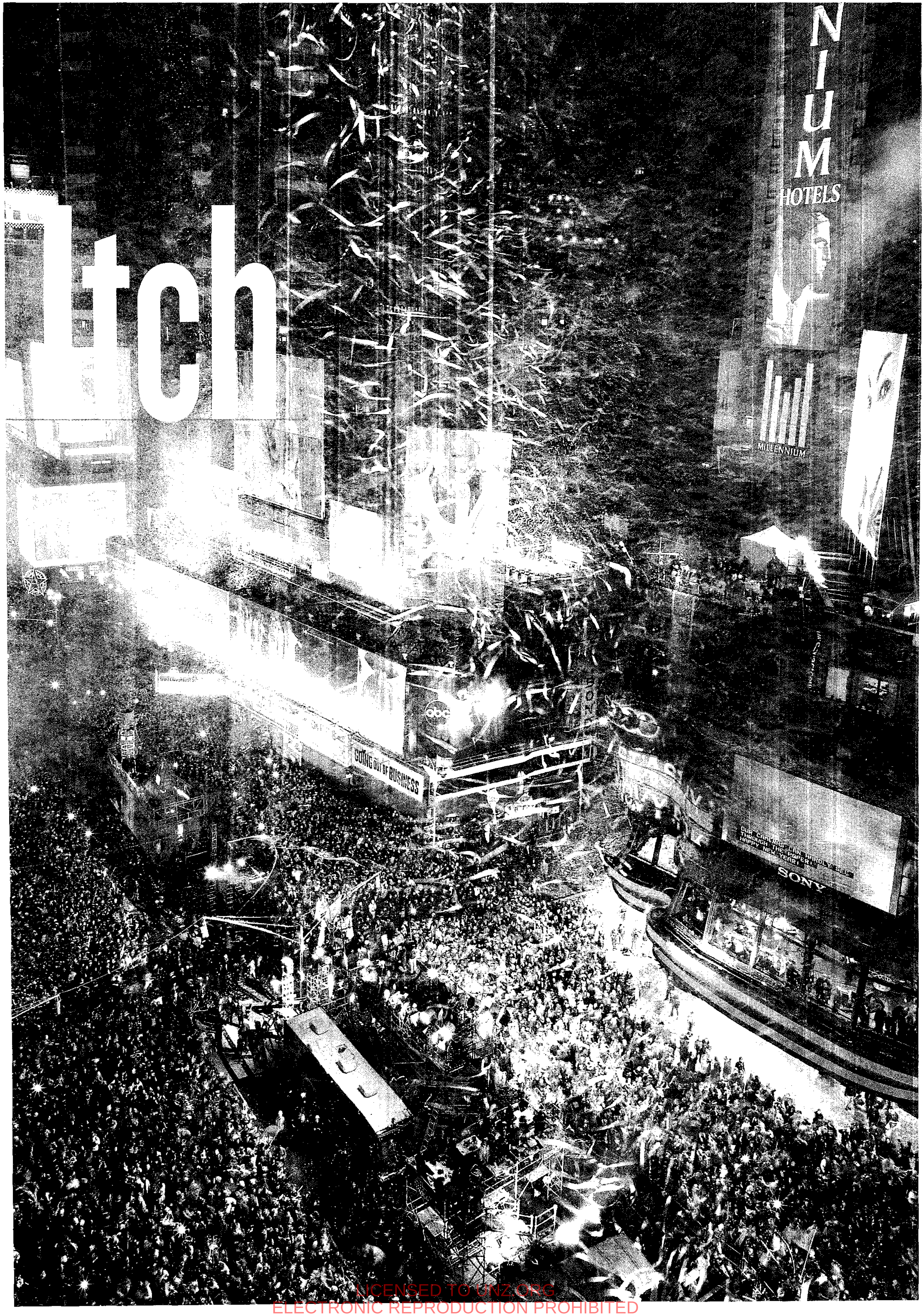
The 2000 Yea

By around 10 P.M. on the last day of the past millennium, the anxieties that have been tormenting us for months—*What does one wear to an apocalypse? Is there a bomb in that man's knapsack? Where are all my invitations?*—finally gave way to a really solid party vibe. MTV hosts and tourists from Grand Rapids wore giant "2000" glasses and acted much drunker than they really were. The city's glittery people gravitated to (what decade is this?) Ted Field's party at Studio 54. At Jivamukti Yoga Center, people chanted and stood on their heads. There was a 5K (now, *there* will be a celebration) run in Central Park. Internet mogul Josh Harris tried to convince the downtown world that the second coming (of Andy Warhol) had arrived. Times Square, thanks to 8,000 bouncers, was the city's most exclusive scene, and Rudy beamed, gazing out at the 2 million or so feathers in his cap. But who cares who gets the credit? We survived Y2K—and lived to tell the tale.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW MACPHERSON

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Two Million for Two Thousand

“Em-i-ly! Em-i-ly!” in Times Square, on Millennium Eve, a saucy young woman sitting astride someone's shoulders was pulling her top up in exchange for beers. *“Em-i-ly! SHOW-YOUR-TITS!”* “Gimme a beer!” she yelled.

Despite the scenes of family togetherness seen all day on TV news—three generations in wacky Day-Glo wigs and “2000” glasses—Times Square remained true to its proud tradition of frat-house debauchery, a kind of Daytona Beach on the Hudson. But, with 8,000 cops in the streets, it felt more like *Animal House* under the watchful eye of Dean Giuliani.

For those who showed up too late to make it to the center of the action near the Coca-Cola sign and Jumbotron TVs, it was a matter of making one's own entertainment, with the help of a new group of instant intimates.

“Tell Giuliani to get some speakers out here—we can't hear the music,” complained Chris Lamondang, 18, who'd ridden seven hours on a bus from Bowdoin, Maine, and was now sprawled out on the ground with some newfound friends, running a card game.

There was plenty of drinking—Poland Spring and Snapple bottles served as containers—but there weren't many Port-a-Potties, so the desperate revelers, who weren't allowed to leave their block-long, cordoned-off crowd pens, resorted to what they dubbed “piss circles.” “The basic idea,” said Gibbie Wheelan, 24, from Denver, Colorado, “is stand with your backs in a circle while somebody stands in the middle and pees in a bottle, or, if you're a girl, in a millennium souvenir.” She held up a yellow plastic top hat crowned with “2000.”

Gibbie and her boyfriend, John Larsen, were standing in a circle of seven other out-of-towners with whom they'd bonded over the Port-a-Pottie situation. “I never met these people before, and now I'm peeing with them,” said Gibbie. “Me and that girl over there did it cheek-to-cheek.”

“Here is the center of the world,” mused a ticked-off Lucas Licinio, 23, from Argentina, “the capital of the universe. When in my country I say tonight I come here, everybody say, ‘Oh, I so envy!’ But now, I am in a bad humor. This is not the kind of party I hoped—I do not like the way the cops treat people like animals, how you say, in a zoo!”

THE BANG THANG At Frank's Cocktail Lounge in Fort Greene, the old guard mixed with the young and the restless—sometimes within the same person.

Photograph by Erik Freeland/Sal

Insults and indignities were magically forgotten just before midnight, however when it became impossible to ignore tha everyone was about to live through the millennial shift together. Horns went off people screamed; men looked around for women to kiss and hold.

“Ten, nine, eight, seven . . .” After waiting for the new year to sweep across everywhere from Japan to Jerusalem, the crowd was counting down—finally—for New York.

The fireworks over the neon lights; the cheers of millions of people of every race and background, all crammed in between police barricades like a massive roundup of suspects—“How you gonna do bette than that?” Chris asked dreamily.

Now John was in the street on one knee, murmuring something to Gibbie.

“Are you *serious*?” she shrieked “Shut *up*!”

“First proposal of the millennium!” someone screamed. A buzz wen through the pen. “Did he have a ring? I doesn't count if he didn't have a ring.” He had a ring. “Did she say yes?” “She said . . . *yes*!”

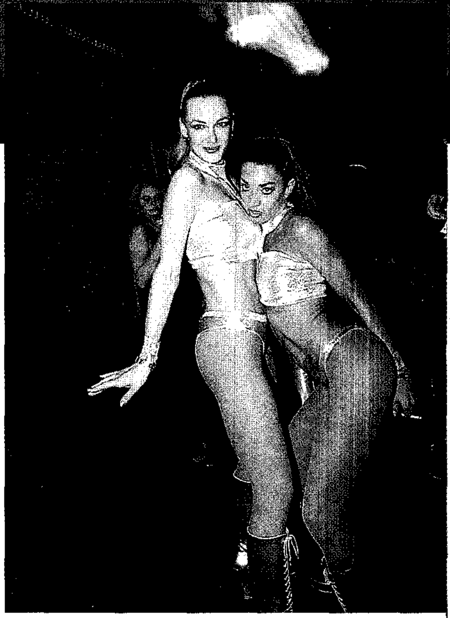
“Aw, that'll make you cry,” said a beefy fellow, John Barbato, from California, cheeks flushed.

Then, as quickly as it had happened, i was over. “What, no bombs, no terrorists?” someone asked. The new friend dispersed forever, the crowd began to move; now it was time for pedestrian gridlock, and the urgent attempt to ge to someplace else and have some real fun before it was just another day on an in different planet. *Nancy Jo Sale*

Y2Kaviar

When the millennial midnigh struck at the restaurant Danie one might have expected soft-spoken che Daniel Boulud to raise a glass and toas his guests with a few bons mots. Instead he was leading a conga line out of th kitchen and through his celebrate restaurant, greeting the New Year b banging pots and pans and whirlin sparklers. His team of chefs hoiste Boulud onto their shoulders, Knute Rockne–style, before dousing him in Perrier-Jouët Grand Brut, Gatorade bein nowhere in sight. The dining room crowd, typically a study in suave gentilit broke out in riotous cheers, thoug

magically forgotten just before
ooked around for women to kiss and hold.”



ACK TO THE FUTURE Clockwise from top, Ted ield's Studio 54 reincarnation; dancers; harlotte Ronson, Carmen Kass, and Tara Reid; aulo Goude and his mother, Grace Jones; oger Wilson and Harvey Keitel; and Lulu and etsey Johnson (center).

hether in honor of their host or the year 000 was unclear. (Probably both.) hile the less gastronomically self-asured had been hoarding canned soup nd bottled water in anticipation of the oliday, Boulud had been stocking up n truffles white and black, caviar Belga and Osetra, and foie gras duck and oose for his seven-course New Year's ve feast, which attracted 120 of his iggest fans with $1,250 each to spare plus $650 for an optional wine pairng) and the confidence to accessorize uxedos with white silk scarves and vening gowns with elbow-length loves. There were blini with Beluga to begin. A terrine of foie gras and truffles in aspic. Tuna tartare wrapped in daikon radish with golden Osetra caviar and Meyer lemon. Brittany blue lobster with hand-rolled penne and white truffles. Roasted turbot with artichoke fricassee and more truffles. And the *pièce de résistance:* tournedos Rossini with crisp truffled potatoes, foie gras, and—oh, yes—truffles. Then cheese and a tableful of out-with-a-bang dessert plates. After all that, Daniel formed a conga line of one and headed uptown to his other restaurants, Café Boulud and Payard, just to make sure that all was right in the world of French cuisine.

Rob Patronite and Robin Raisfeld

Studio 54, Where Are You?

Coke is back, along with synthetic fabrics and *Saturday Night Fever.* And in the excess-addled spirit of the age, Marshall Field's heir and Interscope Records co-founder Ted Field spared no expense to allow himself and his 1,100 guests to party at Studio 54 like it's 1979—his by-invitation-only wink at the last days of disco featured invites attached to mini–mirror balls and champagne consumed by the bottle instead of the glass. Many of the celebrities who attended, including the rapper Eminem, took refuge in the leopard-skin seats in the balcony. Nevertheless, the vibe still seemed some twenty years removed from the *fin de siècle* anxiety that per-

Photographs by Patrick McMullan.

> "Josh Harris calls Quiet **'a fine-art installation,'** but it's really more of a sparsely populated low-key Warholian Happening."

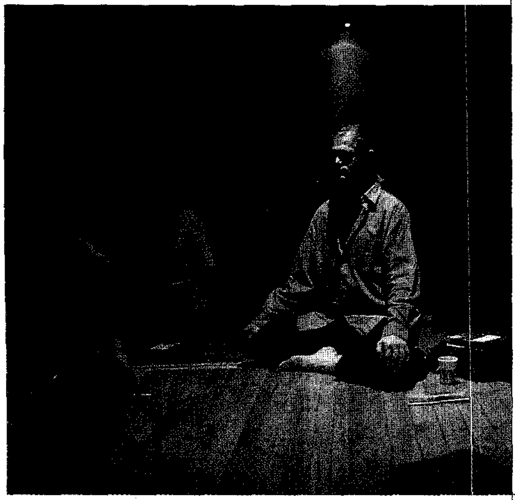
vaded much of midtown. The bathrooms were filled two-to-a-stall, and D.J. Mark Ronson had to stop his set in the middle of Michael Jackson's "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough" when the champagne-swigging crowd overran the stage.

Ethan Brown

Chant We All Just Get Along?

At midnight on Lafayette Street, sirens were wailing, guys in black turtlenecks were hooting, and one man in black tie was walking a white dog wearing a plastic bowler hat that said HAPPY NEW YEAR 2000. But in the Jivamukti Yoga Center, perched above Crunch, more than 100 spiritually inclined young professionals were chanting "*Lokah samasta sukhino bhavantu*"—"May all beings everywhere be happy and free." Scattered in lotus position on a wide wooden floor surrounded by tiny candles, they repeated the *kirtan* 108 times as Jivamukti co-founder Sharon Gannon kept count on her Mala beads, then pledged to "harm less and benefit more" in the new century. The chanting followed three hours of silence during which the only sounds were the occasional cough and the water gently trickling down Jivamukti's stone walls. But the mood wasn't uniformly reverent. Before yielding the stage to a sitar player, David Life, Gannon's partner, told the partying faithful of "a dream I might have had" in which the Y2K bug vaporized his job as a stockbroker. He rematerialized in the new millennium, he said, as "a guru of a cult on an island of tall buildings where you could be reborn into a better job, with higher pay, living in a bigger apartment. "And now I dress like this," he said, standing in his embroidered robe, with bare feet and three white stripes painted across his forehead.

Alexander Kippen



LEAVE IT TO CHANTS Above, steam whistles sound at the Pratt Institute; below, at the Jivamukti Yoga Center, three hours of silence ended with a chant of "May all beings everywhere be happy and free."

The Trigger Effect

At 10 P.M., four plainclothes cops and a sergeant climb into a unmarked rattletrap van—the last vehicle left in a central Brooklyn precinct. "We're either gonna find a gun tonight, or we're gonna just miss one," the sergeant predicts. He knows what he's talking about: Firing into the sky at midnight is a neighborhood New Year's tradition. "Watch the body language," the sergeant advises the young officers. At about a quarter to midnight, as the van rolls inconspicuously down St. Johns Place, a kid with long black hair steps calmly into the light of a street lamp outside a corner bodega and fires a single shot straight into the starry Brooklyn night. Three of the cops pile out of the van, wrestle the kid to the ground, and snatch a Lorcin 380 pistol out of his tiny hand. As they're cuffing him, the clock strikes midnight, and all hell breaks loose. About 200 feet down the street, two men in a doorway fire; one shoots a silver pistol, while the other rocks back on his heels and discharges a rifle. More shots ring out overhead as gun smoke drifts above the roof of an adjacent building. "Hold it!" the sergeant shouts. "There's no cover"—a dash across the street would be madness. So the cops retreat into the bodega as their radios crackle with calls about other midnight shots—then return to the precinct house to process the kid who fired the 380. He cries as he stands, handcuffed, in front of the desk. And as the cops cool down in the roll-call room, they make plans to keep an eye out for the guys they missed. "One good thing," says one of the officers, "now we know exactly where the guns are."

Greg Donaldson

HAPPENING NOW Some visitors to Josh Harris's Warholian Quiet: 1. Maja Hanson and Alex Arcadia. 2. Christine Doza and Melissa Burns. 3. Freddy Ferrer. 4. Elizabeth Franko and Pete Kappus. 5. John Waler. 6. Pamela Ram. 7. Megan Gregory and Molly Smith. 8. Peter Buckley "Mangina." 9. Frauke Requardt. 10. Siu Yun Kong and Clem Li 11. Josh Harris. 12. Cynthia DeMoss 13. Meredith Cummings, with Cindy and Kate Goodman. 14. Zero Boy. 15. Chouaibou Njoya and Bryce Angell. 16. Jeffrey Deitch.

Photographs: this page, top to bottom, Erik Freeland/Saba; Serge J-F Lev
Opposite page, Noah Sheldon and Kate Lacey/thephotobooth.com

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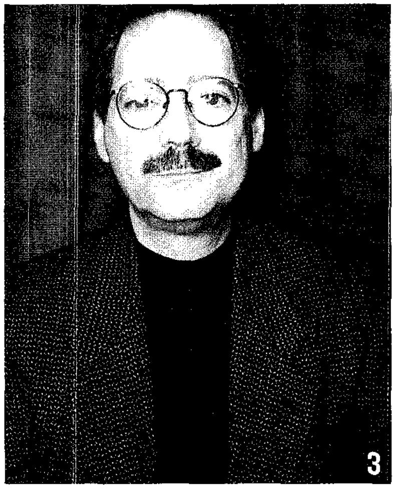
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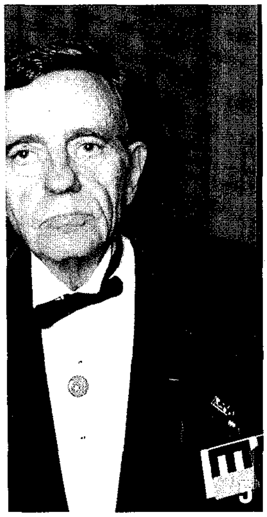
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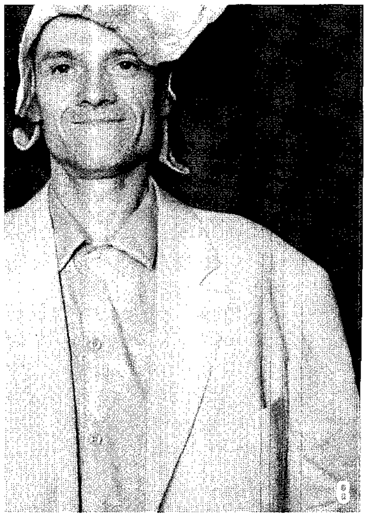
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"Daniel Boulud was leading a **conga** greeting the new year with banging pots and

Living El Año Loco

Just off the Deegan expressway, Jimmy's Bronx Cafe on West Fordham Road is ruled by throngs of skin-tight-vinyl-clad Latinas on the dance floor, wired to the heavy-steady beats of merengue, salsa, hip-hop, and bachata. It's a place where the men stand awestruck on the periphery, occasionally mustering the courage to jump in and swing their hips with the ladies. Even Latrell Sprewell and Marcus Camby, not shy about using their elbows to gain center court, ogle and groove from their VIP table. But at Jimmy's, what's most amazing is the seasoned sensual moves of the older generation—grandparents showing the youngsters something about panache and pelvic virtuosity. During the Spanish countdown, everybody swings to a millennium merengue—then of course, champagne pops, and random hugs ensue. Forget the year of the Latino—they're looking for a century. *Jod Kaftan*

Oh, Be Quiet

At Pseudo.com founder Josh Harris's party–cum–performance art event Quiet, the year 2000 arrives not with fireworks or New Year's kisses but with a drag king walking around a bordello-red basement room asking people to take a piece of paper and write down "things you want to leave behind." Just after the stroke of midnight, most of the bequests are set on fire in a metal bucket; the rest are buried in what looks like plaster with a trowel to enthusiastic cheers. Which is just one sign that Quiet isn't really much of a party at all—others include the three scantily clad women dancing provocatively under a neon strip-bar sign, the blanks-only firing range, and the round-the-clock presence of about 80 jumpsuited men and women who have temporarily moved into military-style bunk beds where video cameras record their every move for Internet television. Harris himself calls Quiet—which ran all week—"a fine-art installation," but it's really more of a loose Warholian Happening. "I think the effect is supposed to be new-millennium," says an Upper East Side woman in a little black dress who heard about Quiet from a friend. Outside, a man with a video camera is asking people for predictions on what's going to be big in the new year. "Extreme commerce," says a woman from Miami. Then she adds, "that's my company."

Robert Levine

Sky's the Limit

'This is the only party that's thinking about the *next* millennium," claimed real-estate developer and American Museum of Natural History trustee Roland Betts, and he had a point. Guests at the museum's millennial party were bolting like comets to be one of the first to land a seat in the planetarium in the new Rose Center for Earth and Space. "I couldn't get into the damn space show," he said, standing in the Hall of the Universe across from the AstroVision monitor that will allow live hookups from the Hubble Telescope. "It's too crowded." Betts was but one of 1,700 revelers who'd ponied up as much as $5,000 apiece to attend the private launch of the $210 million, 87-foot sphere within a seven-floor glass cube (the public will get its chance at the official opening on February 19). The star-themed décor extended to tables dotted with foil origami asteroids and surrounded by metallic orbs flickering in candlelight. The guest list—heavy on benefactors from the Millstein, Rudin, and Rose real-estate clans—hoarded such party favors as flashlights and kaleidoscopic star-framed lorgnettes. Bartenders served curaçao cocktails with names like Blue Giant Stars and grenadine Pink Nebulas. Even museum president Ellen V. Futter got in on the mission, sporting an iridescent silver nimbus shawl that glistered like Mylar. "You have to keep on theme," she said. As everyone prepared to settle in for dinner, the name draws from NASA had gone AWOL: Astronauts Mark Polansky and Catherine Coleman, both of whom have orbited the earth, were getting a virtual tour of the universe in the Space Theater of the new Hayden Planetarium. "The flight show was phenomenal," Polansky blurbed as butlers began serving an astronomical amount of Maine lobster (1,000) and Osetra caviar (20 kilos). By 2 A.M., couples in black tie and evening gowns were heading out to the street clutching silver orbs and half-moon balloons that had descended from above like some sort of cosmic confetti. *Natasha Singer*

Reservoir Dogs

At the New York Road Runners Club's millennial midnight run through Central Park, making good time in the race ran a distant second to just making time. "Last year there were about eight girls who wanted to kiss Baby New Year," laughed Connecticut competitor Don Platko, clad in little more than a diaper and "2000" banner (but toting a baby bottle full of Polish brandy). "This year, I'm looking to double that." Limbering up among the more than 8,000 athletes, exhibitionists, and voyeurs were "Beavis Claus," an icky-looking Y2K bug, and

THE ART OF DINING Left to right, gallery owner Holly Solomon and Anita Sarko; Katie Brown and friends, all at Brown's Crosby Street loft.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

out of the kitchen,
ng sparklers.”

NEW YEAR'S AT NOON Ringing in the New Year (early) at the Amsterdam Nursing Home.

two boxes of Chinese takeout from New Jersey, as well as several slices of Millennium Toast. Only a few professional pavement-pounders had hopes of clocking in with sub-seventeen-minute times in the five-kilometer race. Jill Booth had come from Verona, New Jersey, to run as the Energizer Bunny. More than a decade ago, Booth took third place in the race, running as Father Time alongside her “six-foot-four New Year's baby.” “But I was too fast for him,” Booth said, “and he married someone else.” *Mark Wallace*

A Steamy Scene

At the stroke of midnight, an array of shining metal steam whistles, ome more than eight feet tall, blasted nd bleated out a cacophonic chorus outside the engine room of the Pratt Institute in Clinton Hill, Brooklyn. Steam engulfed the 100 or so onlookers. “I've been hearing that damn noise in my apartment for more than ten years,” one of them said. “I figured I finally had to just come over and see what was going on.” So thrilled that she broke her New Year's kazoo, the happy neighbor discovered what may be Brooklyn's oldest and loudest New Year's noisemaker. The bellows and screeches were produced by three steam-driven generators installed in May 1900 to heat and light the Pratt Institute. A century later, those gleaming machines still heat Pratt in the winter. All of which meant little to young revelers Kesley Hyten and Odessa Straub, for whom the noise was the thing. Once the chief engineer and his assistants finished with their steamy feats, they handed the girls and other children the strings controlling the steam whistles' valves. Gripping them with white knuckles, children tugged till tremendous noises scared off parents and rattled any Y2K nerves in Brooklyn. Looking on, the stoned creative director of a New York advertising agency stood and watched, bleary-eyed. “It's a steam of consciousness,” he said, smiling serenely as the children screamed.

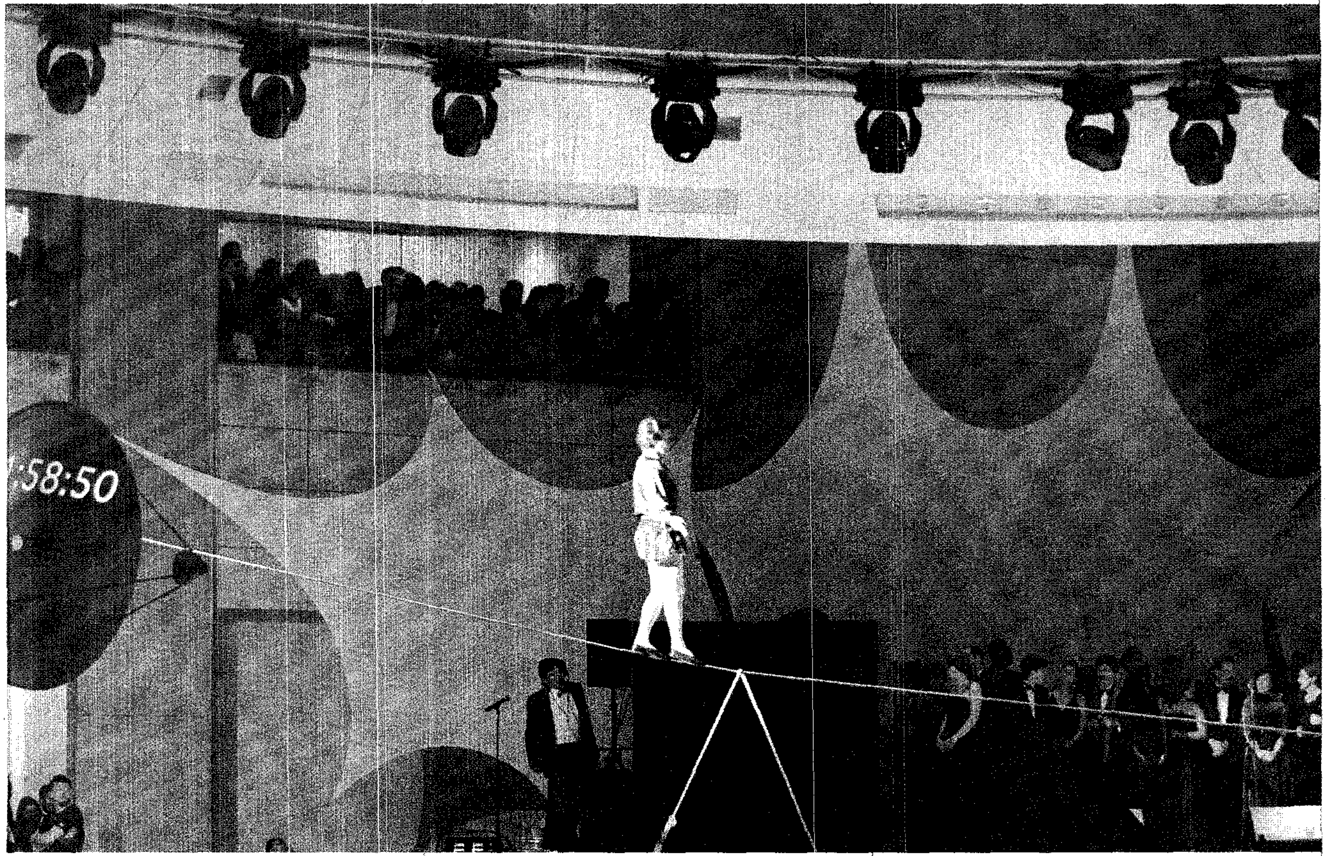
Logan Hill

Upstairs, Downstairs

Downstairs at Frank's Cocktail Lounge in Fort Greene, Brooklyn, New Year's was celebrated with style, in tuxedos and sparkling dresses, with sequined tiaras, caviar, and filet mignon. A D.J. spun Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels' “In the Midnight Hour,” and Frank Perkins, the dapper proprietor for more than 25 years, welcomed guests with open arms and strong handshakes. Upstairs, Lorie Caval and her boyfriend, E-Man, presided over “Bang the Party,” New York's only bi-borough deep-house party, which drummed in the New Year Brooklyn-style with a young set of black, Latino, Asian, and white folks all doing their own sweaty things on the dance floor. “At mid-

Photographs by Serge J-F Levy.

"This is the only party that's thinki
standing in the new Hall of the Universe



WIRED Famed tightrope walker Philippe Petit doing his thing in the Rose Center for Earth and Space at the American Museum of Natural History.

night," one clubber noted, "the house music stopped; they played 'Auld Lang Syne'; and a guy sprinted back from the crowd, turned three cartwheels, and fell on his ass in the back room." At times, the parties—upstairs and downstairs—blurred, Thomas Pynchon–like, into one, as half-dressed hipsters mingled with predominantly middle-aged jacket-and-tie locals. Aarre Laakso, the co-founder of the new Website Unplugyourbrain.com, plastered his company logo all over Frank's upstairs and on the Brooklyn streets outside. What's the site? "I dunno," he said, shrugging. "I guess we'll have to figure that out *this* century." *Logan Hill*

Early Birds

Forget the vision of institutional cinder blocks and Nurse Ratched clones swaggering through the halls—the folks at Amsterdam Nursing Home, a winsome, wallpapered enclave at Amsterdam Avenue and 112th Street, know how to have a good ol' time. Even if New Year's Eve starts at 11 A.M. and goes deep into noon. As a band serenaded them with jazzy tunes, a lively pack of seniors—some wearing iridescent tiaras—sprang from their seats (and even some wheelchairs). After sampling a gourmet banquet of puff pastries, pigs-in-blankets, and egg rolls, the assembled revelers clapped hands and raised a glasses of sparkling cider to the *faux* countdown. An affable 86-year-old resident named Martha Sternberg, who recently survived an almost fatal operation, and knows a thing or two about life, offered up this bit of advice: "Be grateful, have an attitude, and set a goal." Sternberg's goal for the new millennium: to make it to her 87th birthday in January. She says the secret to her longevity is avoiding the sour ladies who never smile or say thank you. But she doesn't give them the cold shoulder. "I just wave and stay away from them." *Jod Kaftan*

Study in Brown

Katie Brown is a Gen-X Martha Stewart who teaches millions of viewers the intricacies of how to entertain. But when she decided to throw a last minute New Year's Eve party in her new Crosby Street digs, she still felt unequipped. "It's the millennium," she sighed. "People have really, really high expectations." But she planned and cooked for three straight days, and at 10:30 P.M., her banquet began. Gallerist Holly Solomon, director Ben Younger, style writer Bob Morris, and seventeen others sat around an immaculately appointed candlelit table, under a makeshift canopy of grapevines, as a cheerful butler served home-cooked courses. Exactly 30 minutes after dessert, everyone gathered around the television to watch Dick Clark countdown the new year. Champagne corks popped, everyone embraced, Katie distributed metallic confetti, and, by 1:30 A.M., most of the guests had cleared out. "It's all about timing," says Katie who happily piled into a car with he

Photograph by Scott Houston/Corbis-Sygma

out the *next* millennium," says Roland Betts, e American Museum of Natural History.

remaining guests and headed to a downtown club. "A good hostess knows the right time to say good-bye."

Marion Maneker

The Village People

Susan Brownmiller, it turns out, is a feminist who knows how to throw a party, and by 10 P.M., the celebration in her two-bedroom West Village rental is in full swing. Guests from every sixties-radical-culture faction fill the low sofas or sit cross-legged on the rug, talking, talking, drinking, reminiscing, in an Ed Koren drawing come to life. There's a lot of drapey, colorful clothing—not a synthetic fiber in the house. The women, mostly writers and academics (Vivian Gornick, Robin Reisig, Joyce Johnson), are talking about other strong women. The men mostly look like Allen Ginsberg, or at least his agent. "Someone was saying that if a bomb were dropped on Jane Street, the feminist movement in America would be wiped out," Brownmiller says. "But it's really just the feminist literati here." Marlene Sanders, who made her mark as the first woman reporter hired by ABC News, insists on watching the Times Square ball drop, but there's no television in sight. "I asked Susan about a TV set," she says. "And she mocked me!"

Christopher Bonanos

Water Music

"This is strictly b-and-t," griped a woman in a pixie cut and diamond earrings who was perched on one of the black leather couches in the VIP room at Pier 2000, but no one else seemed to mind. A young reveler with bright-blue hair danced with two slim young women in ball gowns as a blue-suited, slightly hammered investment banker blankly looked on. A swing band performed in one room, but it was the thumping music next door that catalyzed the disparate crowd beneath an enormous disco ball. Floor-to-ceiling windows that afforded views of the city skyline and the Hudson River made the cavernous Pier 92 seem even more expensive than the $250 cover price. As midnight drew near, everyone grouped in front of huge monitors to watch the scene at Times Square. Moët & Chandon flowed freely, perhaps too freely. When one fellow in a crewcut and striped sweater passed out, onlookers shrieked "He's dead!" as friends dabbed at his forehead with damp napkins. His eyes opened less than two minutes later—and he was offered a fresh glass of bubbly.

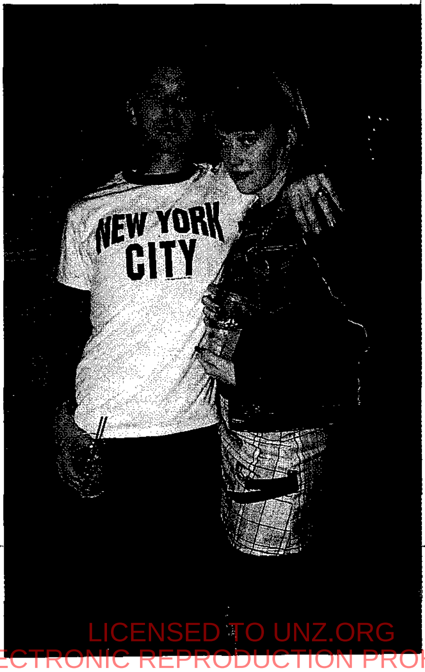
Luisa Colon

The TV Set

I am one of the great number of people who believe New Year's Eve happens at home and on television. I settled in early this year. The millennial moment was just passing Shanghai. The mood on television was Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade upbeatness mixed with Christiane Amanpour global seriousness. The real deal, though, wasn't the public pageantry, but the marathon ad lib—not one interesting thing to say and so much time to say it in. The secret, it seemed, was to speak excruciatingly slowly. Peter Jennings, on the longest, spoke the slowest. He moved the teenagers in my house off the couch early (some to parties; some to meet the new year online). "We're in Bethlehem. You know this is a perfect place to celebrate the millennium," said the Fox correspondent, struggling. "Ahh, because this is where it all began. Some people have told us that this the year the Messiah will come. Of course, we'll have to wait and see if that prophecy comes true. Security is tight." "Basically, it's a fun night in Moscow—a real sense of optimism here, where a recent poll shows people believe life will be better in the next millennium," according to the CNN correspondent. And yet while the patter is slow (and unbelievably silly), over Egypt or so, the pace starts to quicken. "A little fun and little frivolity is very serious business in France," says Barbara Walters from Paris, and shortly thereafter the appointed hour sweeps over the ABC set-ups at the Vatican, the Eiffel Tower, and the Brandenburg Gate. From Italy, I receive my first e-mail from the new century: "No Y2K so far, but not so sober either. Love and kisses. Happy Happy." Mostly, television on New Year's Eve is a quaintly kitschy experience, and I am reliably asleep by midnight. But tonight, tracking the hour, from Manger Square to the embankment on the Thames and onto St. John's, Newfoundland, before striking the U.S., well, suddenly there was no avoiding it. And for a second, as it passed, all right, it was something.

Michael Wolff

THE END IS NEAR Clockwise from below, celebrating at Mother, in the meatpacking district; partying at the Pier; Gavin Rossdale and Gwen Stefani at Nur Khan's West Side loft.



Photographs by Patrick McMullan.

THE INVITATION TO THE IDAHO DEMOCRATIC PARTY FUND-raiser said Ernestine Bradley was to deliver the keynote address. It didn't say anything about Tipper Gore. So when Bradley-campaign workers got word that the vice-president's wife was planning to hijack the event, they flipped. "We just learned Tipper's going to be there!" moaned spokeswoman Emma Byrne, barely two weeks before the big night. At the Bradley-campaign headquarters in West Orange, New Jersey, the worry was that Bradley's wife, a college professor who has spent more time in the classroom than on the campaign trail, would be upstaged by Tipper, who spent most of the past decade practicing her people skills. What was supposed to be an easy warm-up for Ernestine, well away from the national media glare, now threatened to become a full-blown bake-off, sure to attract reporters and television cameras from as far away as . . . well, as far away as New York.

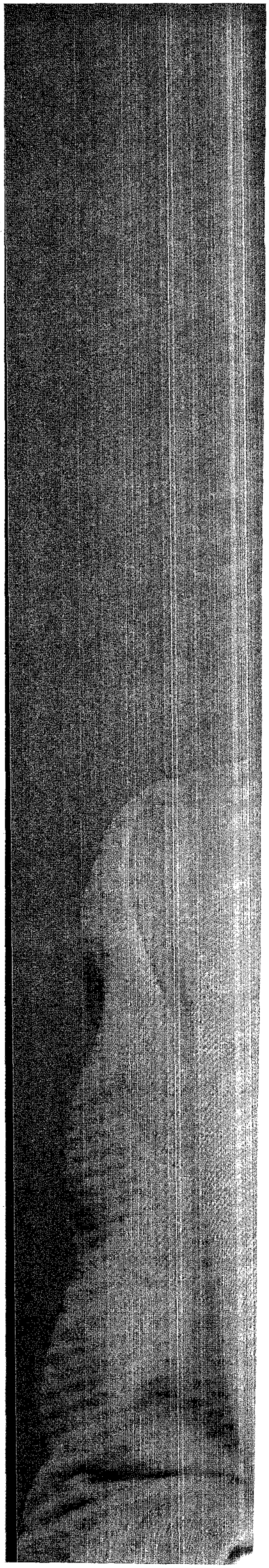
Idaho, which in recent years has become one of the most Republican states in the union, is customarily written off by Democrats. But this year, the competition between Al Gore and Bill Bradley has heated up so quickly that every state counts. In Concord, in Des Moines, in Los Angeles, even in Boise, the two candidates are throwing everything they've got at each other, including their wives. Tipper Gore, like Al, is the known quantity; Ernestine Bradley, the wild card. Eight years older than her husband, she grew up in Germany, where her father was a Luftwaffe pilot. She became a stewardess, emigrated to this country, earned a Ph.D. in comparative literature, and recently wrote a book about the Holocaust. This is a woman who still speaks English with a distinct foreign accent, and who knows how *that's* going to go over in Idaho?

THE DAY OF THE DINNER STARTS OUT CLEAR, cold, and bright. By 6 P.M., as dinner guests are filing into the student union on the campus of Boise State University, it has already turned dark. In the foyer outside the Jordan Ballroom, members of the Idaho Democratic Women's Caucus are serving Swedish meatballs and bright-orange cheese cubes. Midwestern neighborliness only partially covers the fiercely competitive mood. "Democrats in Idaho are, as you may know, struggling," Anne Marie Martin tells me. "We're scarcer than hen's teeth," adds Lucy Artis, who greets complete strangers like they were prodigal family members. For reasons that have nothing to do with Ernestine Bradley, or even Bill Bradley, these women are predisposed toward the challenger from New Jersey. Al Gore's association with the current administration does not work in his favor here. "People in Idaho loathe Bill Clinton," Martin explains. "Gore still has that Clinton stench hanging around him."

Still, it's not every day you get a chance to meet the vice-president's wife, and whatever their misgivings about Al Gore, the women are delighted at the prospect of seeing Tipper. Her appearance is the work of Bethine Church, a grandmotherly figure with the soul of a cigar-chomping deal-maker, referred to locally as the "godmother of Idaho politics." She has known the Gore family since the days when her late husband, Frank Church, served with Al's father in the Senate, and she still refers to Tipper and Al as "the kids."

"We invited Mrs. Bradley," says Dottie Stimpson, who is wearing a sweater set and has her hair in perfectly rolled curls. "Then Bethine said we ought to have Mrs. Gore here, too. You know, have a level playing field. We thought it would be a wonderful opportunity for them to get to know each other, and for us to get to know them." By 6:30, the ballroom is packed. For the first

Photograph by Melanie Dunea



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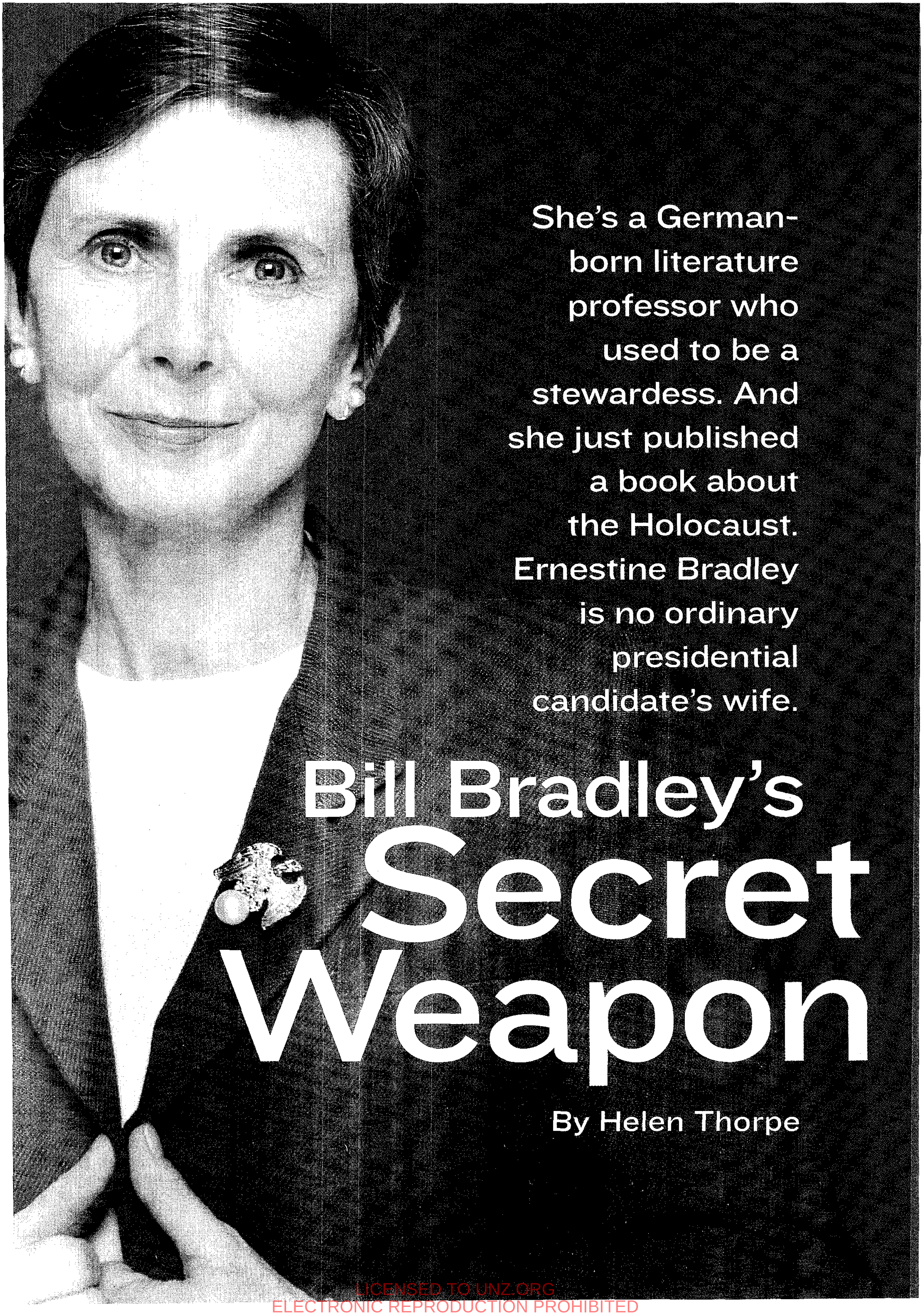


She's a German-born literature professor who used to be a stewardess. And she just published a book about the Holocaust. Ernestine Bradley is no ordinary presidential candidate's wife.

Bill Bradley's Secret Weapon

By Helen Thorpe

time in years, the Idaho Democrats have drawn a sell-out crowd, thanks to the promised spectacle of the two would-be First Ladies facing off in public.

Ernestine is the first to arrive. She's wearing a simple dress between gray and brown in color, with smoky-brown stockings, brown pumps with stacked heels, and a velvet blazer. She is slight, with birdlike features and luminous blue eyes. Her gray-streaked brown hair is cut in a short pixie, giving her a waifish, spritelike appearance . . . and she does *not* look 64 years old. You can see the surprised reaction among the Idaho Democrats: This is no stuffy academic; this is a Teutonic Audrey Hepburn.

Ernestine has never really played the Washington game before—when her husband was in the Senate, she was busy writing books, carrying a full teaching load at Montclair State University, and, for a period of several years beginning in 1992, battling breast cancer. But she works the room like a natural pol. "I'm Ernestine Bradley," she says over and over. She radiates warmth and delighted curiosity. Oh! She's so pleased to meet a mother and a daughter here together! This man's half-remembered German is *sehr gut*!

By her side is a courtly white-haired gentleman. This is Cecil Andrus, former four-term governor of Idaho and the state's leading Democrat. "What do you think about Tipper Gore showing up?" a reporter yells.

"I think it's great for the Democratic Party in Idaho," Ernestine replies brightly. "I hope the presence of myself and Mrs. Gore gets things bubbling."

A reporter presses Andrus for his view. "We're supporting Bill Bradley," he replies firmly. "We don't want anything to do with that other guy." But behind Andrus, a Gore supporter waves a giant blue placard trumpeting TIPPER in the direction of the TV cameras. Throughout the evening, the Gore loyalists prove the more determined, better-choreographed team.

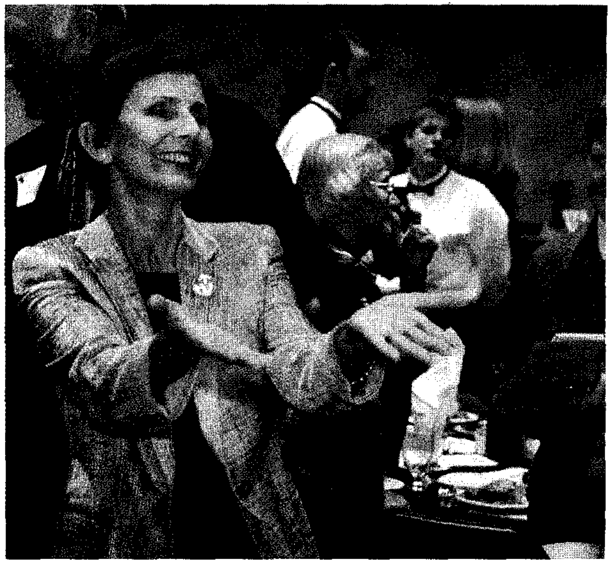
Once Ernestine has made her way to her table just to the left of the stage, Tipper arrives at the main entrance with her entourage, and the Gore supporters leap to their feet, triggering a lengthy standing ovation. Ernestine gamely stands and applauds, too, then turns away and chats with her neighbor, studiously ignoring what all the others are twisting and craning their necks to see.

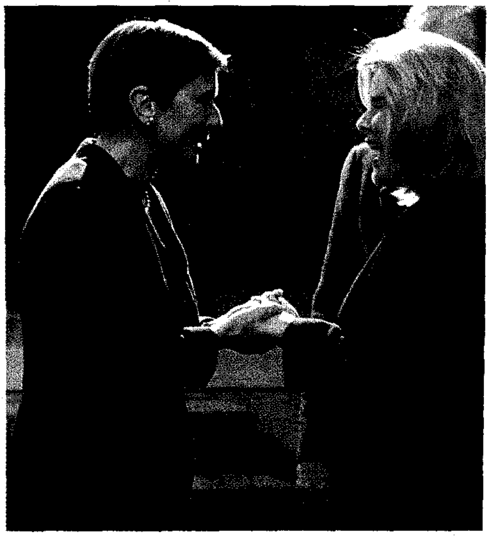
Even from a distance, Tipper is instantly recognizable, thanks to her familiar blonde bob. She works her way diligently through the room, escorted by Bethine Church, who turns out to be a creaky grande dame in a red blazer with a wild grin on her face. Bethine has commandeered a table directly in front of the podium.

Tipper delivers her remarks first, after Bethine introduces her with a reminiscence about the Gore family. Tipper looks as corn-fed and sturdy as any Idahoan in the crowd—she fits right in. She refers to Bethine as "a national treasure" and then announces that her old family friend has agreed to serve as the honorary chair of the Gore 2000 campaign in Idaho. "I would also like to say how delighted I am to acknowledge my good friend Ernestine Bradley." She never mentions Bill Bradley by name but repeatedly uses the words "stand and fight"—as in, "My husband has been proud to stand and fight with Democrats"—the same phrase that Al Gore has used to depict Bradley as someone who deserted the Democratic Party in its hour of need when he quit the Senate in 1996. Tipper knows the rules: Candidates' wives can attack, but never harshly; they must be cheery at all times; and they must somehow manage to be both demure and forceful. Tipper doesn't mention her husband's service in the Clinton administration. Instead, she reminds the audience that Al served in Vietnam, became disillusioned with the status quo, and worked as a journalist. Her coda is red, white, and blue: "Thank you for being a part of the lifeblood of democracy. Thank you for having me." The Gore supporters are on their feet again, waving placards, cheering wildly.

Former governor Andrus rises to introduce Ernestine Bradley, and he comes out swinging. "It's been announced tonight that Bethine is going to chair the Gore campaign," says Andrus. "Well, I am the honorary co-chair of the Bradley campaign." After Tipper's heartiness, Ernestine looks even more waiflike as she walks to the podium. She starts off by suggesting that Tipper may have exaggerated the extent of their friendship—the words sound innocent enough, but their effect is to make her rival seem saccharine and insincere. "We didn't see each other that much in Washington, and right now we are on the opposite ends of the playing field, so to speak, but we are united in the fact that we are campaigning for our husbands, who are dearest to us," she says. "There's nobody else for whom we would put ourselves through this!" She defends her husband's decision to challenge Gore. "Bill is—has always been, I should say—a great competitor. Bill thinks that competition is the lifeblood of our democracy and our business, but he thinks that it also does great things for the political process."

Ernestine speaks in a vivid and slightly theatrical manner that she must have developed to hold the attention of distracted freshmen. She describes her husband's campaign as a fight for social justice. She talks about racial unity, universal health





insurance, and ending child poverty. O
the subject of the environment, Ernes
tine's language veers off into the poetic
"When he first invited me to go to Mis
souri, there was the Mississippi, which fo
Bill is really a kind of mythical river," sh
tells the crowd. "The small town that h
comes from is on the Mississippi Rive
30 miles south of St. Louis. But there is
dimension to the environment, when I lis
ten to Bill speak about it—for me, in li
erature, I would call it a mythical dimen
sion, but for Bill I really think it is a spi
itual dimension." It's hardly standar

Photographs: clockwise from top, AP/Wide World Photos; Jonathan Elderfield/Gamma Liaison; AP/Wide World Photo

stump-speech rhetoric, But the Idahoans look transported.

The applause is furious and sustained. After she gets back to her table, an aide hands her a cell phone. It's Bill, who checks to see how she fared. Ernestine covers her mouth with one hand, so it's impossible to decipher what she tells him. But the reaction in the ballroom speaks for itself. For an early campaign appearance by a newcomer to the national scene, her speech is a solid win. Gore and 3radley supporters alike are left to wonler: Who *is* this woman?

EAT AND GREET Clockwise from top left, Ernestine arrives at the Democratic fund-raiser in Boise, Idaho, November 18, 1999; at Gray's Papaya with *Congressman Jerry Nadler; with Tipper Gore at a* New Hampshire town meeting in December.

RECENTLY, THE GERMAN MEDIA woke up to the possibility that the United States might have it's first German-born First Lady. (She would be only the econd who was foreign-born.) As the eadline in *Der Spiegel* put it: USA: EINE EUTSCHE ALS FIRST LADY? The American ublic is starting to ask the same question ow that Ernestine Bradley has begun ampaigning for her husband full-time. In anta Monica, California, I watch her beriend a classroom of recent immigrants y giving them tips on speaking English—he suggests that they tape-record themelves and listen to the way they talk. In urlington, Vermont, she captivates scholars at the Holocaust Studies program with a lecture on German literature of the postwar period. In Manhattan, she defies a midday downpour and drops by Gray's Papaya on 72nd Street for a hot-dog lunch. At every stop, she flits like a firefly—alighting here, glowing with charm, then moving on to another voter. Perhaps because she has traveled so far in her life, Ernestine never seems to feel out of place.

It makes you feel for Al Gore. Tipper was always one of his strongest assets. She is as playful and all-American as her name suggests yet still champions serious causes like better care for the mentally ill. She manages to remain her own woman without getting in her husband's way. (It's hard to imagine her feeling the need to run for Senate while her husband is president.) There aren't going to be any surprises with Tipper and Al—and that was supposed to be what the country wanted. All of a sudden, though, being unusual is back in vogue. On the Republican side, John McCain emerges as the main challenger to George W. Bush, largely because of his extraordinary personal biography. Bradley the former basketball hero is no cookie-cutter candidate either, and Ernestine . . . no other candidate's wife has a story quite like Ernestine's.

Ernestine Misslbeck grew up in Nazi Germany. She remembers visiting wounded German soldiers at age 7, when her school was converted into a military hospital. Her father served in the Luftwaffe, though she says he did not join the Nazi Party. The years after World War II were bleak. Chilled by the drabness and the difficulty of the recovery period and made claustrophobic by the stifling atmosphere of denial that permeated German culture, she dreamed of escaping. She studied maps and atlases, plotting how she might make it to some other country where life would have more color. "Germany was—at least this is how I felt—it was very closed," she recalls. "It was such an effort just to survive, to get food, so there was no way that people thought about traveling. And I think I wanted to get out. As a first step, I studied languages, thinking that that would be a way of eventually getting out. And then, while I was a student in Munich, I worked at a travel agency, thinking *that* would get me out."

She started an undergraduate degree in journalism and French but abandoned her studies in 1957 when she got a job with Pan Am as a stewardess. The job not only permitted her to travel but provided her with a green card. She became an American citizen in 1963. Ernestine remembers her time as a stewardess as "wonderful, really, really wonderful." After just a year and a half, however, she left Pan Am to marry an American physician named Schlant. "I was married for a couple of years" is all she'll say about that half decade in her life. Her daughter from that union, Stephanie, is now 40 years old and has four children of her own. ("She's very loving and full of energy," Stephanie says of her mother. "She's very smart, but a lot of people are smart. My mom has a sparkle to her.")

In the late fifties, Ernestine went back to school at Emory University to complete an undergraduate degree in Romance languages. She obtained her doctorate in comparative literature from Emory as well, and today she is known professionally as Dr. Schlant. In a country where political life has always had a vital

> "I thought of Bill as such a gentle and kind and sensitive person, yet on the court, you know, he used his elbows. It was rough! That contrast I found most intriguing."

strain of anti-intellectualism, Ernestine Schlant has written three books (the first two about the Austrian novelist and philosopher Hermann Broch and the third about how German novelists have treated the Holocaust), co-edited a collection of scholarship on postwar fiction in West Germany and Japan, co-written several college textbooks for students of German, and translated Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics* into German.

Ernestine Schlant met Bill Bradley in 1970, when she was living in midtown Manhattan. She had temporarily left the university world to work for a film-production company. "I felt I could not spend the rest of my life saying, 'Oh, if only I had . . . ,' " she explains. "I thought I was going to be *the* Kafka interpreter on film." The company made educational films, and she worked on a series of interviews with artists about the creative process. Somebody suggested that she ask Bill Bradley, who was then playing basketball for the Knicks, to interview the poet Marianne Moore, since Moore was such a great sports fan. Ernestine found out that she and Bill lived in the same apartment building and slipped a note under his door. The film never happened, but Bill asked her out on a date. "What I found fascinating was that he was so sweet," she recalls. "And then, he's so tall. The combination of that gentility and yet this overpowering physical presence I found very interesting. I thought of Bill as such a gentle and kind and sensitive person, yet on the court, you know, he used his elbows. It was rough! That contrast I found most intriguing." Bill had always been eager to prove himself more than just a jock, and he appreciated that Ernestine was highly intelligent. That she knew nothing about sports made her more appealing.

The two were married in 1974. Four years later, when Bradley ran for Senate, Ernestine campaigned for him at night and on weekends. But because of her job at Montclair State, where she is a professor of German and comparative literature, she spent much less time in Washington than the average Senate wife. Typically, she would visit from Thursday through Sunday, or Bill would return to New Jersey on the weekends. Even when their daughter, Theresa Anne, moved to Washington to be able to spend more time with her father, Ernestine stayed in New Jersey. (Now 23, Theresa Anne is a student at NYU.)

These days, the family's main residence is in Montclair. "We used to live further out, towards the Delaware Water Gap," says Ernestine. "But after I had cancer, the commute was too far for me. I said, you know, I really want to live very close to where I work. And Montclair is a wonderful community; very interesting people live there. It's a little bit artsy. It's also very well integrated racially. And it has a beautiful view of New York—you sort of rise up on those moraines from the Ice Age and you can look at this city." Ernestine was treated with a mastectomy and chemotherapy, and she has now been free of cancer for seven years. Last May, she took a sabbatical, switched to using her husband's last name, and started campaigning full-time. When she makes health-related speeches, often at hospitals, she discusses her battle against cancer. "I feel the cancer has given me a strength, and has sort of set my priorities and my values. The campaign—of course it's very, very important, but it's not the most important thing. Bill and I, we have always had a good marriage, but the cancer has sort of crystallized it and helped us find a new depth of relationship that we didn't even know existed before. And that is the most important thing. That's what cancer has helped me to see, and to be grateful for."

> **"The cancer has given me a strength, and has set my priorities and my values. The campaign—of course it's very, very important, but it's not the most important thing."**

It might have been expected that Ernestine's job would be to add sophistication or heft to the campaign, but her husband is cerebral enough. Paradoxically, what the highly credentialed Ernestine has contributed most to the Bradley campaign has been to supply a window into her husband's human side. Bill Bradley can seem aloof, but his scholarly wife turns out to be warm, outgoing, and affecting—the very qualities that he's often accused of lacking.

ON A BALMY NIGHT IN SOUTHERN California, the grounds of the Hotel Bel-Air look like a fairyland, sparkling with strings of small white lights. In a salmon-colored room lit by white votive candles, furniture designer Rose Tarlow and Jane Eisner, who is married to Michael Eisner, the CEO of Disney, greet the Los Angeles power brokers whom they have invited to a literary discussion with Ernestine Bradley. Her latest book, *The Language of Silence: West German Literature and the Holocaust,* was published last year. Its topic is the way in which German non-Jewish authors have dealt with the Holocaust, or, more specifically, how their language inadvertently reveals the failure of German society as a whole to come to terms with it.

Before Ernestine hit the campaign trail she talked with her husband about how her German background would be received by the American public. There is the fact, for example, that her father served in the Luftwaffe. "Bill and I talked about it, but, you know, we are a country of immigrants," she says. "From that point of view, I am a typical American You come from different cultural back-

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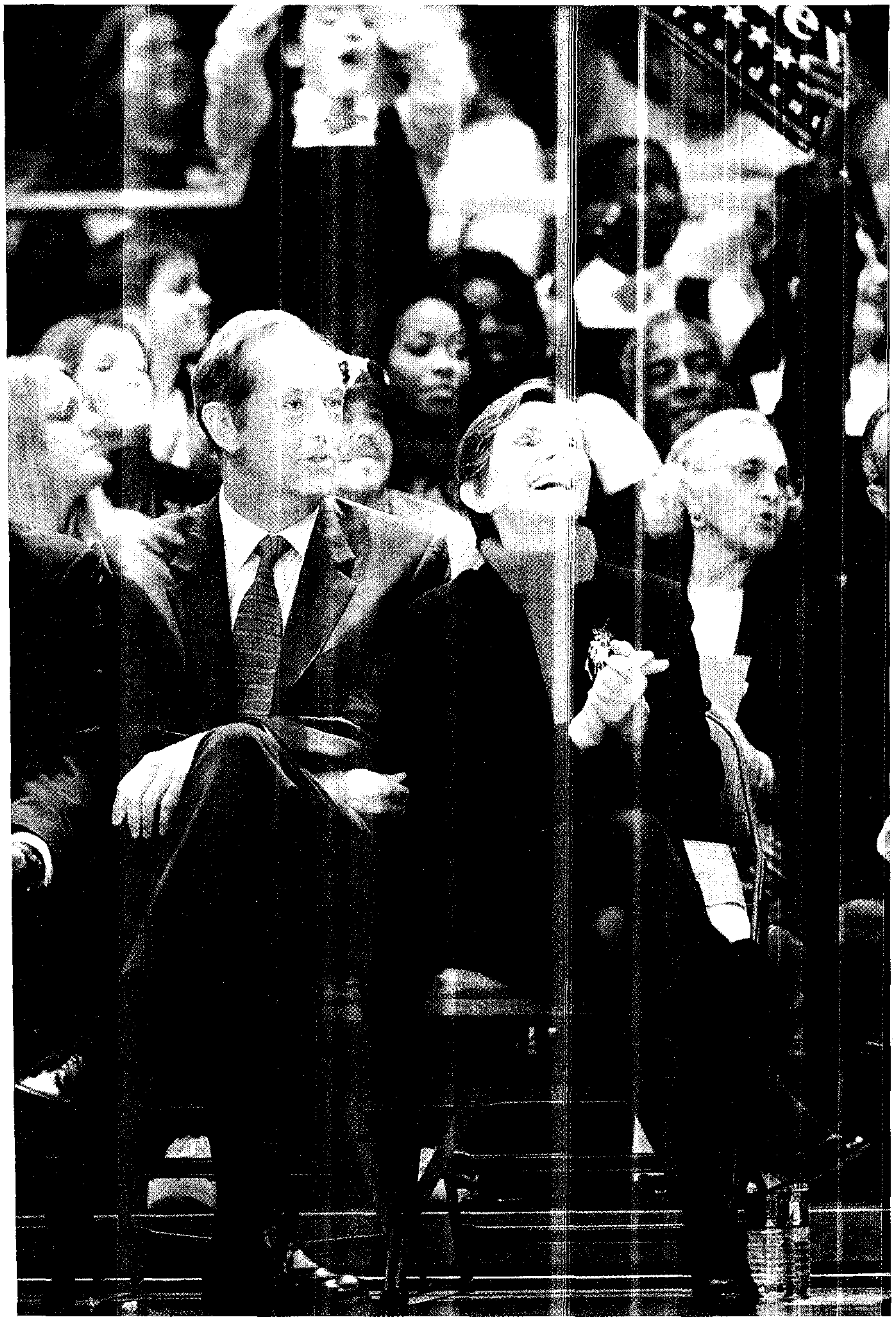


RUNNING MATES Top, Ernestine Bradley with her husband at his Madison Square Garden fund-raiser, November 14, 1999; opposite, Vice-President Walter Mondale swears in freshman senator Bill Bradley, holding Theresa Anne, with Ernestine and daughter Stephanie Schlant, January 1979.

grounds, and I think it's an enrichment. I think that's why this country is so dynamic as opposed to other countries. So I feel good about it, and I have yet to find adverse reactions."

Less than two miles from Passau, the Bavarian town where Ernestine grew up, was a labor camp where prisoners were worked to death. As is the case with many Germans of her age, she has been unable to determine exactly how much her parents knew about what was happening down the road. "When you asked, 'Well, why didn't you know?' they said, 'We simply didn't know,' " she says. "So, you could choose not to believe it, but you couldn't get much else of an answer."

The cover of *The Language of Silence* features an eerie photograph taken by Ernestine of a memorial at the Grunewald train station in Berlin, where trains once departed for Auschwitz. The memorial consists of a solid concrete wall perforated by a series of human silhouettes. It is an embodiment of absence. In her book, Ernestine argues that the texts she examines are like the wall and that the gaps or silences in them, like those silhouettes, reveal profound absences—emotional voids in the German psyche. Her Bel-Air audience consists of Disney executives, academics from UCLA, and doctors from Cedars-Sinai Health System, as well as Sydney Pollack, and Patricia Richardson of *Home Improvement* fame. Many, if not most, of the people in the room are Jewish. Michael Eisner arrives late, looking tall and stoop-shouldered in a navy suit, and goes straight over to greet Ernestine, who's surrounded by people. I ask if he is supporting her husband. "Because of ABC News, my support has to be in my heart as opposed to in my mouth," he says. "I've known Bill forever, supported him in all of his Senate races, but now I've got to be relatively bi-partisan. But obviously, I think he's great."

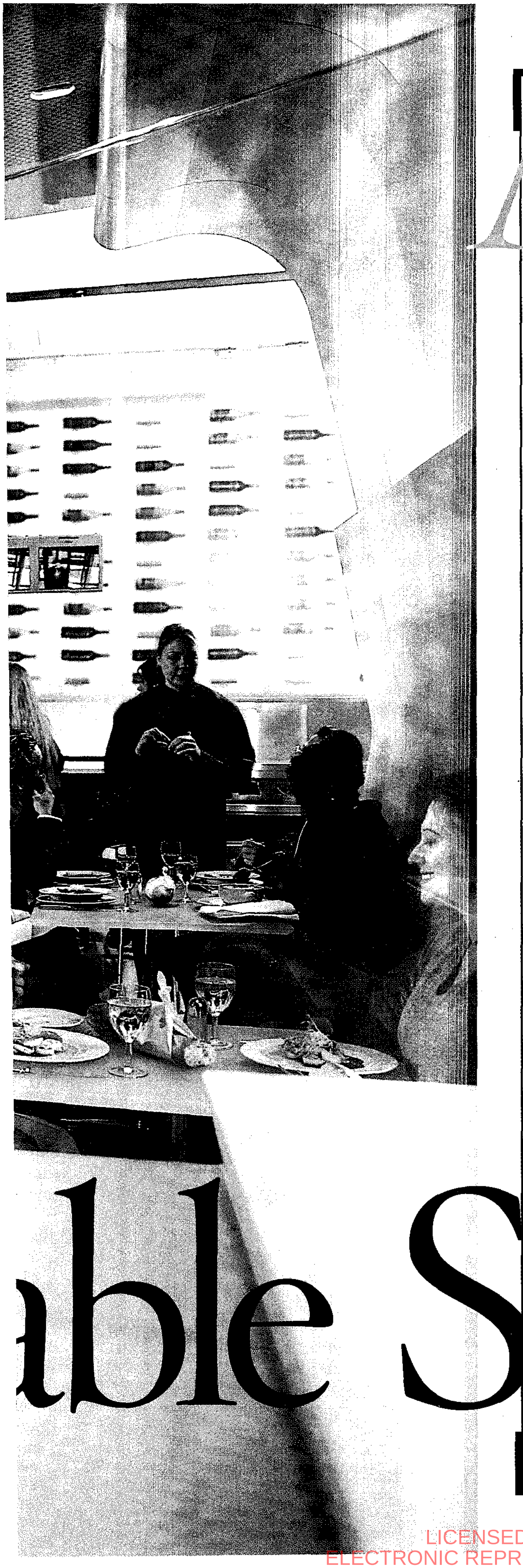
Waiters in white jackets serve puff pastry to the guests, who sit at small round tables. Jane Eisner, who is wearing black go-go boots, a short black skirt, and a powder-blue silk jacket, silences the crowd by walking onto the stage. "Ernestine is the ultimate juggler," she tells the crowd. "She's a wife, a mother, grandmother, educator, author, cancer survivor, and Bill Bradley's secret weapon."

What follows surely ranks among the most unusual campaign-related events of this election cycle. Before plate-glass windows that look onto an elaborate fern garden, Ernestine delivers a passionate and highly detailed 75-minute lecture on postwar German literature. At one point, she summarizes the plot of a story by Heinrich Böll called "Across the Bridge." The narrator is a war veteran who is returning home by train. It turns out that this is the same journey he used to make as a messenger for the Third Reich, delivering documents marked PENDING CASES. He claims not to have known what the pending cases were about. But as Ernestine points out, the folders were yellow, a color that she notes was "not innocent" in the context of Nazi Germany.

It's jarring to hear a presidential candidate's wife discuss the Holocaust in this lush setting. But even if there is a certain impropriety to the evening, it was propriety that had silenced her parents. Ernestine is drawn to difficult subjects, the things you aren't supposed to talk about. The typical politician's wife spends most of her time avoiding anything that could be considered problematic, but here is Ernestine Bradley, wading into the thorniest subject of the twentieth century. The more she speaks, the less she seems like any First Lady this country has ever known . . . or imagined.

After she finishes her lecture, the group keeps her for another 45 minutes. She answers questions, then signs copies of her book. She stays until the last guest leaves, then walks out with Jane and Michael Eisner. "You were a star!" Jane tells her. Michael chimes in: "You were! You were fabulous!" Then they all slip into the sleek black Lincoln Town Car with a tan leather interior that is waiting for them in front of the hotel and disappear into the Los Angeles darkness. ■

hotographs: left, Corbis-Bettmann; right, Jonathan Elderfield/Gamma Liaison.



ble Stakes

A futuristic reincarnation of the Brasserie—once the hippest restaurant in midtown—is rising from the ashes in the Seagram Building, the work of a pair of cutting-edge architects and a restaurateur ready for his star turn.

By Meryl Gordon

OUR STORY BEGINS WITH A LIME-POPSICLE-COLORED table. Set on a stainless-steel base, the translucent resin surface shimmers in the light so that plates and glasses set on it look as if they're floating. More than just a design coup, this coolly transcendent table embodies the career-capping ambitions of Fortunato Nicola Valenti, the CEO of Restaurant Associates, the giant New York–based food provider that serves 75,000 meals a day. For the commercially successful but little-known Nick Valenti, it represents a bid to finally gain his place among New York's top restaurateurs.

Forget the kitsch extravagance of the Russian Tea Room and the Baroque French luxury of Daniel: The Seagram Building's new Brasserie is

Photographed by Mark Arbeit

the first streamlined twenty-first-century restaurant, with a curved pearwood ceiling, a rhythmic line of tilted booths, translucent glass panels that turn the bar's wine rack into a floating fantasy display—and a video system that acts as windows for the basement restaurant by capturing and replaying the entrance of customers.

Designed by celebrated downtown architects Elizabeth Diller and Ricardo Scofidio, who have never done a restaurant before and are known for their mixed-media museum installations, the reinvented Brasserie—for decades a mecca for Manhattan's most prominent night owls—is meant to evoke the drama of a stage set. "We wanted to make the dining scene very theatrical," says Diller. The customer enters center stage—down a glass see-and-be-seen staircase, a modernized version of the previous Philip Johnson design. Scofidio adds, "It's very voyeuristic. Everyone is on display."

BUT THE PERSON MOST ON DISPLAY as the curtain rises on the Brasserie is Nick Valenti. "It drives me crazy that people see us as so impersonal, as just this big company," says the 51-year-old Valenti. With his slicked-back hair in old-fashioned Rat Pack style and his courtly manner, Valenti, the son of an immigrant Italian construction worker, comes across as the ultimate company guy. Even longtime employees, mindful of his authoritarian style, call him Mr. Valenti. Mr. Cutting Edge he is not.

John Lindsay was mayor when Valenti joined Restaurant Associates in 1969 as a steward at Kennedy airport's Pan Am Terminal restaurant. By then, the company—which under the legendary Joseph Baum had created such gastronomic landmarks as The Four Seasons and Tavern on the Green—had already begun its long downward slide into anonymity. Highly profitable anonymity in recent years, to be sure, since Restaurant Associates is a $300 million company, mostly in corporate cafeterias and dining rooms and tourist and business venues.

But respect is not to be won on the chow line at the Metropolitan Museum or at the takeout counter of Cucina & Co. Which is why in the past year Valenti has launched an expensive and ambitious I'll-take-Manhattan culinary makeover. Not only are the company's three tired-looking Rockefeller Center restaurants being renovated in hopes of making the food and décor as enticing as the view of the ice rink, but Valenti is installing an upscale steakhouse at Madison Square Garden and taking over Macy's 26,000-square-foot food court. He's also signed on to operate a lavish new bistro this winter, Brasserie 8½, at 9 West 57th Street, a stone's toss from Tiffany's.

BRASSED OFF **Nick Valenti hopes these trendy tabletops at the new Brasserie will finally win him a place in the limelight.**

Of all these projects, however, the one that has truly obsessed Valenti for the past six months is reopening the original Brasserie on 53rd Street. Tossing out everything but the restaurant's old name, Valenti has invested $5 million—a huge sum for a 220-seat watering hole—to create a downtown-looking joint in the heart of midtown's expense-account land. "Nick has been a very involved client," Diller says with a smile. Indeed, he's debated every detail from the honeycomb glass in the bathrooms to the special area designed for flowers on the bar.

Operating on the principle that a restaurant this striking ought to do more than serve bistro classics, Luc Dimnet, a 29-year-old French chef who has toiled at Les Célébrités and in three-star Michelin venues, has been encouraged to reinvent traditional dishes, and is doing so with a trendy Asian twist.

"This is kind of scary for all of us," says Peter Wyss, who joined Restaurant Associates 22 years ago as a chef at the Brasserie and is now vice-president of operations. "Some of our old customers are going to be expecting the same place, the same menu, and they're going to be surprised." True, seafood choucroute and burgers with oyster mushrooms and tempura peppers are not exactly familiar French fare. And instead of maintaining a 24-hour schedule, the place will be open from 6:30 A.M. to 1 A.M.

For Valenti, everything about the Brasserie is a radical departure—he's anxious as he awaits the public's verdict. He hopes this gamble will pay off in more than just ample meal checks. "I feel as if my entire career has been following in the footsteps of Joe Baum and what he did with the company 40 years ago," he says of the restaurant god who died late in 1998. A subdued man who rarely brags about his own achievements as CEO of a thriving company, Valenti can't help himself today, he's so excited. "Joe Baum was such a legend. For the first time, I feel like we've surpassed him."

UNTIL A FIRE CLOSED IT DOWN FIVE YEARS ago, the Brasserie was one of the longest-running shows in town—open one year more than *The Fantasticks.* Debuting in 1959, the Philip Johnson–designed space packed in everyone from Broadway stars to sports heroes to visiting royalty looking for a bit of late-night elegance in perhaps the most glamorous Parisian bistro outside a Hollywood movie set. Before New York became known as "the City That Never Sleeps," the Brasserie was the most famous around-the-clock restaurant. "We never had a key to the front door," Valenti recalls.

But by the nineties, the place had become dowdy, the food conveyor belt was broken, the trendy crowds had fled downtown, and the reviews were consistently wretched. Mimi Sheraton, in an eighties New York *Times* review, called the choucroute "a disaster" and broiled fish "reminiscent of airline cooking."

What's ironic about the wildly futuristic look of the new Brasserie is that it wasn't initially Valenti's idea at all—this traditionalist was forced into the avant-garde thanks to a quirky clause in a real-estate deal. After the fire, Valenti negotiated a lease extension and planned to do a variation on the old theme, hiring architect Fred Brush, who had fashioned several restaurants for RA, including Café Centro and Naples 45. But before Valenti could start construction, he had to submit the plans—a step he thought was pro forma—to Phyllis Bronfman Lambert.

Lambert, the daughter of Seagram patriarch Samuel Bronfman, had originally persuaded her father to hire Ludwig Mies van der Rohe to design the 1958 landmark building. When the Seagram Building was sold to Teacher's Insurance several years ago, Lambert wangled an unheard-of arrangement to retain "aesthetic control."

"It's sort of my place," says Lambert, speaking from the Canadian Center for Architecture in Montreal, where she is the founding director. "Even if they want to change the lighting in the lobby, they have to check with me."

She hated the new sketches for the Brasserie. "There were some drawings I saw with this English tufted furniture," Lambert says, her voice dripping with scorn. "I said, 'Uh-uh.' " Vetoing the plan, she gave Valenti the names of three trailblazing architectural firms—none of which had previously designed a restaurant—urging him to create something new. "Nick was open," she says, although it's not as if he had much choice.

Unlike the other two firms, Diller + Scofidio, partners in work and life, declined to draw up a proposal for the restaurant. "That's not how we work," says Scofidio, 63, who teaches architecture at Cooper Union. "If you want to know what we do, hire us. We're not about predigested ideas." In fact, these dissident architects—as they call themselves—won a coveted grant from the MacArthur Foundation for their innovative work. "We like to flirt with truth and fiction," Diller says; they often use videos in projects to "spy on" and replay a version of street life. "We didn't know anything about Restaurant Associates." They dared Valenti to take a flyer, showing him slides of their "public art" work and their one commercial project, an apartment complex in Japan.

"They were by far the best of the bunch," Valenti says, insisting that once he got over his original annoyance, he realized that hiring Diller + Scofidio could be a great way to convey that Restaurant Associates is a happening place. "They represent the cutting edge, they're downtown," he says. "To do a restaurant in midtown that will pull people in, we need that."

> "We wanted to make the dining scene very theatrical," says Elizabeth Diller. "It's very voyeuristic. Everyone is on display." Adds Ricardo Scofidio: "This is incredibly high risk for Nick, but he really understood what we were trying to do."

That said, the collaboration between the staid Valenti and the hip architects was entertaining to watch. "We didn't know how it was going to go," says Diller, 44, an associate professor at Princeton, "since we were mated artificially." But she and Scofidio were intrigued by the idea of going up against Mies van der Rohe: "The building is an icon of twentieth-century architecture in America. It would have been hard to say no."

"We're trying to add perversity through the use of materials," chirped project architect Charles Renfro last August, pitching Valenti the signature resin-on-steel tables. Valenti's ever-expressive eyebrows rose three quarters of an inch. "When the waiter changes the plates," Scofidio, an easygoing bear of a man, pitched in, "you'll see a flash of metal."

Valenti, who knows a hard sell even when it's dressed up in architectural buzzwords, interrupted to say, "This must be so expensive that you don't want to tell me what it costs." The architects ruefully confessed: The total cost of resin-top tables would be $70,000 rather than $12,000 for a regular vinyl-padded wooden version. For a mid-priced restaurant where the dinner check is aimed to be $35 a person, that's a lot of steak-frites to sell.

But the bottom-line-conscious chieftain of Restaurant Associates ran a few numbers in his head: "If this table is so beautiful and unusual that we don't have to use tablecloths," Valenti finally declared, "it's cheap. We'd spend $120,000 a year on linens for lunch and dinner." ("The cost of linens never occurred to us," the architects admitted later.)

Still, Valenti wanted to test the lime-green table in the court of public opinion. So several weeks later, the resin table made its unheralded debut at the U.S. Tennis Open, amid the white tablecloths of the upscale eatery Aces, run by Restaurant Associates. Valenti, who made surreptitious inspection trips from his firm's sky box, discovered that without a tablecloth to soak up condensation from drinks, the top becomes a watery mess. "People love the way it looks," he said, "so maybe we'll try coasters."

AS ANDRE AGASSI WAS GETTING ready to take on Todd Martin in the men's final, Peter May, a partner in the cigars-and-power restaurant Patroon, was by chance seated at the green table with friends. Asked about the eating surface, a surprised May gushed, "This table is fabulous, really beautiful." But what really impressed May was simply the quality of the food that Valenti created for the Open. "What I want to know is," said May, "how do you get a place up and running for only two weeks a year, where both the food and the service are excellent?"

For the two weeks of the Open, Restaurant Associates is the culinary version of Brigadoon—creating some of the most upscale dining options in Valenti's empire and then disappearing in the mists of Queens. Indeed, the annual canteen for tennis fans—except for 1996 and 1997, when to the dismay of foodies the contract was awarded to a lesser caterer—has been a major *succès d'estime* for Restaurant Associates. "I went to Aces, and I was astonished by the meal," says George Lang, the owner of Café des

Artistes, who worked at Restaurant Associates in its sixties glory days. "It was like a top-notch restaurant."

If Valenti gets his way, the talents of Restaurant Associates will soon be obvious even to those who can't score a ticket to the Open. For the first time in decades, he is backed by a deep-pocketed company willing to invest in make-a-statement restaurants. In addition to the Brasserie, the American Festival Cafe, renamed the Rock Center Cafe, has been transformed into a steakhouse, opening in late January; the Adam Tihany–redesigned Sea Grill will be dishing out salmon and sea urchin later this winter. Nick & Stef's Steakhouse is under construction in Madison Square Garden, a clone of a California restaurant created by Joachim and Christine Splichal, whose award-winning eight-restaurant Patina Group was recently acquired by Restaurant Associates. Valenti's people are also about to get the most intense media scrutiny of their lives: feeding the fashionistas at the much-hyped, much-delayed Frank Gehry–designed Condé Nast cafeteria.

> "What color do you call this?" Valenti politely inquired at his first sight of the slice of resin. "Sorbet?" mused the architect. Valenti, with a laugh, replied, "Medicinal lozenge?"

Unlike the caloraphobic Condé Nasties, Valenti is a man who loves food, particularly Italian food. The youngest of four children and the only one to attend college, Valenti, whose family emigrated from Calabria in 1951, began busing tables and chopping vegetables at age 14 in his older brother Carmine's Piccolo Ristorante in Bellmore, New York, where their mother, Teresa, did the cooking.

Although his spacious home in the North Shore Long Island suburb of Cove Neck sits right on the water with a spectacular million-dollar view, Valenti insisted this summer that we tromp around the back through wet grass to see his huge vegetable garden, proudly showing off his tomatoes and fresh herbs. "Nick takes over the kitchen," says his wife, Linda. "He loves to experiment."

During a five-hour gastronomic tour of his Manhattan empire, Valenti offered a running commentary on the origin and quality of the ingredients as if performing on the Food Network. At a six-course tasting at the Rockefeller Center Sea Grill, Valenti, who gets up at 5:30 A.M. so he can work out to keep his weight under control, had more notes than a Broadway critic for Ed Brown, a chef who's won two stars at two RA restaurants, Tropica and the Sea Grill, and presided over Aces. Valenti complained about the gritty taste of the truffles in the tuna tartare ("The best ones aren't in season yet," agreed the genial Brown), noted that the cilantro overwhelmed the black-sea-bass carpaccio, and gave an unqualified rave to the codfish in black-bean sauce.

Still, Valenti's company has been more famous for its financial transactions than for its food. Founded in the fifties by a New Jersey coffee czar, Abraham Wechsler, who got into the food business when he acquired a cafeteria chain in lieu of money owed, Restaurant Associates has had multiple personalities in the past half-century.

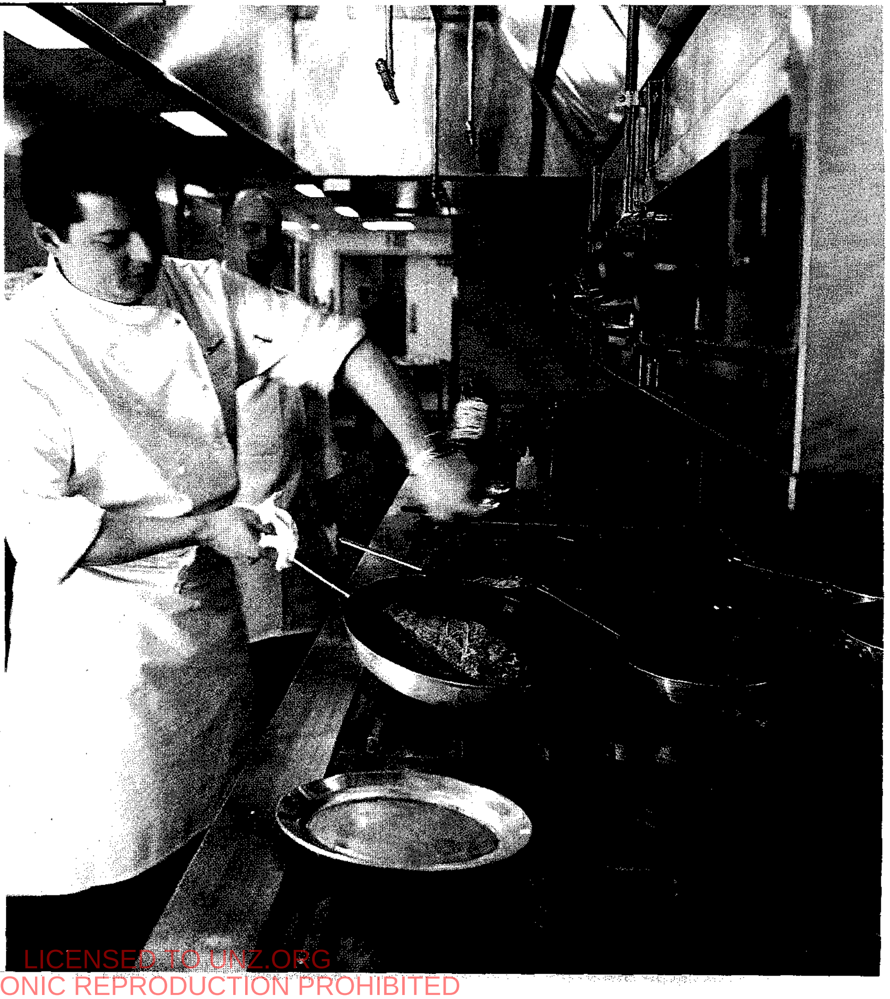
The glamour era began when Jerome Brody, Wechsler's son-in-law and the company's president, along with food impresario Joseph Baum, poured a fortune into creating such hot spots as The Four Seasons, La Fonda del Sol, and the 24-hour bistro at the Brasserie; introduced upscale Italian food at the Forum of the XII Caesars; and pioneered unusual locations such as the original deluxe airport restaurant, the Newarker.

But by the time Valenti signed on as a trainee in 1969, the company had been transformed into a food-service behemoth—operating thruway, museum, and airport restaurants; a candy company; a hotel chain; vending machines—and an ailing giant at that. As Gael Greene described the situation in "Twilight of the Gods," a 1970 *New York* Magazine article, "The mighty $100 million keeper of bed and board had fallen to its knees by the end of the sixties. Money men, not food men, were making the decisions. Restaurant Associates shifted its focus from class to mass."

Brody was ousted in 1964; Baum hung on until 1970 (later winning more food-world glory as the operator of the Rainbow Room and Windows on the World). Thanks to a mixture of bad luck and bad management, the company posted huge losses, and the stock collapsed in 1970.

VALENTI DIDN'T GROW UP IN THE KIND OF family that could afford to eat at The Four Seasons. His father, Rosario, who died three years ago, scraped by as a construction worker; his two brothers dropped out of high school to help support the family. Nick, the youngest, attended a two-year college hospitality program in Brooklyn. He joined RA upon graduation.

"Nick was always the first to get to work," says Dominick Varacalli, RA's gregarious veteran senior vice-president for



WALL OF FAME **Front to back, above, architects Elizabeth Diller, Ric Scofidio, and Charles Renfro. Opposite, Luc Dimnet, executive chef, and Craig Cupani,** ***chef de cuisine.***

operations, "and the last to leave." Valenti's first major opportunity came when he was assigned to manage the John Peel restaurant, a down-on-its-luck hotel steakhouse in Old Westbury. He wooed customers by going upscale, replacing the plastic tablecloths with linen, upgrading the beef, adding a fancy Sunday brunch, and working the door seven days a week to welcome the regulars. "My experience in turning around one restaurant," he says, "is what I've used to turn around the entire company." The steakhouse revenues jumped from $1 million to $4 million a year.

"Nick is a very fast learner," says Max Pine, the president of Restaurant Associates from 1976 to 1993, when he was gracefully edged out in favor of his former protégé. Pine plucked Valenti from the obscurity of Long Island and moved him into a series of troubleshooting management jobs, salvaging other failing restaurants. "Nick's batting average was high."

And he didn't mind getting down and dirty to do the job. After Restaurant Associates began catering the U.S. Open in 1976, Valenti became convinced that union concessionaires were stealing, by smuggling in soda cups instead of using RA-issued inventory and lying about drink sales. Valenti and his top aide, Paul Emmett, now president of RA's restaurant-services division, stuck around one night until 1 A.M., after everyone else had left, and searched the stadium.

"Nick was wearing a suit, and he got down on his hands and knees and crawled behind the stands and found a case of cups," recalls Emmett. "He called the president of the union at home and said, 'I need you to come down right now.' " Remembering that late-night summons today, Howard Chaiken, then and now the president of Local 54, laughs. "I thought someone had put out a hit on me." Adds Valenti, "Howard looked so relieved when I told him we just wanted to fire some union members."

RESTAURANT ASSOCIATES TOOK ITSELF private with a leveraged buyout in 1986, was acquired by a Japanese company in 1990, went private again in 1996 after the Japanese economy soured, and was sold again in 1998, to the British firm Compass. As one of the ranking partners of the company, Valenti came out with an eight-digit net worth. "It's taken me 25, 30 years to get here," says Valenti, who owns a Palm Beach home and has a collection of classic cars but otherwise doesn't live large. "It's not like today's 25-year-olds and the Internet."

For Valenti's career, the key transaction was the purchase by the Japanese firm, Kyotaru. Hiroshi Tanaka, Kyotaru's CEO, says simply, "I fell in love with the personality of Nick Valenti. He's not double-tongued. He's always smiling, pleasant to be around."

Smiling but always looking for a deal. After arranging to buy Restaurant Associates back from the recession-bashed Kyotaru for $60 million, Valenti turned around and sold off two RA-owned chains, Charlie Brown's and Acapulco, for what was reported as nearly $50 million each; then he sold the rest of the company eighteen months later to Compass for another $90 million.

"Yes, I was surprised," admits Tanaka of the profitability of the deal. Valenti shared the wealth from the Compass sale, rewarding 22 of the company's top executives; several got $1 million paydays. Victor Broceaux, a nearly 40-year RA veteran and a former chef turned vice-president, says gratefully, "He didn't have to do that. I'd follow him anywhere."

AS ARCHITECTS ELIZABETH DILLER AND RICARdo Scofidio, both in black, walk through the Brasserie pointing out design surprises, they're like mischievous kids who can't believe they've gotten away with such whimsy. Check out the short story, in two-word sentences, running across the video screen at the entrance, and the disorienting bathrooms, in which the wall between the men's and women's rooms has a cutout for a shared sink, so you can glimpse the handwashing of the opposite sex. "This is incredibly high-risk for Nick, but he really understood what we were trying to do," says Scofidio. Diller adds that Valenti was supportive but also very direct when probing and questioning their ideas: "He's surgical. He knows when something needs work. But on the things we've felt strongly about, he's suspended disbelief."

Such as, of course, the lime-green table. "What color do you call this?" he politely inquired back in August at his first sight of the slice of resin. "Sorbet?" mused Charles Renfro. Valenti, with a laugh, replied, "Medicinal lozenge?"

But now, on the eve of the restaurant's opening, he's become its biggest fan. "How many tables are there in the world?" he enthuses, gesturing around the space-age room. "There isn't anything else like it." For the first time in decades, Valenti and Restaurant Associates may once again be presiding over the hottest table in town. ■

Junior Achievement

New York's favorite political son is now leading *20/20*'s Gen-X revision. But has Chris Cuomo really given up the family business? By Logan Hill

"C'MON, POP, READ FROM THE BOOK."

It's a balmy night in mid-November, and Chris Cuomo is anxious. His father, Mario, is supposed to be fielding kids' questions about the elder Cuomo's new children's book, *The Blue Spruce,* on the fourth floor of Barnes & Noble at Union Square. But a gray-haired Cuomo devotee has asked the former governor what he thinks of the two Democratic presidential candidates, whom Cuomo refers to as "Boring" and "Less Boring." Unbeknownst to Cuomo, Karenna Gore Schiff—the vice-president's daughter—is standing back by a stack of sale books, her stony visage a vivid reminder of her father's.

Two minutes into the former governor's long-winded critique of the Dems, Chris Cuomo, surrounded by a gaggle of friends and his father's well-wishers, repeats, tersely, "C'mon, Pop, read from the book." He raises a copy to his chest and drums his fingers loudly on the dust jacket.

"What?" his father barks from the podium. "You want me to hold up the book? Okay." He halfheartedly reaches for one and mumbles, "Spends some time on TV, now he's a salesman . . ."

"*No.* I want you to *read* from the book."

"Oh . . . *read?* I'm not going to read from the book—*the nerve.* Everybody?" Cuomo points to his son and says, "You see that strong, tall, good-looking young man back there? He's my bodyguard." He chuckles at his little joke. "No, he's my son, Christopher, and we're very proud of him, because he's gonna be the youngest correspondent *ever* at *20/20.*"

The crowd applauds; the women rubberneck.

Chris has arrived at Barnes & Noble from his first day at ABC, where he met with news vets like Diane Sawyer, Peter Jennings, and Barbara Walters. As his dad gives him grief, the 29-year-old sighs and admits, "My pop didn't want me to go into journalism. He used to say, 'Why do you just *cover* these things? Why don't you go out and *do* them?'"

Many Cuomo observers are wondering the same thing: why a son who practically has sunburn from a lifetime of media glare has chosen to join a business that his family has tolerated grudgingly—at best—for so many years. Geraldo Rivera, who used to call Cuomo "my young protégé" when Chris co-hosted *The Geraldo Rivera Show* back in 1998, jokes, "Well, the money in television is a helluva lot better than it is in politics. No, seriously, it's Andrew's turn; Chris is a loyal son and a good brother."

Chris gladly admits that older brother Andrew, secretary of Housing and Urban Development, is "the new lion in the pride," but he also notes the differences in their upbringings. "Politics wasn't foisted on Andrew," explains Chris, who's twelve years younger than his brother. "I was that blue-eyed little boy. Andrew was able to have his own life."

In 1983, 12-year-old Chris moved his Transformers into the Governor's Mansion and said good-bye to playground friends in Queens. In 1988, he left New York for Yale. He felt then, and still believes, like the Gen-X spokesman he's become, that "my personal politics have largely disintegrated, because I know a little too much about how it gets done. The only reason I pay attention is to make sure everything's cool with my brother. Whatever Andrew is," Chris says, "I am. He's the man."

So as Andrew, who calls Chris "Mansion Boy," moved into Clinton's Cabinet, Chris grabbed his J.D. at Fordham in 1995 and made some quick money as a lawyer on Wall Street. Then the clean-cut little boy suddenly blossomed into a stud. In 1997, he landed on *People*'s "Most Beautiful People" list, and *W* declared him "New York's most eligible bachelor"—*after* John Kennedy Jr.'s engagement, of course. He even made the list of most eligible bachelors at *Manhattan File*—strange, as he was (and still is) dating the editor-in-chief, Christina Greeven. Kennedy helped Cuomo with "the favored-political-son stuff, the hunk stuff," Cuomo remembers. "He said, 'Don't let the media's perception of you define you.' " Cuomo laughs, then adds, "He also said, 'Don't worry, they'll always consider you to be the poor man's me, anyway.' "

Like Kennedy, Chris grew unsatisfied with his career in the law. So, taking advantage of the offers his name afforded, he took a guest stint on CNBC's *Equal Time* in 1997, and followed that with a co-host slot on *The Geraldo Rivera Show.*

"When I was younger, I had a lot of disrespect for the news media," he admits; "I still do. But, if anything, it gives you a lot of confidence that you could succeed in the field because you don't exactly have the highest opinion of what it takes to make it." And Cuomo discovered that reporters didn't have to equivocate on contentious issues the way politicians do. He asks, "Would you rather try to pass a piece of legislation that might help or might not? Or would you rather expose that problem to so many people that they are forced to cry out against it?"

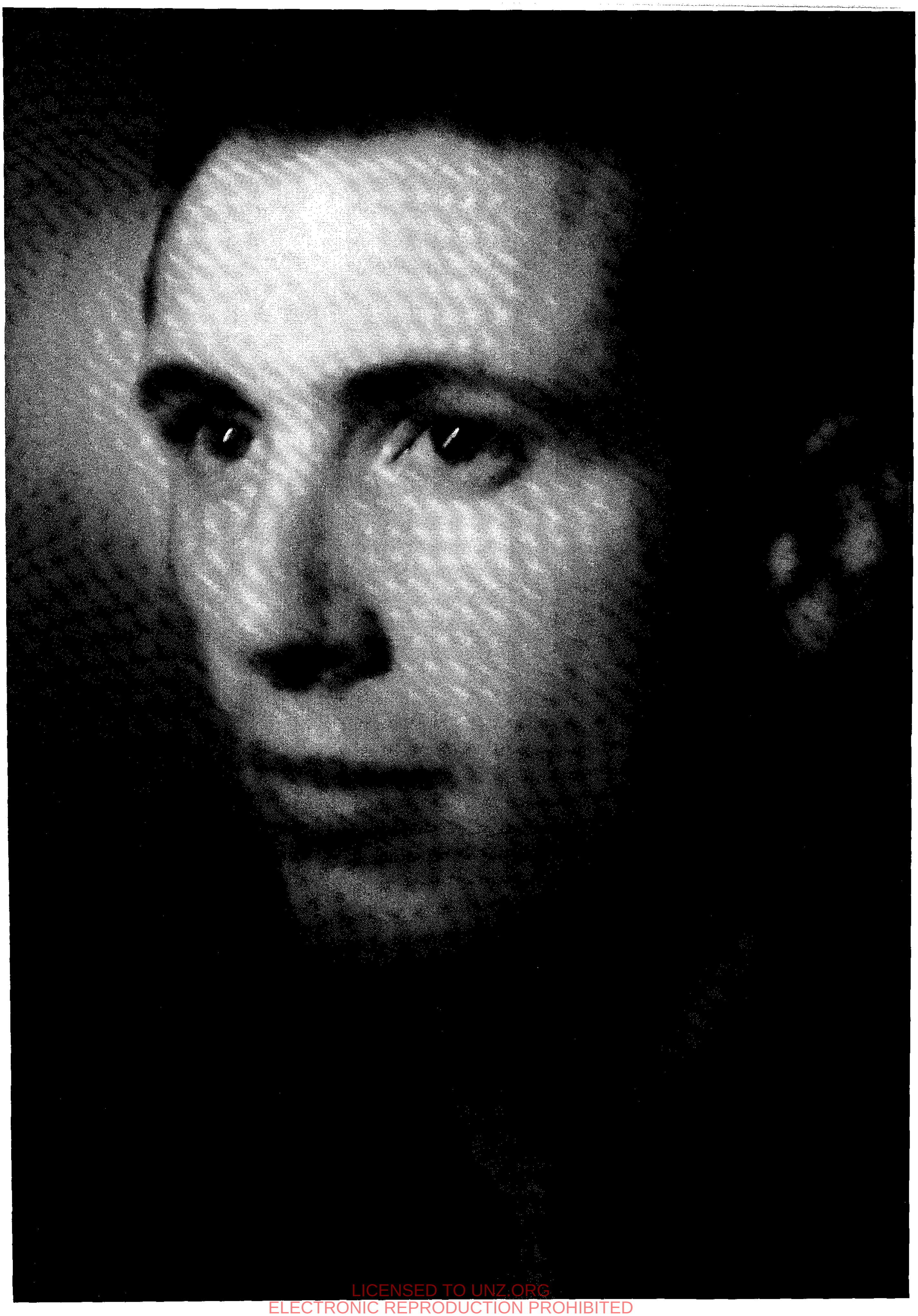
He scored his first regular reporting job at *Fox Files* in the summer of 1998. Cuomo pursued stories that stood out amid the show's usual tabloid frenzy, covering hot topics like racial profiling and school prayer. He also dipped into some of the more standard Fox fare. At the 1999 Redneck Games, in Georgia, he interviewed the "*heavily* favored" mud-pit belly-flop champion. (*Cuomo:* "You *look* like an athlete; how do you prepare?" *Redneck:* "I just get out anywhere that's got water, just belly-flop in there, you know, perfect my technique.")

Cuomo, too, was perfecting his technique, and soon caught the eye of the more established media. His new boss at *20/20,* executive producer Victor Neufeld, says he hired Cuomo because he was "moved by his reporting on the JFK tragedy" and impressed by his tough coverage of "street gangs and drug use among teens." As part of *20/20*'s attempt to court a younger demographic, Cuomo's first assignment is a piece on the beleaguered manager of 'N Sync and the Backstreet Boys, which will air January 6. Characteristically, Cuomo is looking to cover grittier territory; a segment on police accountability is in the works.

Cuomo swears that his "mission" is "to get young people excited about the world around them." Naturally, this is the kind of stuff that makes Pop proud. Back in his Sutton Place home, reflecting on the night he ribbed Chris at Barnes & Noble, Mario says, "Chris may not be a politician, but he wants to make a difference. I wouldn't be surprised if, instead of wanting to be president of the United States, he decided he wanted to be president of a news network." The only thing standing in his way, boasts the ex-governor, "is that Chris has this intense jealousy that a guy my age can score baskets right over his head."

"Yeah, right," says Chris, who must love the fact that he's *finally* getting the last word in a Cuomo profile. "The only thing he's dunkin' is doughnuts in coffee." ■

Photographed by Michael Lavine



BEST BETS

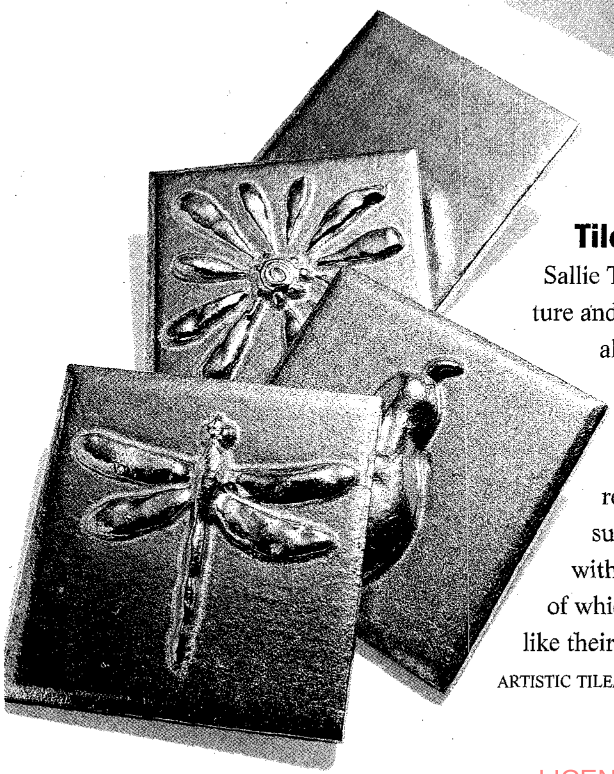
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

stephane kélian
paris

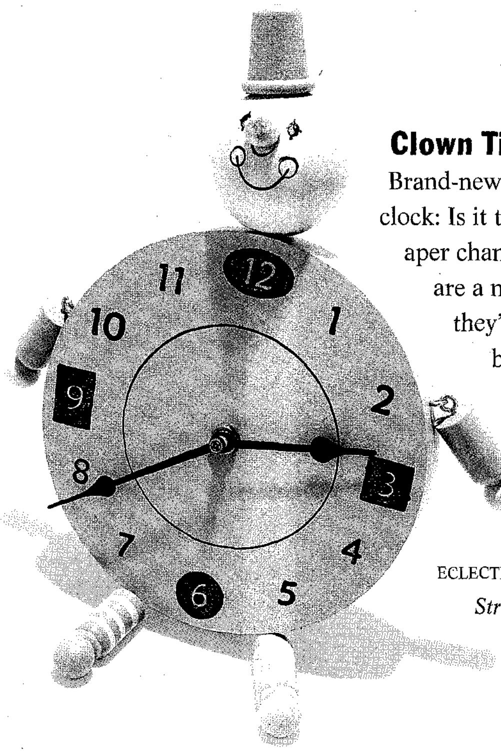
Case Closed

Stephane Kélian, the maestro of woven leather, is not content with merely designing great shoes. He's recently turned his multiple talents to luggage, and the results are handwoven beauties. His weekenders are made in France and though they'll breeze through those airline carry-on gauges they're roomy enough to hold more than a week's worth of beachy essentials ($1,390; in green, too). STEPHANE KELIAN/*717 Madison Avenue, near 63rd Street/212-980-1919, and 158 Mercer Street/212-925-3077*



Tile Fish

Sallie Trout is best known for designing witty furniture and commercial interiors, but when she needed aluminum tiles for a job and couldn't find any around, she came up with a line of her own. Trouttiles are made of recycled cast-aluminum, and they're available in seven bas-relief patterns—pears, petals, hearts, swirls, and such—as well as plain. The tiles can be ordered with ball-burnished or semi-polished finishes (both of which are low maintenance) and they're installed like their ceramic cousins ($16 each). ARTISTIC TILE/*79 Fifth Avenue, near 16th Street/212-727-9331*



Clown Time

Brand-new moms and dads live by the clock: Is it time for a feeding, time for a diaper change, time for baby's nap? Clocks are a nursery necessity, but when they're as sweetly silly as Kerri Lee's birchwood clowns, they go far beyond mere practicality (around $80).

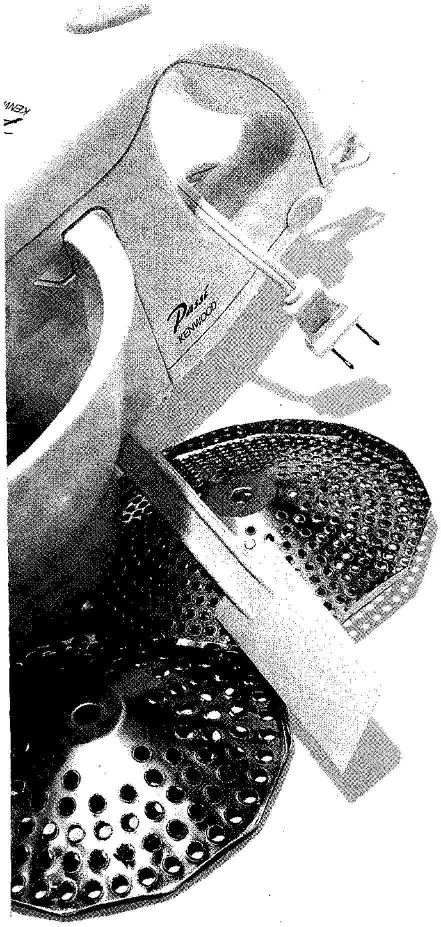
AT HOME GRAMERCY PARK/*234 Third Avenue, near 19th Street/212-673-4463*

ECLECTIC ENERGY/*102 Christopher Street/212-727-2126*

It's a Grind

The food mill, that old-fashioned kitchen staple, has finally entered the modern age. Now instead of manually puréeing fruits and vegetables into baby food, potatoes into mashed, apples into applesauce, you can do it all with a push of the Passi mill's button. It's made in Italy of stainless steel and plastic and comes with three disks—extra-fine to coarse—and a roomy bowl. Since the handgrip has ridges, the mill fits securely over any size container, turning a two-handed process into a job that requires only one ($90).

S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/*1304 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street/ 212-289-3961*



Stripe It Rich

Diane and Evelyne De Clercq startled the fashion world when they opened their shoe-box-size Thompson Street shop: The windows were filled with itty-bitty sweaters. Many mistook it for a doll store, but these teeny knits were Diane and Evelyne's way of keeping a record of their bold and witty designs. Though the Belgian-born, Umbrian-trained sisters closed their SoHo shop in 1988, they've been busily designing sweaters and marvelous slippers ever since. Now they've added homewares to their *oeuvre*: Diane turns her signature knits into pillows, Evelyne her vivid stripes into woven-cotton table runners; iron bars at each end of the runner keep it firmly in place (86-by-17-inch runner, $165; pillows, $175 to $240).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/*Chelsea Passage*

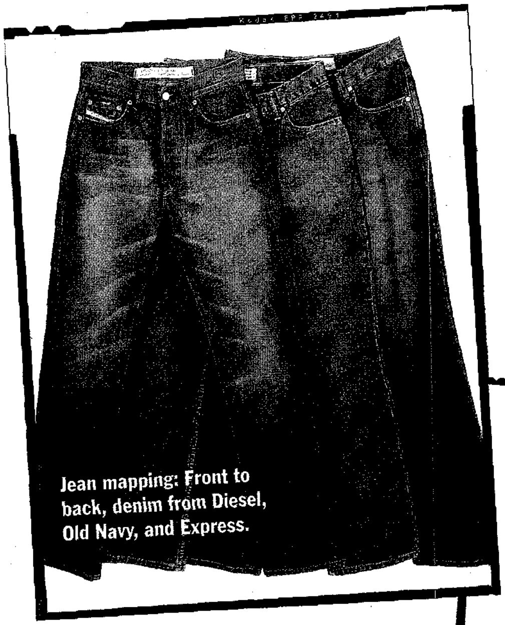
Photographed by Michael Grimm

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Filthy Pleasures

Denim iniquity: *Last year's crisp, dark jeans are fading fast. And just in time: This year, grimy and greasy is all the vogue.* **Get the real dirt here.**


Jean mapping: Front to back, denim from Diesel, Old Navy, and Express.

THE HOLIDAY HOOPLA IS OVER, and you're ready to kick back, relax, and forget about anything that needs dry-cleaning. Feel like a slob? You're in sync with one of the most peculiar fashion trends we've seen: worn-in jeans, tinted to look dirtier than you'd ever get them. Your family may think you've lost your mind, but you'll be in good company—fashion snobs have been running around in filthy-chic Helmut Lang denim since September.

Even the master of clean-cut is messing things up: **cK Calvin Klein Jeans** offers several styles, including jeans ($78 for women's or men's), a jacket ($98), and a skirt ($58), all at Macy's by January 15. At **Express**, jeans in a euphemistically named "copper tint" are $48. (Pick from four styles—haute hillbillies will love the $44 waders.) At **Old Navy**, a winningly sullied boot-cut pair is $29.50. For a splurge (and that fabulous fit), check out **Diesel**'s "luxury of dirt" line. The store offers men and women a choice of styles in three tinted washes (all hand-sanded in Italy), priced from $99 to $125.

But for the most authentic dirt, no one beats **Antique Boutique**. You'll find Levi's Vintage Clothing line's pricey, dirty, silicone-treated jeans ($135) plus lots of the real vintage stuff (old 501s are $49). Pick pairs that aren't too ripped—and try not to think about where they've been.

Macy's Herald Square (212-695-4400); Express, 477 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (212-644-4453); Old Navy, 150 W. 34th St. (212-594-0049); Diesel, 770 Lexington Ave., at 60th St. (212-308-0055); Antique Boutique, 712 Broadway, near W. 4th St. (212-995-5577).

Kind of blue: A cK Jeans skirt.

Picks of the Week

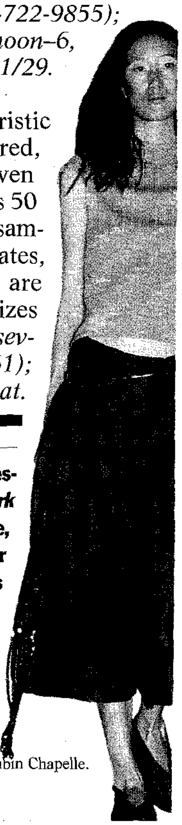
Norma Kamali is filling a floor of her shop with fall-and-winter stock and taking 40 to 75 percent off. Jersey separates are $45–$190; taffeta eveningwear is $115–$180; sleeping-bag coats are $245; swimsuits are $50 or less. *11 W. 56th St., third floor (212-957-9797); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 1/3– 1/27.*

For Eyes' opening sale means an extra 20 percent off all eyeglasses frames by local designers (prices are always 40 to 60 percent off retail). Makers include Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren, and iCB; frames *with* lenses included are $88–$232. *420 Lexington Ave., near 44th St. (212-697-8888); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 9–8, Fri. till 6, Sat. 10–5; 1/3–1/15.*

Liz Lange Maternity's moving sale offers sharp, urban clothes for expectant moms at half price, from $20 for tees to $80 for bootleg pants. Sizes XS–XL. *1020 Lexington Ave., near 73rd St., second floor (212-717-9030); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–7, Sun. noon–5; 1/3– 1/16.*

Michelle Roth's sample sale has 250 bridal gowns (from sheaths to puffy beaded styles) at 50 to 85 percent off: Gowns are $250–$2,500; veils are $75–$200. Eveningwear is $350–$1,500. Sizes 6–14. *24 W. 57th St., Suite 203 (212-245-3390); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs. 10–8, Fri.–Sat. till 6; 1/6–1/8.*

Koos is taking half off jewel-toned patchwork eveningwear: Silk bags are from $38, ball skirts are from $225, a color-block coat is $700, and a sable poncho is $1,750. *1283 Madison Ave., near 91st St., second floor (212-722-9855); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon. noon–6, Tues.-Sat. 10:30–6; 1/4–1/29.*



RubinChapelle's hip, futuristic downtown gear (pictured, right; available at Steven Alan and Kirna Zabête) is 50 to 70 percent off at the sample-and-stock sale. Separates, knits, and outerwear are $50–$300. Women's sizes 2–10. *133 W. 25th St., seventh floor (212-367-8061); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri.–Sat. noon–7:30; 1/7–1/8.* ■

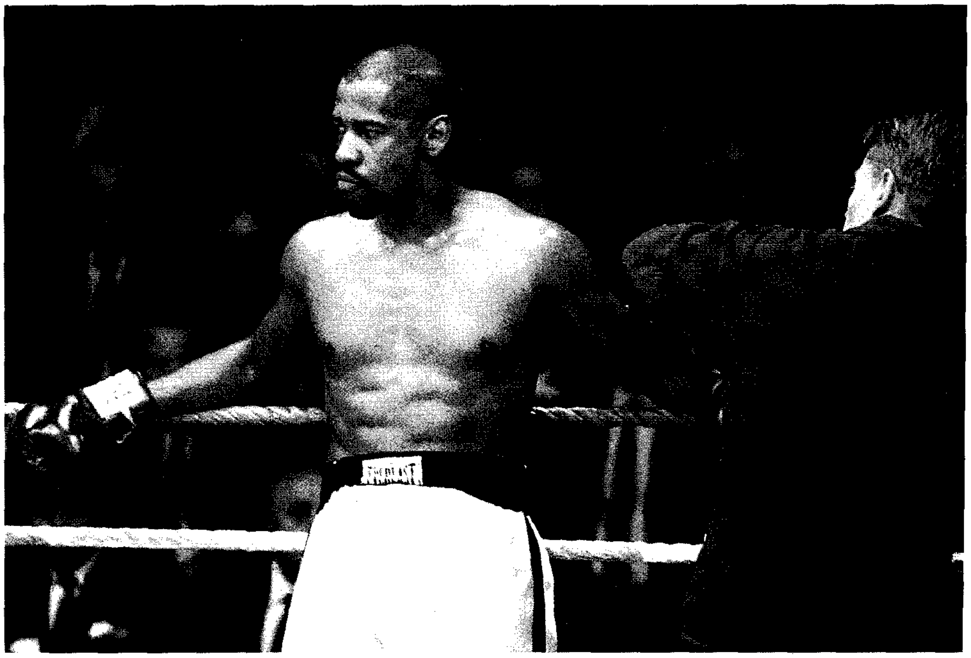
DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs by Michael Krauss (2); bottom right, courtesy of Rubin Chapelle.

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Split Decisions

Denzel Washington scores a TKO playing Hurricane Carter, but the movie surrounding him is p.c. flab; 'Mr. Death' offers up the geekiness of evil.



Ringer: Washington in the title role of Norman Jewison's *The Hurricane.*

IN ITS EARLY BOXING SCENES, **The Hurricane** shows us a fighter who takes a grim-faced pleasure in pulverizing his opponents. Denzel Washington's Rubin "Hurricane" Carter uses his body as a honed weapon, and his shaved head gives him a scary, projectilelike appearance. Carter's career as a leading middleweight contender was cut short when, in the fall of 1966, three white people were killed by two black gunmen in a Paterson, New Jersey, bar—leading to his arrest and that of John Artis, a young fan of his, both of whom happened to be riding in a car near the crime scene when the police stopped them. Convicted and sentenced, along with Artis, to three consecutive life terms, Carter spent nearly nineteen years in prison before winning his exoneration and release. The judge who overturned his second trial conviction, played in the movie by Rod Steiger, said that the findings were "based on racism rather than reason, and concealment rather than disclosure."

It's a tribute to Washington's performance that, in his many prison scenes, he never lets Carter go all gooey on us. He dropped 45 pounds for the role and worked himself into fighting trim; locked up, agitating for his freedom, his Carter is *still* a human projectile. Washington makes us understand how someone in prison might need to close himself off from all earthly wants in order to transcend the place that holds him. He also demonstrates the emotional toll on Carter; fortressed inside himself, the prisoner lets almost no light in. The actor's uncompromising work stands in stark contrast to the rest of the film, which has a liberal-humanist slogginess. In an effort to turn Carter's story into a moral triumph of near-mythic proportions, the filmmakers, director Norman Jewison and screenwriters Armyan Bernstein and Dan Gordon, undercut Washington's fine, feral quality—his caged heat. To be truly memorable, the rest of the film needed to be as ferocious as its star.

The Hurricane simplifies Carter's odyssey. Instead of fully dramatizing how racism was rampant in the criminal-justice system that convicted him, it opts for a less sweeping indictment. What we get instead is a monomaniacal, partially fictionalized cop, Della Pesca (Dan Hedaya), who pursues Carter from the time of his boyhood right up to the final appeal and who is so openly malevolent that he makes Inspector Javert in *Les Misérables* seem like Officer Joe Bolton. What the movie doesn't probe is how, according to *Lazarus and the Hurricane,* the book on which the film is partially based, Carter, because of his growing aversion to passive resistance and his friendship with Malcolm X, had already been targeted for harassment by the New Jersey police and the FBI years before his arrest. The context of Carter's militancy is softened for mass consumption.

Della Pesca is balanced out by a trio of white, goody-goody social-activist Canadians (Liev Schreiber, Deborah Kara Unger, and John Hannah), who live commune-style in Toronto with Lesra (Vicellous Reon Shannon), the black, underprivileged Brooklyn boy they have "adopted." Years after Carter's initial conviction, Lesra picks up for a quarter a dog-eared copy of Carter's 1974 autobiography, *The Sixteenth Round,* and, his life changed, begins corresponding with Carter in prison, enlisting his guardians in a full-scale, and ultimately successful, campaign for the boxer's release. In real life, the three Canadians were nine, and according to Lewis Steel, one of Carter's defense attorneys, writing in the January 3 *Nation,* "none of the Canadians' investigative efforts played a role in the final outcome." Be that as it may, all this paints a pretty picture: Lesra, Carter's surrogate son, raises his idol Lazarus-style from the dead. The pillars of justice, photographed with stately splendor, vibrate with vindication.

The movie's dogged humorlessness, and its sixties-style cant, don't do justice to all the political crosscurrents in this story. Carter played out his cause from prison with remarkable media savvy; he became the darling of celebrities, including, of course, Bob Dylan, only to be set aside by many of them after his loss in his second trial. The movie alludes to this disenfranchisement in passing,

Photograph by Ken Regan/Camera 5.

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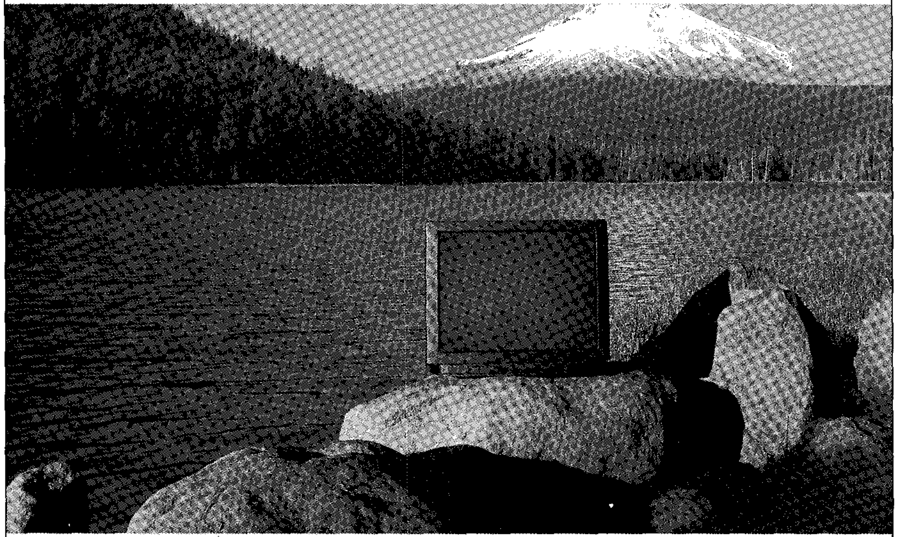

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but we never get a real sense of what a circus Carter's cause had become, or how it fit into the radical social activism of the time. You leave the film with the calm assurance that racial harmony has KO'd racial discord and that all is indeed right with the world.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO DESCRIBE FRED A. Leuchter Jr., the subject of Errol Morris's new nonfiction film **Mr. Death**, without invoking the word *geeky*. He looks like Toad, the character Charlie Martin Smith played in *American Graffiti*, brought into middle age. Leuchter, who had a thriving Massachusetts-based business designing more "humane" electric chairs and lethal-injection systems, unwittingly initiated his own downfall when he prepared a report for the defense of a neo-Nazi on trial in Toronto alleging that, upon inspection, Auschwitz and Birkenau were not the sites of any gas executions. (The judge refused to allow the report into evidence.) Leuchter represents the banality of banality, and one may perhaps be forgiven for feeling that Morris made him up altogether: This death-obsessed dweeb, who drinks 40 cups of coffee and smokes six packs of cigarettes a day, is such a perfect Errol Morris person that it's as if Leuchter's entire life were a clarion call for the filmmaker's attentions. But perhaps Leuchter is *too* perfect for Morris. Having found him, the director doesn't quite know what to do with him; the camera brings Leuchter up close, and the effect is a bit like staring at a big-screen bug in *The Hellstrom Chronicle*. Morris is trusting that the man's blank affableness will eerily resonate, but the only revelation I got is just further confirmation that creeps do indeed walk among us. Clearly Morris wants us to see a bit of ourselves in Leuchter and, in so doing, admit that the Holocaust was perpetuated not by monsters but by duped, deluded ordinary types. But Morris's idea of ordinary isn't necessarily yours or mine. Leuchter is too singular to be anybody's Everyman—even Morris's.

In brief: I WISH I COULD JOIN IN THE CHORUS of praise for Paul Thomas Anderson's **Magnolia**, because I think he's extravagantly gifted. But this San Fernando Valley–based epic of alienation features often remarkable actors (Julianne Moore, William H. Macy, Jason Robards) in mostly unremarkable situations. The movie I saw seemed more like a concatenation of soap-opera stories with an epistemological overlay than like something deserving of the comparisons it's been receiving to prime Robert Altman or, heaven forfend, Eugene O' Neill. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

JOHN SIMON

Mozart, Made Over

In 'Amadeus,' Peter Shaffer updates his hit, twenty years later, with modest results; 'Waiting in the Wings,' which flopped in 1960, should thrive today.

PETER SHAFFER HAS REWRITTEN HIS TWENTY-YEAR-old *Amadeus.* The play concerns the alleged but historically undocumented rivalry between Antonio Salieri, court composer to Emperor Joseph II of Austria, and the younger and much more gifted Mozart, whom he is supposed to have persecuted and perhaps even eventually poisoned. Pushkin wrote a play about this, which Rimsky-Korsakov turned into an opera, and the minor artist's envy of the major one, despite the former's success and wealth and the latter's burial in a pauper's grave, is a catchy subject.

It is unclear exactly what changes Shaffer has wrought beyond making Salieri less obviously antipathetic. The play, once again directed by Peter Hall, certainly feels less strident than either the original production or the lowbrow movie version it engendered. But it still strikes me as, however cleverly, contrived. Salieri's quarrel with God, for denying him, a good Christian, the talent he lavished on the irreverent Mozart, feels like an artificially dragged-in metaphysical conceit and gets in the way of the more credible contentiousness between two competing composers. Further, the idea that only Salieri, the mortal enemy, fully appreciated Mozart's genius—albeit clandestinely and self-tormentingly—also feels excogitated and incredible. Envy does not even secretly admit such things; it simply pretends to be equal, if not superior, to its object.

Also militating against *Amadeus* is that it rehashes Shaffer's preceding work, *Equus,* where, too, an older, convention-bound man envies the anarchic freedom of a younger one, which makes it all seem like obsessive authorial compulsion rather than concern for historical possibility or universal truth. And even if Mozart was an often bumptious prankster, I cannot buy Shaffer's unhinged buffoon, especially when Michael Sheen, camping sky-high, is disgraceful in the early clownish sequences and creepy in the later pathetic ones. Contrariwise, David Suchet's Salieri is a magisterial performance, imbued with melancholy wit and dignified pathos. It makes Salieri the true hero of the play, unbalancing things but also, ultimately, saving the situation.

Aside from its black hole of a Mozart, this is an accomplished production. I lack space to catalogue the wonders of William Dudley's décor and costumes. Kudos also to Paule Constable's supportively enhancing lighting, and to a cast of rare excellence. Cindy Katz, far outshining Jane Seymour in the original Broadway mounting, is a fetching and mercurial Constanze, acutely sensitive to the teasing ambiguities of the character. David McCallum's Joseph II charmingly combines that imperial trimmer's droll pawkiness and irritating fatuity. The rest blend easefully into a seamless ensemble under Hall's engrossing direction. So, at a time when much of Broadway is crass and witless, *Amadeus* looms large.

Dueling composers: from left to right, David Suchet and Michael Sheen in *Amadeus.*

AN EVEN MORE DELIGHTFUL surprise is **Waiting in the Wings**, Noël Coward's fiftieth play (1960), an undeserved flop then and a greatly deserving revival now. Somewhat diminished by Jeremy Sams's softening adaptation, it still remains a minor gem in that bittersweet mode at which Coward excelled. A seemingly inconsequential piece about former star stage actresses living out their declining years in the Wings, a less-than-lavish retirement home, the play is a wise and compassionate address of the problems of aging and death that confront us all.

There is wit, charity, stoicism, and enormous theatrical know-how in *Waiting in the Wings.* No need to detail the plot: the solarium the ladies crave but that a chintzy governing board would deny them; the breach

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of privacy by an unscrupulous columnist who pseudonymously infiltrates the home but whose gossipy column finally does much more good than harm, even humanizing the woman who wrote it; the long-standing rift between two former divas, May Davenport and Lotta Bainbridge, which the latter's reasonableness finally bridges.

Hard hearts may object to the good old-fashioned way in which laughs and tears are apportioned with an almost mathematical cunning, although I expect *Wings* to outlive most of the fashionable flavors of this era. Given a good production—and the present one is near-perfect—it provides the kind of civilized and civilizing pleasure that a less commercially greedy Broadway of yesteryear so satisfyingly offered. Here is soul-sustaining entertainment for anyone who can perceive that, even in a retirement home, all the stage is a world, one we all act on and must eventually bow out of without a curtain call.

In a top-to-bottom-splendid cast, there is one minor hiccup. Whereas May is sublimely embodied by Rosemary Harris, Lauren Bacall is not quite right as Lotta. Miss Bacall was first a beautiful clotheshorse, then a radiant star, both of which she still conveys here. But she was never a penetrating actress, a lack she likewise displays. Yet without her mass appeal, this show would never have been mounted, and—despite insufficient sense of period and place—she still has her stellar aura, notably when she charmingly sings a bright ditty.

No one, however, could be better than Rosemary Murphy, Elizabeth Wilson, Patricia Conolly, Helen Stenborg, Barnard Hughes, Crista Moore, Dana Ivey, Simon Jones, and Amelia Campbell (each of whom would merit a lengthy paragraph, and Miss Harris two of them), with the others scarcely behind. All this under Michael Langham's uncommonly canny direction, to which Ray Klausen's scenery, Alvin Colt's costumes, and Ken Billington's lighting contribute their level best. To miss *Waiting in the Wings* would be a major folly; not having a good time at it is a virtual—no, a real—impossibility.

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT A THOUSAND MONkeys at a thousand typewriters would eventually come up with *Hamlet*. That's as may be; certain is that one really big monkey with one computer can produce *Hamlet* in no time flat and reduce it to the most ludicrous and lamentable smithereens. In a better world, Andrei Serban wouldn't even be a semi-acclaimed director but something more suitable, like a men's room attendant.

The **Hamlet** on view at the Public Theater—like a festering corpse in an open coffin—is preposterous from start to finish, lacking even a grain of truth. In this production, by rights, Hamlet wouldn't puke only once, as he does early on, onto what is the sole piece of three-dimensional scenery here and serves in turn as a rock, a bench, a bed, a mound of dug-up earth, a vomitorium, and whatever. He would do so every few minutes, like clockwork, at the stomach-turning shenanigans I can barely begin to list here. Among my favorites are the triumphant warrior Fortinbras represented by a pair of barefoot drips in angel costume, he blond and epicene, she a redheaded virago. Again, the mad Ophelia coming on in elegantly soigné black, then, after a quick change, in elegantly soigné white, while the supposedly sane characters wear the maddest outfits a misguided costumer could dredge up.

More than one character is flown in, as in a demented version of *Peter Pan*. By some sort of insane mitosis, the Ghost multiplies into three or four motley sashaying spirits, some in ballerina-ish tulle worn over hand-me-down armor. Whenever any character steps into a certain upstage area, his voice turns echo-chamber hypertrophic. Just about every speech is systematically travestied or butchered, not just to be different, which would be bad enough, but to be rendered devoid of meaning. The dead Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are used as props by Hamlet in a scene in which they don't even belong. The Gravedigger wears a T-shirt with CLOWN in large letters on the chest, no doubt a cherished item from Serban's personal wardrobe.

As bad as Serban's direction is the costuming by fellow Romanian Marina Dragichi and the dismal and obsessive music by an honorary Romanian, Elizabeth Swados, all striving to do unto Shakespeare as the Ceausescus did to their country. The one worthy exception is Michael Chybowski's lighting, gravely hampered by the wretched scenery of John Coyne.

Equally hamstrung are the actors. I doubt if Liev Schreiber would ever be the ideal Hamlet, but you can see his talent in that lovely but stupidly underrated film *A Walk on the Moon*. Even the perverse hairdos inflicted on her would make a joke out of Gertrude, but you can see how good Diane Venora can be in this year's best American movie, *The Insider*. The able Canadian actor Colm Feore almost survives as Claudius. Lynn Collins is at least attractive as Ophelia; the rest are either grossly miscast, like Richard Libertini (Polonius), or, like George Morfogen (Player King and Gravedigger), uncastable as anything. Unless you enjoy laughing out of the wrong side of your mouth, avoid this unconscionable *Shamlet*. ■

John Simon's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Great Scott

While bowing to F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Harbison's exceptional 'The Great Gatsby' reminds us that, in the end, music must be the driving force in opera.

PERHAPS IT HADN'T BEEN PLANNED THAT WAY, BUT how fitting that the first work heard in the Metropolitan Opera House on the first day of the new millennium was written by an American composer. John Harbison's opera **The Great Gatsby** had received its world premiere at the Met less than two weeks earlier, exquisitely produced. Not everyone was thrilled by the piece, but that is hardly unusual given the mixed, even hostile reception accorded many beloved operas when they were new. It may not be saying much, considering how few contemporary works the Met has staged over the past half century, but *The Great Gatsby* strikes me as the first new opera produced by the company in living memory that has definite survival potential. The last one I can remember is Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress,* which had its American premiere at the Met back in 1953, and look how long it took that masterpiece to become a repertory staple.

What gives me heart in this case is the fact that Harbison, like Stravinsky and virtually every other important composer who has written a successful opera, takes full charge and makes all the major creative decisions. The fact remains: Music is still the determining factor in opera, and in *The Great Gatsby,* however one responds to it, the music sets the tone, defines the characters, and drives the dramatic action. This is refreshing after a slew of heavily hyped, musically arid American operas dominated by librettists (*Central Park*), glitzy spectacle (*The Ghosts of Versailles*), Philip Glass boilerplate (*The Voyage*), and trendy topical celebrities (Richard Nixon, Marilyn Monroe, Malcolm X, Harvey Milk, et al.). Taking no chances that other hands might control the material, Harbison wrote the libretto himself, condensing and restructuring the novel for operatic purposes but using F. Scott Fitzgerald's language as much as possible while preparing the ground for music to do its job.

This hasn't been achieved without a struggle, and the score does show signs of sweat. Harbison certainly recognizes the problems in adapting this novel: a hero more talked about than theatrically present, a collection of shallow and self-absorbed characters who seem to exist in the past, the purely literary device of a first-person narrator, the ambivalent atmosphere created by Fitzgerald's masterly uses of understated irony. And how to conjure up the lost-generation sound of twenties American pop music, so much a part of the book's texture, without resorting to pastiche?

Harbison addresses all these issues with a sure compositional technique and musical sophistication. The entire two-act opera itself is a cunningly organized structure of dramatic parallels and musical interconnections, its symmetries as subtle as those in Berg's *Wozzeck* and its tried-and-true operatic devices applied as surely as those that animate great operas from Monteverdi to Britten. The opening scene is a beautifully written piece of operatic exposition, introducing Daisy Buchanan, her husband Tom, her best friend Jordan Baker, and the wryly observant Nick Carraway in the Buchanan's rose-colored drawing room in East Egg, Long Island. Their conversation is easy, melodic, and informational without being excessively wordy or musically dry, as each set piece develops naturally out of the discussion.

The first mention of Gatsby triggers Daisy's memories of her former lover, generating a recurrent and intriguingly varied orchestral motif. This twisting theme is often associated with the beckoning green light of Daisy's boat house, but what is strictly a color symbol in the book is here an even more powerfully allusive musical one, eventually standing for all the characters' unattainable hopes and longings. The theme leads directly into a languid Straussian duet with Jordan, followed by a nostalgic aria for Daisy ("Where is the old warm world") and a spirited quartet that ends the scene on a high note of expectation. *(continued on page 52)*

Jay bird: Jerry Hadley in the title role, with Dawn Upshaw as Daisy, in *The Great Gatsby* at the Met.

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Saving *Grace*

Further proof that for the Alvin Ailey company, the dancing's the thing; a millennial mishmash from Susan Marshall.

Amazing: Ailey dancers in Ronald K. Brown's new *Grace.*

Photograph by Johan Elbers

MORE THAN ONCE DURING THE **Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater**'s annual December-long stint at the City Center, I found myself wondering, *Does anyone really come to see this company for the choreography?* Like other major repertory companies, the Ailey offers two or three new works each season, novelty being essential to publicity and to keeping the dancers happy as well. This year, new pieces were commissioned from Ronald K. Brown, Donald McKayle, and Jawole Willa Jo Zollar; by 2001, the dances they created will most likely be forgotten. Of course, the Ailey maintains a goodly chunk of its founder's oeuvre, which ostensibly defines the company's aesthetic. In truth, however, this body of work contains only a few indisputable winners, the balance being discursive variations on same. Revivals of landmark pieces in black-dance history come (with fanfare) and go (slinking out quietly, as if they weren't so compelling after all). And, not unnaturally, Judith Jamison, Ailey's crackerjack successor as artistic director, contributes her own choreography to the repertoire. Alas, though she is as dazzlingly effective a company leader as she was a performer, Jamison is only a mediocre dance-maker.

All in all, while the Ailey repertoire embodies sentiments—especially about the black experience—to which, as it is said, every heart returns an echo, choreography is not the company's strong suit. Its real glory lies in performance. One comes to the Ailey for the lushness, the precisely focused energy, and the deep human dimension of the dancing. The company has a long tradition of encouraging its members to project their own compelling physical (and, yes, spiritual) identities. After a decade of Jamison's running the show—significantly abetted by her second-in-command, Masazumi Chaya—technical prowess has been beefed up, too; there's not a slack or unmotivated move to be seen. What's more, this bevy of unique individuals has been honed into a unit seemingly guided by mutual purpose—indeed, by a common vision. The result is enormously resonant dancing, which cries out for better vehicles.

For the record: Ronald K. Brown's *Grace* was the most effective of the new pieces. It falls into the popularization-of-postmodernism category, drawing upon the explorations of distancing and repetition made by Lucinda Childs and Laura Dean. Brown may not even know firsthand the themes and devices of these pioneering postmodernists; they're simply in the air, ripe for being made accessible to the crowd. Brown does just that, warming up a ferocious ritual with an emotional subtext. His audience is duly wowed.

Donald McKayle's *Danger Run* is one of those "Roots" items one publicly dislikes at one's peril, because its subject is a difficult and noble one—the odyssey of blacks in America. Working in the mid-century modern mode that has been his forte, McKayle gives us a goddess who guides a heroic Mr. Africa, an ensemble of the downtrodden, and hope and triumph summed up in a panorama of the sort painted on the brick walls of well-intentioned public schools. He gives us these elements with a triteness and naïveté that are painfully embarrassing.

Jawole Willa Jo Zollar's *C Sharp Street–B Flat Avenue* is, uncharacteristically for this highly sociopolitical choreographer, an easy romp based on the premise that music can be a people's heartbeat. Superficially colorful, lively, and entertaining, this dance is instantly forgettable. Zollar remains far more potent when she dwells on misery, armed with righteous outrage.

The Ailey dilemma—fabulous dancing, expendable choreography—has been evident throughout the troupe's 41-year existence. Today the situation takes on a particularly ironic twist, as companies *(continued on page 52)*

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

One Man's Frites

We'll always have Paris, as long as Keith McNally keeps obsessively re-creating his dream French bistro, true to the last faux *nicotine stain.*

LET OTHER RESTAURANT IMPRESARIOS FASHION A Hapsburg drawing room or the Romanov Winter Palace. Keith McNally keeps churning out cozy corners of Paris for Manhattan to eat in. Odeon, then Cafe Luxembourg . . . but Lucky Strike set the theme with its nicotine-stained walls and menu scrawled on distressed mirror. Even the Slavic cellar of Pravda could easily be an exile's hangout in Saint-Germain. Then came McNally's masterwork, Balthazar, the grand café and its jewel-like bakery, looking like he'd salvaged a corner of Montparnasse and shipped it directly to Spring Street.

Now he's conjured **Pastis**, a blue-collar hangout with artfully rusted tin ceilings and greasy finger smudges on the walls, wine by the carafe poured into small tumblers, homey crocks of onion soup sealed with Gruyère, and fabulous frites standing up in a paper-lined tin scoop. It looks like someone has simply dusted off a slatternly old bar and hash house in the grunge of the meat market. Les Halles (in France) is dead. Long live Les Halles on Little West 12th Street. As if Manolo Blahnik stilettos and pony-skin totes had not already corrupted the warehouse iconography of this remote district.

It can be tough to find. "I've been driving around in a taxi looking for this place for 45 minutes," a friend complains. The Washington Street approach by day has us creeping past double-parked trucks, braking for butchers and racks of carcasses. Yet the city's nocturnal avant-garde has been crowded into the bar and loitering in thick clots between tables from day one. The first week, Keith McNally looks anxious, pale, gloomy—i.e., his usual obsessive self—as he finds tables for chums and Balthazar regulars while the "no reservations" rabble remain backed up at the bar. After all, one doesn't park Calvin Klein or Lorne Michaels too long on hold, does one?

"I wanted this to be a place for everyday people," he says mournfully, juggling the power players. "People should just drop in. It's cheaper here. More casual." Indeed, prices are as promised: Dinner entrées start at $14, $1 less at lunch. The son of a dockworker, McNally toiled in London's own meatpacking district before moving to New York in 1975. So he's come full circle. He identifies with the place's working-stiff fantasy. That's his voice on the recorded message when you telephone: "If you know your party's extension, you're very lucky." Lunchtime's offering of "beans on toast" is English folk food. The postcard that comes clipped to your bill has a young woman head-down on a bar, a Pastis bottle in the foreground. Is she dreamy? Sleepy? Slightly sloshed? Suicidal? Still waiting at the bar come 3 A.M.?

With Balthazar's duo of Boulud-trained chefs, Riad Nasr and Lee Hanson, coaching *chef de cuisine* Sascha Lyon, the simple bistro classics ought to be wonderful. And indeed, mostly they are. The sensational Balthazar bread, of course. That exemplary cheese-girdled onion soup. The vibrant leeks vinaigrette. A first-rate toss of beet, endive, walnuts, and Roquefort. The fine roasted poussin with garlic mashed potatoes. And the richly juicy braised beef with carrots. One evening's whole two-pound lobster, skillfully cooked and glazed with crumbs under the salamander, is just $25.50. Obviously, fat-phobes won't love the glazed pork belly on fragrant lentils as much as I do. The cassoulet, Sunday's plat du jour—savory beans studded with sausage, duck confit, and fatty pork—is equally wicked, equally good.

My mate the Road Food Warrior is impressed with the steak-frites (he insists we order extra frites as well), and he's pleased with the "butcher's tender" too, a fattier, tougher cut that's $1 more. The fritto misto with fried parsley can be a bit soggy. And there are bits of shell waiting to break your tooth in the mussel-spinach gratin. Sadly, the grilled octopus is not the caramelized beauty I

Mirror image: **The only thing that doesn't feel perfectly French at Pastis is the genial service.**

Photograph by Robert Wright.

think of (à la Periyali), and its white beans are a puzzling medley of just-right, undercooked, and mush. My guest, the fish-eater, is perfectly content with her duarade grilled whole with fennel and marinated olives. But I find it dry and slightly fishy. And the side of spinach is far too salty.

Pastis fills up at lunch too (reservations accepted), but without the yearning overflow of nighttime. It's a chance to see what the place might be like once the winds of fickle chic blow over (if ever). Now the simple rooms with the tiny tables and pewter railings to pile your coat behind and the gorgeous swirls of tile at your feet evoke images of innocents abroad, fractured French, and being ignored at La Coupole. I decide to risk a house cocktail, l'Amande Pastis, a refreshing cooler of Ricard, almond syrup, and soda. The caramelized-onion tart and the croque monsieur—both winners—arrive on an old wooden board. The day's special, a classic chicken stew in cream, reminds me of carefree days before the devil invented cholesterol. I have to laugh at the maître d's compulsive politesse as he refolds the wrinkled green-striped bar-towel "napkin" for a guest gone to the ladies' room. And thank heaven for no candied-basil or powdered-sugar flurries on the Old World desserts—tingling lemon tart, poached pear with vanilla ice cream and superlative chocolate sauce, straightforward floating island, apple tart, and sublime crêpes Suzette, a childhood crush I'd totally forgotten.

At $2, I'm not going to complain about tea bags. Especially when there are excellent house wines by the glass or the carafe—a half or a whole (about five or six small tumblersful), starting at $13. It was annoying that the cheapest red on the short wine list was a $52 Zinfandel, but now a $36 Gigondas has been added, so I won't call for the gendarmes.

I don't really know Keith McNally at all outside the nimbus of his transported Paris, except that his joints have legs. So he's a worrier. As if to smile might jinx it all. But I do see a tiny quick grin as he points out his own little joke on the menu—the hamburger is $9 (and excellent), the cheeseburger just $8. I like to imagine he goes home at 4 A.M., pulls the curtains tight, and giggles uncontrollably over his nightcap of beans on toast.

Pastis, 9 Ninth Avenue, at Little West 12th Street (212-929-4844). Breakfast, Monday through Sunday, 9 A.M. to noon; lunch, Monday through Friday, noon to 5 P.M.; dinner, daily 6 P.M. to midnight; supper, Sunday through Thursday, midnight to 2 A.M., Friday and Saturday till 3 A.M. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

Gael Greene's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Davis *continued from page 49*

For me, at least, musical interest never lags, right up to Carraway's rhapsodic eulogy over Gatsby's coffin, a gorgeous piece of vocal writing and a gift to a lyric baritone who can spin out a sweet and shimmering high G-natural.

As knowledgeable about twenties pop styles as he is about idiomatic operatic composition and what the voice can do best, Harbison weaves period dances into the musical fabric of the score with extraordinary skill. The seams never show, either in the frantic shimmies of the two big party scenes or in the even steamier moments when the earthy mechanic's wife, Myrtle Wilson, conducts her fateful bump-and-grind trysts with Tom. Nowhere is there an extraneous note or a musical passage that is not commenting actively on some aspect of the plot, characters, or mood of the piece. Whether or not the inventive pull of the music is strong or vital enough to please operagoers raised on Verdi, Puccini, and Wagner is another question. There is an emotional reticence about Harbison's compositional voice, and *Gatsby* does not reveal all its secrets immediately. But the score's craft and accessibility are strong advocates for an opera that should win an audience in time.

The Met has given the work a marvelous first production, despite some casting disappointments. Jane Greenwood's costumes offer a breathtaking fashion fantasia of the period, ideally complemented by Michael Yeargan's economical but witty pastel evocations of Long Island society, both high and low. The clarity and theatrical precision of Mark Lamos's direction could scarcely serve the piece better. One staging coup among many is Gatsby's first entrance as a silent but powerfully disruptive presence at his own party, suggesting layers of complexity that Jerry Hadley unfortunately fails to convey in his largely un-nuanced performance. Neither he nor Dawn Upshaw as Daisy seem to be in optimum vocal shape—Hadley's tenor now wobbles badly under pressure, and Upshaw's soprano, never especially opulent, is sounding rather thin these days—but their inability to bring much interior life to these characters is even more damaging. In her two scenes, Lorraine Hunt Lieberson as Myrtle manages to create far more of a vocal and theatrical frisson, while Susan Graham's charmingly dizzy Jordan and Dwayne Croft's elegantly voiced Nick are always vividly in the picture. James Levine's orchestra plays the piece to perfection, balancing the score's tangy sonorities with its wistful melodic content in exactly the right proportions.

Peter G. Davis's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Tobias *continued from page 50*

with prestigious repertoires fail to honor their legacy, regularly sacrificing the old and excellent to the new and gimmicky, and presenting the works that created their once-lustrous reputation in a manner that ranges from sleekly mechanized to careless and uncomprehending. The Ailey, consistently treating less-than-marvelous material with lavish skill, warmth, and devotion, is ripe for the advent of the new century's choreographer of genius. He or she cannot arrive too soon.

Susan Marshall, WHO SPECIALIZES IN THE dark complexity of human relationships on the one-on-one or small-cluster scale, tackled more global issues for her millennium offering. *The Descent Beckons,* shown at the Joyce just before the last century flickered out, takes the form of a New Year's party that gets out of hand. The silly, liberating antics expected on such occasions escalate at intervals into orgiastic nastiness. Driven by mass hysteria, a crowd torments its scapegoats until the corpse-strewn stage recalls the worst atrocities of the past hundred years and terrible rituals extending back into prehistory. It's typical of the dual tone of this piece—now it's funny, now it's not—that most of the bodies were inert to begin with. Dozens of naked inflatable plastic dummies, manipulated by the live dancers with deft, gleeful savagery, "flesh out" the scene, while another sort of non-dance figure, the comedian Lisa Kron, is inserted to deflect the attention from the unspeakable to the sweetly bumbling—or perhaps to propose that the two modes can occur in tandem.

As even this brief report may suggest, the piece lacks focus. The ideas ostensibly behind it aren't consistently or effectively animated in what actually happens, and what actually happens has happened many times over (more clearly and vividly) in countdown-to-oblivion works by choreographers as disparate as Alwin Nikolais and Paul Taylor. I suspect that Marshall's unique brand of dance—ordinary gestures and moves, used in a semi-abstract way, accumulating to wield a terrific emotional blow—works better at the personal, psychological level than it can at the generic, sociological level. Marshall has been much more persuasive in probing the me-and-you relationship (*Arms, Standing Duet*) and the nature of family ties (*Interior With Seven Figures*) than she is here investigating the operating mechanisms of larger tribes. As for succumbing to the lure of timely issues and ambitious, multi-faceted productions, she is hardly alone, but given the nature of her considerable gifts, she may be on the wrong track.

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A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New

Go to Hull

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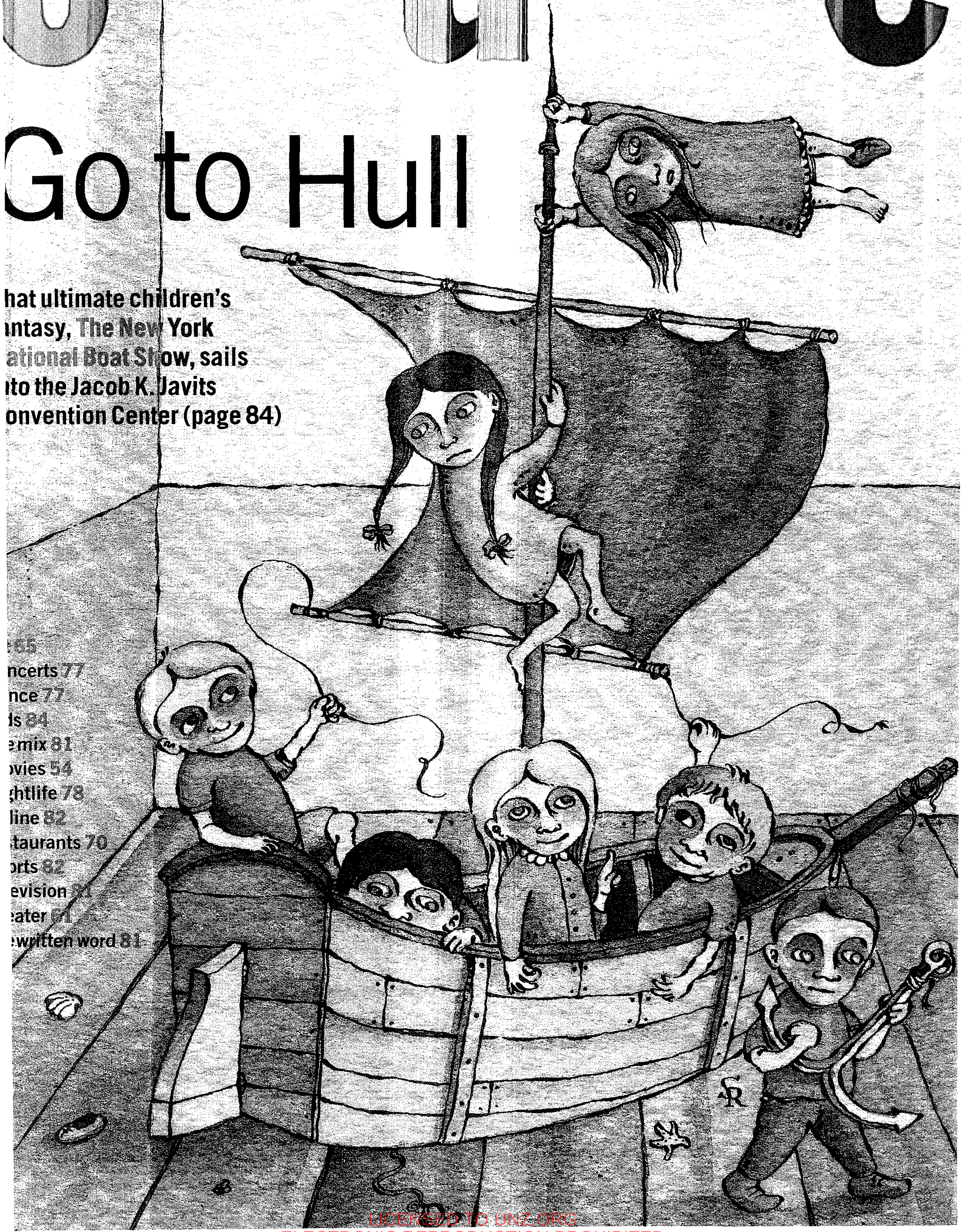

movies

Cuban Cinema...Keitel at BAM...Your Mental Health

New Films

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls, is his best in years. It's a heavily sentimentalized vision of femalehood, a cross between Tennessee Williams (whose presence permeates the play) and Ross Hunter. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with Annette Bening and Thora Birch. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Movie—Two years in the life of Mark Borschadt, a driven and slightly deranged independent filmmaker in Wisconsin. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Angela's Ashes—Frank McCourt's whimsical coming-of-age memoir, starring Emily Watson and Robert Carlyle, is blarney-free but also spirit-free, humor-free, depth-free. It's a sodden, grayed-out thing. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CO Coronet; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Anna and the King—Jodie Foster stars in this epic period romance based on Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The King and I,* with Asian action hero Chow Yun-Fat as the King of Siam, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Any Given Sunday—Oliver Stone's movie about the cutthroat world of professional football would appear to be really about his conflicts with the Hollywood system he loves/hates. Al Pacino is the head coach who can't adapt to the new-style market chicaneries and disloyalties of the game; Cameron Diaz is his bitch-on-wheels boss. James Woods, Jamie Foxx, Dennis Quaid, Jim Brown, and many others show up. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Being John Malkovich**—A stunning piece of metaphysical vaudeville. John Cusack plays a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). Cameron Diaz and Catherine Keener fill out the spectacular cast. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

The Best Man—A funny movie about a young writer (Taye Diggs) who comes to New York for the wedding of two close friends (Morris Chestnut and Monica Calhoun). But when his pals start passing around an advance copy of his new novel—a flimsily disguised autobiography—he finds himself in a bit of a fix. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *UA Criterion.*

Bicentennial Man—Robin Williams is an android housekeeper who grows more and more human while caring for a family and its many generations over the course of 200 years. Based on the Isaac Asimov short story. (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; UA Criterion.*

The Cider House Rules—Michael Caine, Delroy Lin do, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallström sweet coming-of-ager, based on the novel by Joh Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Fil Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatr CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview Cobble Hill; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Close-Up—Abba Kiarostami's (*Taste of Cherry*) funn retelling of the real events concerning Ali Sabzia an unemployed man who impersonated the gre Iranian director Mohsen Makhmalbaf before h was caught and tried for fraud. (1 hr. 30 mins NR) *Through 1/6 at The Screening Room.*

★**Cradle Will Rock**—Tim Robbins's movie is almo insanely ambitious: An attempt to convey the fu fracas of art and theater and politics in thirti New York. It misses more often than not, but it's spirited comedy about a great subject. The cast wildly uneven, but Ruben Blades, as Dieg Rivera, and Bill Murray, as a despondent vaud

Retrospective

Capra's Right-Hand Man

Screenwriter Robert Riskin was born to Russian-immigrant parents in a tenement on the Lower East Side in 1897. By 1937 he was the most celebrated screenwriter in Hollywood, spending his nights wooing starlets and his mornings in silk pajamas, writing in longhand and stroking his pet dachshund, whom he fondly called Mr. Deeds. His was a rags-to-riches story not unlike that of his famed cohort, director Frank Capra. The debate about who was more responsible for the brilliant success of the thirteen films they collaborated on before Riskin's death resurfaces with Film Forum's "Written by Robert Riskin." The one-week retrospective begins January 7 with *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* (1936) and *It Happened One Night* (1934), which stars Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert (pictured). The 7:05 P.M. screening will be followed by a panel discussion with historian Foster Hirsch, screenwriter Walter Bernstein, and Riskin's beloved wife, actress Fay Wray. Perhaps they can settle it. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.)

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY SERGIO RUZZIER
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ville ventriloquist, are especially good. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion.*

Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo—Former *SNL*-er Rob Schneider gets inspired by the male prostitute he's house-sitting for. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Emperor and the Assassin—A sweeping epic about Ying Zheng, who unified China and became its first emperor during the third century B.C., and the man who tried to kill him. In Chinese with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 41 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

End of Days—Arnold Schwarzenegger is a washed-up ex-cop who must keep a young woman (Robin Tunney) safe from the libidinous clutches of Lucifer (Gabriel Byrne). (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria.*

★The End of the Affair—This Neil Jordan adaptation of Graham Greene's 1951 sin-and-redemption novel has a hushed, spectral atmosphere. It's an impressive, and oppressive, achievement, featuring Ralph Fiennes in more animated form than usual (venom becomes him) as an acidulous novelist in torrid, soulful involvement with the wife (Julianne Moore) of a meek civil servant (Stephan Rea). (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Fantasia/2000—"The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and seven more animated IMAX extravaganzas set to the soundings of the Chicago Symphony. (1 hr. 25 mins.; G) *Sony Lincoln Square IMAX.*

★42 Up—This latest installment in the 7 *Up* Series features most of the original participants in the drear comfort zone of middle age. The effect is both highly emotional and wearying. (Rainer; 11/22/99) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Galaxy Quest—Sigourney Weaver, Tim Allen, Tony Shalhoub, and Alan Rickman are seventies-TV has-beens mistaken for bona fide galactic warriors by aliens while attending a sci-fi convention. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Girl, Interrupted—*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* meets *Clueless.* With Wynona Ryder and Angelina Jolie. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Sony Lincoln Square.*

The Green Mile—Stephen King's serialized novel, set in a southern penitentiary's death row in the thirties, has been made into a pretty good film starring Tom Hanks. It's a movie about redemption and grace and forgiveness, and the supernaturalism comes with a great deal of long, drawn-out seriousness. Like one of those serious, morally-infused *Twilight Zone* episodes, it can't quite support the weight. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (3 hrs.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CO Coronet; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Highway—Sergey Dvortsevoy's transfixing documentary about a carnival family in Kazakhstan. Shown with *Paradise,* his first film, about a nomadic shepherd on the endless steppe. (57 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★The Hurricane—See Rainer, page 45. (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; UA Criterion; Clearview's Beekman; Loews 84th Street.*

★The Insider—Al Pacino plays Lowell Bergman, a *60 Minutes* producer, and Russell Crowe is Jeffrey Wigand, the reluctant tobacco company whistle-blower whom Bergman coaxed into an interview. It's a florid, doomy movie but the muck here is worth raking. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.*

Liberty Heights—Set in 1954, Barry Levinson's fourth entry in his Baltimore series has a self-congratulatory earnestness. But the film has some sweet moments too, such as when Joe Mantegna cuts out on Rosh Hashanah services to check out the new Cadillacs in a local showroom. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

★The Limey—Terence Stamp has a remarkable look here—whittled, with a shock of bright white hair and laser eyes. As Wilson, a career criminal from England in L.A. to avenge his daughter's murder, he's as implacably invincible as Lee Marvin was in *Point Blank*. The film itself isn't to that level: Director Steven Soderbergh and screenwriter Lem Dobbs are trying to cross deep-dish pulp noir with an art-house canapé. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Magnolia—See Rainer, page 45. (3 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Man on the Moon—Jim Carrey plays nowhere man Andy Kaufman in this lackluster bio-pic directed by Milos Forman. Carrey's impersonations of Kaufman's routines are uncanny, but the entire production has a scrubbed, authorized feel. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews New York Twin; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Mansfield Park—Patricia Rozema's sexy adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, starring Frances O'Connor as a young girl sent to live with relatives who falls in love with her dashing cousin, played by Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Mr. Death—See rainer, page 45. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Onegin—Ralph Fiennes stars in his sister Martha's screen adaptation of the Alexander Pushkin story about a dashing and jaded lad who moves to the Russian countryside and crushes the heart of his beautiful neighbor (Liv Tyler). (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Clearview's 59th Street East.*

Pokémon: The First Movie—Pokémon are collectible creatures with special powers (151 in all). Fight the power. (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

★Princess Mononoke—The great Japanese animation director Hayao Miyazaki has crafted a ravishing epic set in mythic fourteenth-century Japan, filled with gods and demons and forest creatures. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Cinema Village.*

Ride With the Devil—Ang Lee's Civil War–era epic tells the story of the Bushwhackers and Jayhawkers who fought each other on the frontier. With the adorable Tobey McGuire, Skeet Ulrich, Jeffrey Wright and Jewel as the lovely object of their affections. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

★Rosetta—Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne, the Belgian brothers who made *La Promesse,* extend their documentary-style techniques in this engrossing, if somewhat forbidding, drama about a 17-year-old girl, played powerfully by Emilie Dequenne. In French with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion.*

Sleepy Hollow—Tim Burton's latest creepfest is a triumph of production design, of gnarled vistas and foggy woods and slime, but the horror stays at a fairly adolescent level. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria.*

Snow Falling on Cedars—Save the performances of James Cromwell and Max Von Sydow, this picturesque adaptation of David Guterson's best-seller is almost unwatchable. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Sony Lincoln Square.*

★The Straight Story—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit his ailing, estranged brother. It's sweet, and Farnsworth, and Sissy Spacek, playing his daughter, are very fine. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *CC Village East.*

Previews

Cuban *Whistle* Crisis

One by-product of Castro's revolution in 1959 was the emergence of a new Cuban cinema. Fernando Pérez's 'Life Is to Whistle' (pictured) and Rolando Díaz's documentary 'If You Only Understood' are two recent examples of this movement, which captures the rich flavor of the Cuban people while also depicting the economic, social, and political realities of Castro's regime with unexpected candor. At the Film Society of Lincoln Center, January 7–13. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Photograph courtesy of New Yorker Films.

Stuart Little—A sweet, funny, dumbed-down version of E. B. White's children's story. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Sweet and Lowdown—Woody Allen's latest piece of implied self-criticism is less interesting as an artwork than as an analytic session writ large. Sean Penn plays a legendary (and fictionalized) jazz guitarist from the thirties who lives his life as a heel and puts all his emotions into his art. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Talented Mr. Ripley—Anthony Minghella's adaptation of the celebrated Patricia Highsmith novel (also the basis for Rene Clement's *Purple Noon*) is a dark thriller made luxurious under a bright Italian sun. Matt Damon plays the psychopath Tom Ripley, who infiltrates the dolce vita expatriate lifestyle and assumes the guise of the playboy scion he murders. Jude Law and Gwyneth Paltrow co-star, looking embossed in expensiveness. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Third Miracle—A priest (Ed Harris) in the midst of a spiritual crisis is sent to verify some miracles being performed by a young woman (Anne Heche). (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Titus**—Julie Taymor's stab at Shakespeare's most Marlovian play comes across as the granddaddy of all Hollywood ghoulfests, with some kind of limb-hacking going on every other minute. The film is striking and original and, in its clash of the brutal and the delicately poetic, supremely off-putting. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

★**Topsy-Turvy**—Mike Leigh's movie about Gilbert and Sullivan and what led to *The Mikado* is a rich tribute to the theater and theater people. It's an uncharacteristic work for a filmmaker devoted almost entirely to modern-day movies about the messes of the lower-middle classes, but Leigh moves right into the late Victorian era without a hitch. The feelings in this film run very deep. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

★**Toy Story 2**—Woody and Buzz Lightyear and the rest of the toy chest are joined by a fresh fleet of computer-generated rapscallions in this marvelous sequel. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 38 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Trans—Newcomer Ryan Dougherty stars in Julian Goldberger's dark coming-of-ager about a young Floridian delinquent who escapes from juvie hall when a riot breaks out. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Starts 1/7 at the Screening Room.*

Tumbleweeds—Tony winner Janet McTeer plays a rural southern woman who packs up her 12-year-old daughter and drives cross-country in search of a better life, or at the very least, a better boyfriend. With Jay O. Sanders and Gavin O'Connor. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

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Snow Falling on Cedars

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The War Zone—Actor Tim Roth makes his directorial debut with this disquieting story of a teenage boy struggling along with his less-than-happy family. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The World Is Not Enough—In this Bond movie, Pierce Brosnan, looking neither shaken nor stirred, goes through the motions with Bond babes Sophie Marceau, Denise Richards and villain Robert Carlyle. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Galaxy Quest; Music of the Heart.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *All About My Mother; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; The Emperor and the Assassin; Mansfield Park.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Anna and the King; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Liberty Heights; The Straight Story; Toy Story 2.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *42 Up; The Limey; Onegin; Princess Mononoke.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Being John Malkovich; Bicentennial Man.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *American Movie; Highway and Paradise.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Angela's Ashes; Any Given Sunday; The End of the Affair; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Boys Don't Cry; Mr. Death; Ride With the Devil; Rosetta; The Third Miracle.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *American Beauty; Close-Up.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Bicentennial Man; Dogma; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; The Insider; Magnolia; Stuart Little; Sweet and Lowdown; Titus; The War Zone; The World Is Not Enough.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Anna and the King; Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *All About My Mother; Anna and the King; Being John Malkovich; Bicentennial Man; The Cider House Rules; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; The Sixth Sense; Stuart Little; Sweet and Lowdown; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *Any Given Sunday; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Being John Malkovich; Bicentennial Man; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Liberty Heights; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Bicentennial Man; The Insider; Magnolia.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *The Cider House Rules.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *All About My Mother.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Toy Story 2.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Onegin.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Anna and the King.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Angela's Ashes; The Green Mile.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Double Jeopardy; Flawless; The House on Haunted Hill; The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc; Run Lola Run; Three Kings.*

Festival
The Shame Game

Once upon a time—arguably a very muddled and repressed time—parents and teachers weren't comfortable discussing the perils of sex, drugs, fast driving, and low ambition with their children. Instead they left it to 16 mm. Beginning January 8, the American Museum of the Moving Image celebrates the square and ineffectual informational in-class films that helped warp us all when it presents "Mental Hygiene: Social Guidance Films 1945–1970." Highlights of the 70-film retrospective include such psyche-scarring favorites as 'Wise Use of Credit,' 'Keep off the Grass,' 'The Snob' (pictured), 'Let's Be Clean and Neat,' and the cold-war classic 'How to Lose What We Have.' (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Cradle Will Rock; Galaxy Quest; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *The Green Mile.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Sleepy Hollow.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Topsy-Turvy.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *The Best Man; Boys Don't Cry; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; The Hurricane; The Sixth Sense.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Bicentennial Man; The Cider House Rules; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Toy Story 2.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Hurricane.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; Galaxy Quest; Liberty Heights; Mansfield Park; Sweet and Lowdown; Tumbleweeds; The World Is Not Enough.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Anna and the King; Man on the Moon.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Any Given Sunday.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Man on the Moon; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Any Given Sunday; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Liberty Heights; Stuart Little; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Anna and the King; The End of the Affair; Stuart Little.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Being John Malkovich.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Any Given Sunday; The Green Mile.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Man on the Moon; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother; The Emperor and the Assassin; Mr. Death; Sweet and Lowdown; The Third Miracle.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; The Hurricane; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Any Given Sunday; Galaxy Quest; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Any Given Sunday; Galaxy Quest; Toy Story 2.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Angela's Ashes; Bicentennial Man; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; The End of the Affair; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Magnolia; Man on the Moon; Snow Falling on Cedars.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Anna and the King; Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

Photograph courtesy of Blast Books.

Data

Mistaken Identity

Every year since the dawn of cinema, hundreds of movies have been made, and although no two are exactly alike, they often have titles so similar as to invite utter confusion. Nineteen ninety-nine saw its share of new entries, some of which changed our expectations of the medium forever and others of which will disappear from the consciousness of all but the most devoted Hollywood-trivia mavens. Either way, as the year's movies enter the infinite title databases awaiting us in the next millennium, here's some help in keeping them all straight, separating wheat from chaff (or in some cases, chaff from more chaff).

Clockwise from top: **American Beauty, Eyes Wide Shut, *and* Being John Malkovich.**

1999 ENTRY	NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH
All About My Mother	*Katharine Hepburn: All About Me* (1992); *All About Bicycles and Libraries Too* (1991); *All About Eve* (1950); *All About Hash* (1940)
American Beauty	*American Pie* (1999); *American Movie* (1999); *An American Tail* (1986); *American Buffalo* (1996); *American Anthem* (1986); *American Graffiti* (1973); *American Gigolo* (1980); *American Flatulators* (1995)
Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me	*Powers That Be* (1997); *Powers That Prey* (1917); *Shire Shag, Maestro* (1975); *Fatty and Minnie He-Haw* (1914)
Being John Malkovich	*Being Male* (1980); *Being Respectable* (1924); *Being There* (1979); *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1991); *The Importance of Being Icelandic* (1992)
The Blair Witch Project	*Project X* (1987); *Project: Tiki Puka Puka* (1999); *Linda Blair: The E! True Hollywood Story* (1999-TV)
Boys Don't Cry	*Boys on the Side* (1995); *The Boys From Brazil* (1978); *Boys Bathing, Leapfrog—Atlantic City* (1896)
Buena Vista Social Club	*Fight Club* (1999); *The Joy Luck Club* (1993); *The Baby-Sitters Club* (1995); *The Wheeltappers and Shunters Social Club* (1974)
The End of the Affair	*End of Days* (1999); *Warlock III: The End of Innocence* (1999); *The End of the Umbrella* (1914)
Eyes Wide Shut	*Mickey Blue Eyes* (1999); *For Your Eyes Only* (1981); *Irish Eyes Are Smiling* (1944); *Wide-eyed and Legless* (1994-TV)
The Matrix	*Matewan* (1987); *The Clever Mrs. Carfax* (1917); *Johnny Mnemonic* (1995); *Much Ado About Nothing* (1993)
The Sixth Sense	*The Third Miracle* (1999); *The Fourth Musketeer* (1923); *The Fifth Element* (1997); *The Sixth Happiness* (1997); *The Seventh Seal* (1957)
Star Wars: Episode 1—The Phantom Menace	*Star Wars* (1977); *The Empire Strikes Back* (1980); *Beatrice Fairfax Episode 1: The Missing Watchman* (1916)
The Straight Story	*The Philadelphia Story (1940); The Story of Us* (1999); *Toy Story 2* (1999); *Death of a Centerfold: The Dorothy Stratten Story* (1981)

otographs: clockwise from top right, Lorey Sebastian; Universal Studios; Warner Bros.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Pokémon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Brooklyn

BAM **Rose Cinemas**—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *All About My Mother; Being John Malkovich; The End of the Affair; Mansfield Park.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Any Given Sunday; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Cider House Rules; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Toy Story 2; Tumbleweeds.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Any Given Sunday; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Pokémon: The First Movie; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *Anna and the King; Cradle Will Rock; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Liberty Heights; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Galaxy Quest; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; The Green Mile; Toy Story 2.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *Anna and the King; Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Galaxy Quest; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Bicentennial Man; Galaxy Quest.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; The Bone Collector; Liberty Heights; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Sto-*

Previews
Trans Spotting

Far from the pumping Latin rhythms of Miami, the candy-coated wonder of Disney World, and the humming air-conditioning units of wealthy geriatric communities stands Fort Myers, Florida—home to disgruntled rednecks, sprawling strip malls, and juvenile delinquent Ryan Kazinski (Ryan Daugherty, pictured), the hero of *Trans.* Recalling François Truffaut's *400 Blows,* Julian Goldberger's rousing debut follows Ryan as he makes his uneasy way through the murk and muck of the rural South after escaping from a detention-center chain gang. Starts January 7 at the Screening Room.

ry 2; Tumbleweeds; The World Is Not Enough.

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *All About My Mother; American Beauty; The Cider House Rules; Mansfield Park; Pokémon: The First Movie; Tumbleweeds; The War Zone.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Pokémon: The First Movie; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *The Insider; The Straight Story; The World Is Not Enough.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Any Given Sunday; Galaxy Quest.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Anna and the King; End of Days; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Sleepy Hollow.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Anna and the King; Galaxy Quest.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Any Given Sunday; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Anna and the King; Bicentennial Man; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *Any Given Sunday; Cradle Will Rock; End of Days; The Green Mile; Liberty Heights; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; The World Is Not Enough.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Anna and the King; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Anna and the King; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Anna and the King; Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Pokémon: The First Movie; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Any Given Sunday; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; Toy Story 2.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *Anna and the King; Any Given Sunday; Bicentennial Man; Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Man on the Moon; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Toy Story 2; The World Is Not Enough.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Evening Screenings" every Friday through Sunday: *Eyes Wide Shut.* 1/8–1/23: "Mental Hygiene: Social Guidance Films 1945–1970" 1/8 at 2 P.M.: "Mental Hygiene: An Introduction," accompanied by a "Pinewood Dialogue" with curators Rick Prelinger and Ken Smith. Also 1/8: "Early Efforts" short program. 1/9: "The Dark Side" and "Girls Only." 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—1/5: "New Filmmakers" shorts: *Babyface; The Millennium; What Dogs Do; 5:45.* Feature: *Run for Cover.* 1/5–1/6: "Essential Cinema: Kenneth Anger." 1/7–1/8: "Essential Cinema: Bruce Baillie." 1/9: "Essential Cinema: Stan Brakhage." 1/6–1/27: "A Tribute to Kino International." 1/6: *The Tin Drum* (1979); *Visions of Light* (1992). 1/7: *The Tin Drum; Rules of the Game* (1993). 1/8: *The Blue Kite* (1993); *The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Rifenstahl* (1993); *Black Orpheus* (1958). 1/9: *Daughters of the Dust* (1991); *Andrei Roublev* (1966). *Rashomon* (1951); *Black Orpheus.* 1/10: *Dersu Uzala* (1975); *Streets of Shame* (1956). 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—1/4: *Happy Together* (1997). 1/5: *The Underground Orchestra* (1998). Wednesdays through 1/27: "A Collection of Keitel." 1/6: *Reservoir Dogs* (1992), accompanied by a special Q & A session with Harvey Keitel. 1/7: *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly* (1966). 1/8: *Hobson's Choice* (1954). 1/9: *Witness for the Prosecution* (1957). Mondays through 1/10: "Frank Capra: A Vision of the 30s." 1/3: *You Can't Take It With You* (1938). 1/10: *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* (1939). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. (718-623-2770); $8.50.

Cinema Classics—1/3–1/6: *The Silence of the Lambs* (1991). 1/7–1/9: *Alien* (1979). Also 1/7–1/8 at midnight: *The Wizard of Oz* (1939) accompanied by Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon.* 332 E. 11th St. (212-971-1015); $5.

Film Forum—Through 1/6: *Dr. Strangelove* Through 1/13: "Written by Robert Riskin." 1/7–1/8: *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* (1936); *It Happened One Night* (1934). Also 1/7: 7:05 P.M. showing of *Mr. Deeds* followed by a panel discussion with Foster Hirsch, Walter Bernstein, and Fay Wray. 1/9: *Broadway Bill* (1934); *The Whole Town's Talking* (1935). 1/10: *When You're in Love* (1937); *The Big Timer* (1932). 1/11: *Shopworn* (1932); *Virtue* (1932). 1/12: *Platinum Blonde* (1931); *Three Wise Girls* (1931). 1/13: *American Madness* (1932); *The Miracle Woman* (1931). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—1/7–1/13: *Life Is to Whistle; If You Only Understood.* 1/8: "Movies for Kids." *The Master Detective Lives Dangerously* (1996). 1/9: "Reel to Real for Kids: What a Wonderful World," featuring Louis Armstrong classics. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); regular screenings $8.50; "Movies for Kids," $3; "Reel to Reel," $6 for kids, $12 for adults.

Museum of Modern Art—Through March 2000: "From Automatic Vaudeville to the Seventh Art: Cinema's Silent Years, 1893–1928." 1/4: *The General* (1927); *Intolerance* (1916). 1/6: *La Dixieme Symphonie* (1918); *Grass: A Nation's Battle for Life* (1925). *The Wishing Ring* (1925). 1/7: *Manslaughter* (1922); *The Dragon Painter* (1919); "When Movies Were Young—In Philadelphia." 1/8: *The General; Crossroads; La Dixieme Symphonie; Grass: A Nation's Battle for Life.* 1/9: *Monsieur Beaucaire* (1924); *Pasaic Textile Strike* (1926). *Manslaughter; The Golden Man* (1918). 1/10: *Betsy's Burglar* (1917); *Irene* (1926). 1/6: "New Documentaries" *Standing Tall.* 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—1/5: *Blondie of the Follies* (1932). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St (212-621-0619); free.

Sony Lincoln Square IMAX—*Siegfried & Roy: The Magic Box; Across the Sea of Time; T-Rex: Back to th Crustaceous; Fantasia 2000.* 1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638).

The Screening Room—Through 1/16: "Kirk Douglas An American Classic." 1/8–1/9: *Spartacus* (1960) *Paths of Glory* (1957). Saturday afternoons: *The Wizard of Oz* (1939). Sunday Brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany* (1961). Sunday afternoons: *Willy Wonka and th Chocolate Factory.* Call theater for info. 54 Varick St (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday brunch patrons)

YWCA Cine-Club—1/8–1/9: *Spies* (1928). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members $7 nonmembers.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Photograph courtesy of Cowboy Booking Internationa

theater

Sexual Perversity... Lobster Alice... Jet Lag

Closing
Last (Curtain) Call

The first casualties of 2000 are taking their final bows to make way for the New Year's Broadway babies. *It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues* (with Christiane Noll, above left) closes January 9 after more than eight months, and *Smokey Joe's Cafe* (with Victor Trent Cook, carried away by Ken Ard, Frederick B. Owens, and Adrian Bailey, above right), the longest-running musical revue in Broadway history, shutters January 16 after nearly five years of rockin' and rollin'. Also this week, Liev Schreiber plays his last *Hamlet* and *Tango Argentino* closes on January 9. (See "Broadway" and "Off Broadway.")

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Wrong Mountain—In this new play—a rarity on Broadway—by David Hirson, Ron Rifkin plays a bitter elder poet who envies his ex-wife's new husband, a fabulously successful younger playwright. The poet writes his own popular play and propels a satire of the whole theater biz; Richard Jones directs. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/13 opening. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Amadeus—*See Simon, p. 47.* Nearly two decades after its London and Broadway triumphs, Peter Shaffer's play returns, again directed by Sir Peter Hall. Michael Sheen purrs, hisses, and farts as Mozart; David Suchet, known best as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot on *Mystery!*, plays his conniving nemesis, Salieri. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Soap diva Susan Lucci replaces Peters 12/23–1/16. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back. (No, not the mouse.) Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

abaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

ats—Now and for the foreseeable future. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

hicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Sandy Duncan. $20–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

me Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. He is a great improviser who plays with his audience as if it were a beach ball. We have here a master/mistress of movement and facial expression whose silences are as funny as the words. (Simon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Dead—Transferred from Playwrights Horizons, a musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book; Jack Hofsiss directs. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/9. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Whole lotta Mason, very little Bard. $65–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie will interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical—for a generation obsessed with the backstage canoodling of celluloid Shakespeareans like Paltrow and DiCaprio. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that

otographs by Joan Marcus.

most abused of epithets: *magical*, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Marie Christine—In Michael John LaChiusa's anticipated new musical, Audra McDonald plays a passionate woman in love with a sea captain (Anthony Crivello), against the backdrop of late-nineteenth-century New Orleans and Chicago. Sherry Boone replaces McDonald for Wed. and Sat. matinees. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Putting It Together—The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hearn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford will replace Burnett on Tuesdays starting Dec. 7. $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $60–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/18/97. Through 1/16. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Rainmaker—In this revival of N. Richard Nash's family drama, Woody Harrelson plays a drawling, garrulous Starbuck, a con artist who tries to bring rain and fantasy to a parched farm. Also starring Jayne Atkinson. $25–$65. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).*

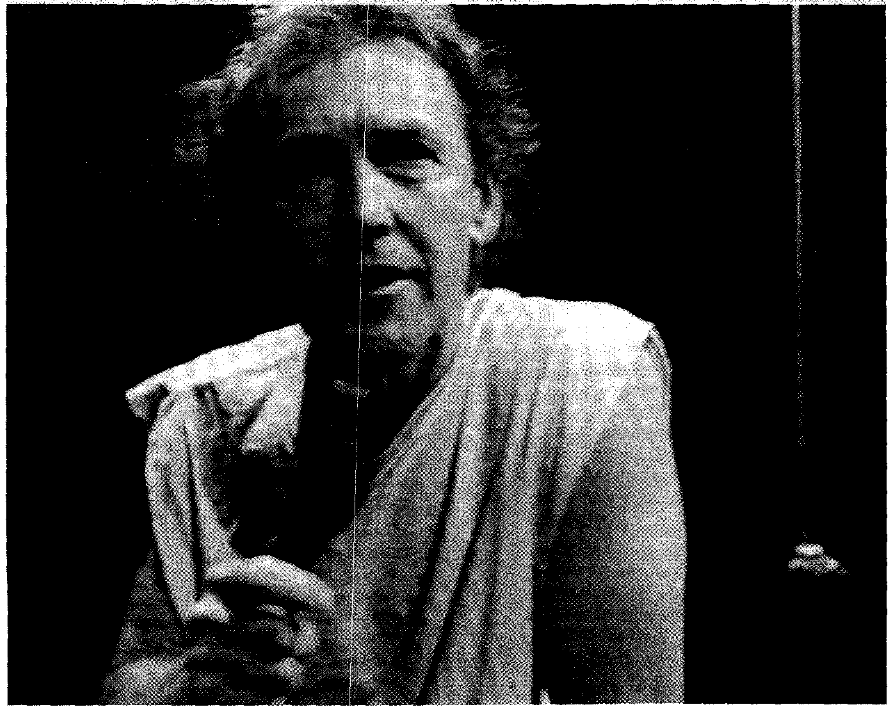
Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—A blues and rock 'n' roll revue, drawn from the songbook of Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. Through 1/16. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Opening
Global Enterprise

At the Kitchen, the multimedia performance group the Builders Association is collaborating with the architecture and media-arts firm Diller + Scofidio to present 'Jet Lag,' a high-tech meditation based on two true travel stories. A tech crew and actors like Jeff Webster (pictured) will sample from the stories of Donald Crowhurst, a sailor who faked a circumnavigation of the world in 1969, and Sarah Krassnoff, who took 167 consecutive round-the-world flights in 1970. Opening January 6. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")



Photograph by Peter Norrma

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Tango Argentino—Not to be confused with the more recent musical *Forever Tango* or the films *The Tango Lesson* or *Tango*, this dance-musical spurred a Latin-dance revival when it hit Broadway in 1985 and scored Tony nominations for Best Musical, Best Choreography, and Best Director. $25–$75. Call for schedule. Through 1/9. *Gershwin Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Waiting in the Wings—*See Simon, p. 47.* Lauren Bacall and Rosemary Harris star in the Broadway premiere of Noël Coward's sassy senior-citizen saga. $25–$70. Call for schedule. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dirty Blonde—Actress-author Claudia Shear (*Blown Sideways Through Life*) stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West. $12–$45. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).*

Lobster Alice—In Kira Oblensky's surreal comedy, a big studio Hollywood animator (Reg Rogers) clashes with painter Salvador Dalí (David Patrick Kelly). Also starring Jessica Hecht. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 1/9 opening. Through 1/23. *Playwrights Horizons' Anne G. Wilder Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

The Merry Wives of Windsor—Pearl Theatre presents Shakespeare's giddy gals. $26–$33. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 1/7 for a 1/17 opening. Through 2/27. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

Sexual Perversity in Chicago—David Mamet's comedy about sex in another city, directed by Hilary Hinckle (*Reckless, Blue Window*) and performed with *Duck Variations*. $35–$40. In previews for a 1/12 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Adam Baum and the Jew Movie—In this Blue Ligh production, Ron Liebman plays a Jewish movi producer who asks a Gentile screenwriter to writ a script for a movie about anti-Semitism durin the golden age of Hollywood cinema. $30 Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 5. Through 1/9 *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St (212-279-4200).*

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story abou divorce in a Buffalo family (Grandma leave Gramps for his best friend) returns to Lincol Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veteran assuming the key roles. This is a reading only, s most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. $45 Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200)*

Another American: Asking & Telling—Don't ask, don tell? Marc Wolf asked 150 people what the thought of gays in the military, including man gay military soldiers and veterans. Now, in a production directed by Joe Mantello, he tells thei stories in an Anna Deveare Smith–style monologue. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and Through 2/6. *The New Group at Theatre @ S Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

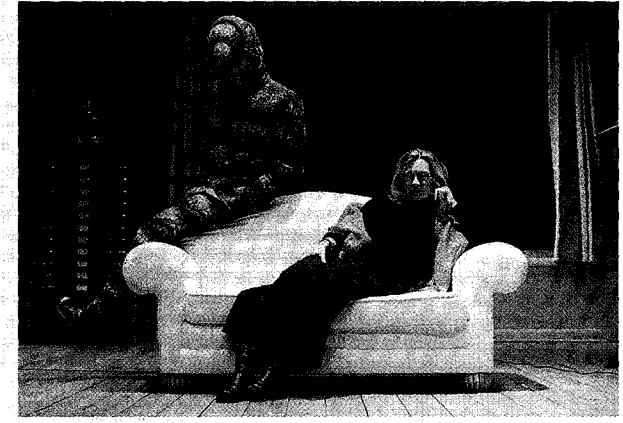
Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toil paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of perfo mance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 43 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Bomb-itty of Errors—A funky-fresh "add-rap-tation of the Bard's classic. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *45 Bleecker, 45 Bleecker St*

Opening

The Surreal World

For years, film directors have exploited the high-kicking legs and internecine dramas of the theater for backstage musicals like *Gold Diggers of 1933* or *42nd Street*. But recently, playwrights have been striking back with what might be called soundstage dramas. Broadway's *Epic Proportions* lampooned the lives of blockbuster-movie extras, and the provocative *Adam Baum and the Jew Movie* has fictionalized the making of a film about anti-Semitism in the forties. Now at Playwrights Horizons, Kira Obolensky's new play, *Lobster Alice*, imagines what might have happened in 1946, when Salvador Dalí was hired by Disney to create a surrealistic animated ballet based on the song "Destino," or "You Tempt Me." Once there, Obolensky discovered, the artist had an unanticipated impact on the animators who had just begun work on *Alice in Wonderland*. "That was just surreal to begin with," says Obolensky (pictured with caterpillar Derek Richardson). "Since then, the whole process has been like going down the rabbit hole myself. The more information I discovered, the more curious it became." In her play, Dalí (David Patrick Kelly, a Richard Foreman regular best known as weirdo Jerry Horne on *Twin Peaks*) wrecks the life and white-bread sensibility of a midwestern animator (Reg Rogers) and inflames the pent-up passions of his secretary (Jessica Hecht). Obolensky throws in plenty of fake lobsters, flowers, mouth-shaped couches, melting clocks, and requisite mustache wax to portray Dalí as "a genius and a charlatan, a magician and a fake, everything and its paradox." The playwright has some peculiar interests herself. Recently, Obolensky has been traveling cross-country, doing research for a history of American garages. "It's amazing how many people have started their businesses in garages," she muses. "Even a well-known animator: Walt Disney." In previews for a January 9 opening. (See "Broadway.") **LOGAN HILL**



at Lafayette St. (212-307-4100).

arrin Beginning—In 1927, a group of pubcrawlers encounter "the last of the great bards of Ireland," in W. August Schulenberg's new play. Presented by Riverside Stage Company. $32.50. Mon. at 8, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-279-4200).*

ontact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

e Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

e Country Club—This play by Drama Dept. artistic director Douglas Carter Beane about Wasps in their late twenties who hang out in the Cub Room of a provincial Pennsylvania country club is both funny and moving, devilishly well observed, and niftily constructed. (Simon: 10/4/99.) Jessica Stone has replaced Amy Sedaris. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).*

la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—In their Connecticut home, Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

Elsa Edgar—Bob Kingdom, known for his pieces on Dylan Thomas and Truman Capote, commingles the spirits of two gossip queens: Elsa Maxwell and J. Edgar Hoover. Casey Childs directs. Call for schedule; most nights at 8. Through 1/16. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).*

The Exact Center of the Universe—If you're in the mood for a delightful, old-fashioned, well-made play, look no further than this one by Joan Vail Thorne. *Center* tickles with its juicy dialogue and zesty characters. As Vada, Frances Sternhagen is good enough to eat. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

An Experiment With an Air Pump—Shelagh Stephenson's play deals with two groups of people in the same house in 1799 and 1999. Her play concerns stubborn problems: head versus heart, art versus science, the souring of love in marriage, the tantalizing survival of the past, and the transience or persistence of both fame and infamy. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fuddy Meers—This is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, a young but already much-produced playwright. The heroine, Claire, suffers from psychogenic amnesia, waking up every morning as a blank slate, on which her husband and Kenny, her teenage son from a former marriage, must imprint the facts of her life, only to have her forget them overnight. Smartly directed by David Petrarca and neatly designed by Santo Loquasto and Brian MacDevitt, the evening explodes with laughter, magisterially provided by Robert Stanton, J. Smith-Cameron, Keith Nobbs, Patrick Breen, Marylouise Burke, Mark McKinney, and Lisa Gorlitsky. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $40. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30. Sat. and Sun. at 3. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Fully Committed—Becky Mode's comedy about the put-upon, out-of-work actor manning the phones at Manhattan's trendiest restaurant and the people harassing him. Directed by Nicholas Martin (*Full Gallop, Betty's Summer Vacation*); starring Mark Setlock. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Hamlet—*See Simon, p. 47.* Liev Schreiber, hailed by many as his generation's finest Shakespearean actor, stars in the Public Theater's new production. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2, and some Sunday evenings. Through 1/9. *The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization and tabloid fame through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical; now starring Kevin Cahoon. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon., Tues., Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Ice Island: The Wait for Shackleton—Marjorie Duffield's new play documents the lives of a group of men stranded in Antarctica. Lori Steinberg directs. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Melting Pot Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).*

The Idiot—In director Anatole Fourmentchouk's new adaptation of Dostoevsky's classic, an astoundingly innocent prince (Stass Klassen) is assumed to be a dunce by the cynical denizens of a

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

otograph by Joan Marcus.

Opening
Windy, Wanton City

The millennial Mamethon continues at the Atlantic Theater Company with the playwright's 1976 comedy 'Sexual Perversity in Chicago,' a lusty romp through nightclubs and bars featuring Josh Hamilton and Kate Blumberg (right). The play, which later became the 1986 film 'About Last Night,' is presented (as it was originally) with Mamet's 'The Duck Variations.' (See "Off Broadway.")

certain corrupt, money-crazed city on the cusp of a millennium. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (212-684-8298).*

Inappropriate—The Desisto School's musical teenagers return to Manhattan to show those fuddy-duddies over at *Rent* what youth sounds like today. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/16. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—Frank McCourt's tales and tunes of Irish history, produced by the Irish Rep. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

Keep Bangin'—Soft-shoe-shufflin' Savion Glover directs the talented bucket drummers of *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk*. $20–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

A Klezmer's Tale: Yoshke Muzikant—Eleanor Reissa directs a Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre production that sketches the life of poet and musician Muzikant. Starring Mina Bern. $30–$35. Wed. and Thurs. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/16. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

Maybe Baby, It's You—Playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 6. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Morning, Noon and Night—Spalding Gray reflects on his beloved family. $25–$45. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Now Hear This!—Kathy Buckley, who describes herself as "America's First Hearing Impaired Comedienne," won multiple writing and theater awards when this, her comic one-woman show, premiered in Los Angeles in 1997. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—Joe DiPietro's comedy about meddling Italian-American grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner 90 minutes before curtain. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Squonk—Props, puppetry, and percussion for the premiere of the East Village's newest theater. $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Bleecker East Theatre, 49 Bleecker St. (212-239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (212-477-2477).*

Trudy Blue—Marsha Norman, who won a Pulitzer for *'night Mother,* presents her newest play about a successful novelist (*Thirtysomething* vet Polly Draper) who struggles with cancer and the chattering voices in her head. $40–$45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/9. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (212-727-7765).*

True History and Real Adventures—Kathleen Chalfant, last seen in *Wit,* is back, and everyone is anxious to see if she'll be adored again when she returns to the stage in Sybille Pearson's new play. As excited as the rest of us, Angela Goethals plays a young Scottish woman who leads a ragtag band of teens on a cross-country road trip out West, where they finally meet Calamity Jane, played by Chalfant. $45. Call for schedule. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc. returns for a second coming. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 1/23. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's Holy Sonnets? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Lisa Harrow. $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Y2K—In Arthur Kopit's thriller, two happy New York capitalists (James Naughton and Patricia Kalember) are stalked by a disturbing rogue with an e-mail account; the very busy Bob Balaban directs. $20–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christophe St. (212-239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Dario D'Ambrosi's Pathologic Theater Festival—A macabre twenty-year retrospective of D'Ambrosi's dark imaginings, including *Prince of Madness,* a bizarre story about a crippled man wh auctions off bodies. $12. Through 1/16. Call fo schedule. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptatio of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even loose morals. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 8 *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Extreme Girl—Barbara Blackburn's comic monologues on sex, beauty, and the surprising similarities between trophy wives and the Mercedes-Benz. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/27. *La Ma Ma E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212) 532-8887.*

Hotel California/The Serpent's Sermon—The heart rending cabaret story of a Belgian mercenery an his mime; Fri. at 10:30./An autobiographical performance about drugs, the eighties, and sitcom by Ron Stroman, whose parents were the firs black people to own a McDonald's; Sat. at 10:3 $12. 1/7–3/3. *St. Marks Theater, 94 St. Marks P (212-777-6088).*

Jet Lag—High-tech stories inspired by travel. $2 1/6–1/8, 1/11–1/15. Most nights at 8. *Th Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

O'Neill—Anne Legault's new play, exploring the li and legacy of playwright Eugene. $15. Thurs.–Sa at 8, Sun. at 3. 1/7–1/30. *Blue Heron Arts Cente 121 E. 24th St. (212-332-0027).*

Sex—Mae West's scandalous 1926 play about a ambitious prostitute (Carolyn Baeumler), direc ed by Elyse Singer, with music by, appropriate enough, Sex Mob. $12. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sun. at 1/6–1/16. *Gershwin Hotel, 7 E. 27th St. (21 439-8122).*

Simply Barbra: 2000—Crooner Steven Brinbe channels Streisand. $30. Fri. and Sat at 7 and 9:1 Sun. at 7. 1/7–1/30. *Dominion Theater, 4 Lafayette St. (212-473-1698).*

Velvetville—Renowned downtown puppeteer Pa Zaloom (Beakman on CBS's now-defun *Beakman's World*) presents a surrealist's drea black-velvet paintings of Smurfs, trolls, and JF overhead science-class projections; and animat found objects. $25. Wed.–Sun. at 8:30. 1/6–1/2 *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (212-477-528*

Photograph by Carol Rose

art

Audubon...Rudy Burckhardt..."Shoes"

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Milton Avery—A selection of paintings by the American modernist, whose unorthodox use of color and simplified, almost abstract images of figures and landscapes influenced Mark Rothko, Adolph Gottlieb, and other abstract painters; through 1/22. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Carroll Beckwith—Portraits and landscapes by the Missouri-born artist (1852–1917), who studied at the National Academy of Design in New York and at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris; through 1/15. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (212-744-2300).

Leslie Bohnenkamp—Free-standing sculptures made with fiber and paper constructions by the artist, who died in 1997; through 1/15. Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (212-924-0858).

Marcel Duchamp—An exhibition curated by Francis Naumann of examples of the artist's replicated work, from regular and deluxe editions of *The Green Box* to various versions of *Boîte* and *Boîte-en-valise,* his famous portable museum; through 1/15. Moeller, 167 E. 73rd St. (212-988-4500).

Istvan Farkas—A survey of paintings and works on paper by the Hungarian artist (1887–1944), who was a member of the École de Paris and whose work has not been exhibited in the U.S. since 1930; through 3/31. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (212-327-0441).

Alfred H. Maurer—Paintings spanning the career of the American artist (1868–1932) from his early Whistler-inspired portraits of women to his Cubist compositions of the twenties and early thirties, including works on loan from museums and private collections; through 1/15. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (212-628-4000).

Richard Serra—New works on paper; through 2/14. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-228-2828).

Frantisek Vobecky—Surrealist-influenced photomontages made between 1935 and 1938 by the Czech artist (1902–1991); 1/8–2/26. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

57th Street Area

Stephan de Kwiatkowski—Abstract paintings from the past five years; through 1/15. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (212-956-3366).

Willard Dixon—Recent paintings of Marin County landscapes by a Bay Area artist; 1/6–2/5. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345).

Arthur Wesley Dow—Paintings, watercolors, prints, and photographs by Dow (1857–1922) and by his students, among them Georgia O'Keeffe and Max Weber; through 1/25. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (212-832-0208).

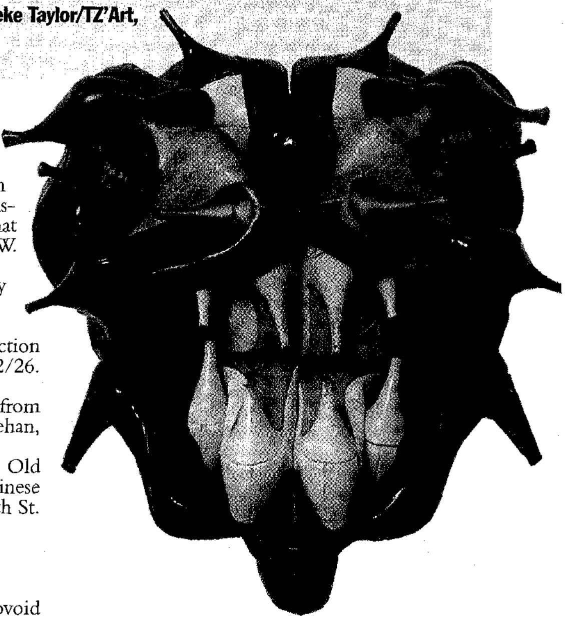
riedel Dzubas—Small-scale abstract paintings on canvas made as records of larger works; through 1/22. Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (212-935-1110).

awrence Gipe—New large-scale paintings that depict imagery appropriated from German photo journals and magazines from the mid to-late thirties; through 1/22. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888).

Morris Graves—Cast-bronze sculptures made in 1961 that support large viewers shaped like windows or portholes containing layers of Venetian glass, minerals, brass filings, and other materials; 1/5–2/12. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

n Green—Landscape paintings; 1/8–1/29. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).

Talent **"Shoes, Shoes, Shoes" gathers paintings, sculptures, and photographs by more than 80 artists—among them Eleanor Antin, Michele Blondel, Claude Cahun, Willie Cole (below, *Rosa Parks,* 1994), Philip Guston, Robert Mapplethorpe, and Andy Warhol—who've looked at the shoe and seen something else altogether. The show's curator, Michèle Gerber Klein, has also included shoe-inspired objects and drawings by fashion designers Yeohlee, Zang Toi, and Han Feng, as well as the real thing by stiletto artist Manolo Blahnik. At Frederieke Taylor/TZ'Art, 470 Broome Street; through January 22.**



Damian Loeb—New paintings of interiors and landscapes that suggest images from dreams or memories; 1/7–2/12. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Cildo Meireles—An installation by the Brazilian artist consisting of two ten-foot-square transparent cubes made of glass and aluminum that can be entered; through 1/15. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Odd Nerdrum—Recent figurative paintings by the Norwegian artist; 1/6–2/5. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).

Jackson Pollock—Drawings on colored construction paper made between 1942 and 1956; 1/8–2/26. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Edward Ruscha—Drawings and prints dating from the sixties to the present; through 2/29. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

Chen Yifei—Recent paintings of scenes in Old Shanghai, landscapes, and women, by a Chinese artist; through 1/15. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Charles Arnoldi—New paintings that depict ovoid forms hovering in fields of grayish washes, and bronze sculptures; through 1/15. Cowles, 74 Grand St. (212-925-3500).

Robert Breer—Paintings, films, and a large "float" sculpture dating from the fifties through the seventies; through 1/29. Staff USA, 495 Broadway (212-925-9700).

Michael Ray Charles—Recent paintings whose images explore representations of blacks in advertising; through 1/22. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

George Condo—New paintings that depict abstracted portraits of jazz musicians, through 1/15, at PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (212-431-9224); paintings of composite characters drawn equally from Old Master paintings, cartoon animation, and everyday life, through 1/15, at Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Michael Coughlin and Jory Felice—Collaborative drawings inspired by the children's game "Telephone," in which the two Los Angeles–based artists draw images based on descriptions they give to each other over the phone; through 1/22. Meltzer's On View . . . , 588 Broadway (212-343-8256).

Michael Craig-Martin—Recent large-scale wall paintings and works on canvas by the British artist; through 1/20. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Chris Finley—Recent paintings and sculptural installations that borrow a video-game format; 1/6–2/5. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Elaine Lustig-Cohen—Recent collages that combine the artist's own photographs and paintings; through 1/15. Saul, 560 Broadway (212-431-0747).

Issey Miyake—A survey of the clothing designer's work from the past 30 years; through 2/29. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Juliao Sarmento—A new film installation; through 1/22. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

Lara Schnitger—Sculptures made with foam, fabric, wood, and plastic whose networks of forms suggest an abstract garden; through 1/15. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Richard Tuttle—Recent painted plywood panels that employ simple colors and shapes; 1/5–2/12. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Stanley Twardowicz—Photographs, drawings, and a painting; 1/5–1/29. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (212-966-1758).

Adriana Varejão—Paintings of ocean-inspired images that comprise layers of stretched canvas; 1/7–2/12. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Aletha Zapf—An installation of pathways and walls onto which life-size photographs of tourists are projected; through 1/15. Ahra Lee, 377 Broome St. (212-343-3950).

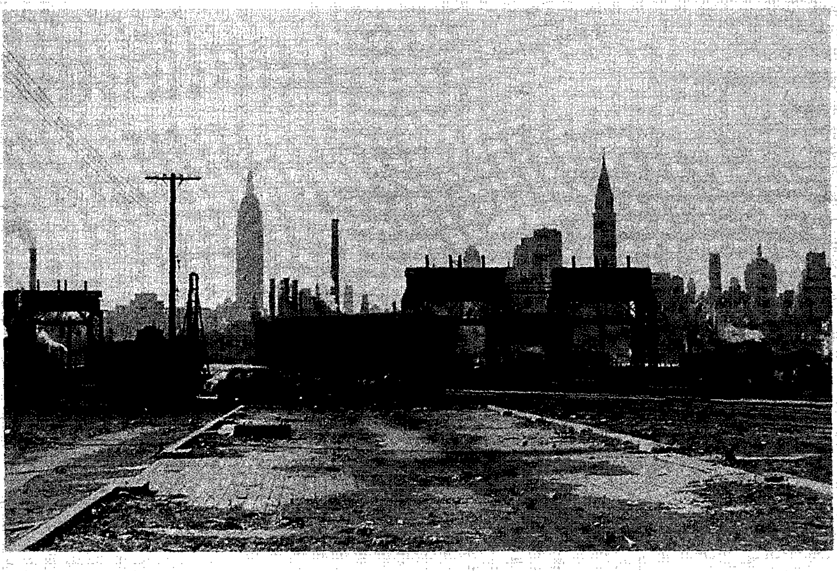
Chelsea

Sarah Charlesworth/Kathleen Gilje—Color photographs that are predominantly white and depict such archetypes as the bowl, column, Virgin Mary, and snake/A painting that conflates Bronzino's portrait of Laura Battifieri with an image of the poet Sylvia Plath; 1/8–2/5. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8872).

hotograph courtesy of Alexander and Bonin.

Photography
Rudy's New York

As often as not, it's non-native New Yorkers who manage to capture the essential New York City in photographs. Some, like Berenice Abbott or Walker Evans, make bold pictures that remind all the other outsiders and newcomers of what it feels like to see New York and walk its streets for the first time. Others, such as Rudy Burckhardt, who died last summer at 85 and whose impressions of his adopted city are currently on view in an exhibition at P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center (22-25 Jackson Avenue at 46th Avenue, Long Island City; through January 16), use photography to document their own intimate response to the metropolis. Burckhardt, only 21 when he left his native Basel, Switzerland, for New York in 1935, was initially unable to adjust to the city's scale. People and whole buildings were not easily combined in one image, Burckhardt discovered, so he spent his first few years in New York concentrating on artists at work (shot for *ARTnews*), details of clothing and signage, architectural features, and people rushing through the streets of midtown. Ironically, it was Queens, which Burckhardt began exploring in the forties, that gave him the access to the city that suited his modest style. In Astoria, for example, Burckhardt found the kind of effortlessly quirky panoramas of the Manhattan skyline that appealed to him (below, *A View From Astoria, Queens,* 1940), and he would also scale high buildings to get unexpected views of the city. A retrospective of Burckhardt's photographs and films of the fifties and sixties opens in May at NYU's Grey Art Gallery; for now, though, this small show (in Queens, aptly) somehow says it all. EDITH NEWHALL



Photograph courtesy of Tibor De Nagy Galle

Leo de Goede—New paintings on plywood and particle board whose images mimic their supports' intricate natural patterns; 1/8–2/5. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Nathalie Du Pasquier—Paintings of everyday Italian household objects by a former Memphis designer; through 1/29. Urban Architecture, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-924-1688).

Paterson Ewen/Peter Edlund—Paintings on plywood whose images evoke celestial phenomena/Paintings of landscapes borrowed from works by Frederick Church and other Hudson River School painters and rendered in such colors as lime green and black or cadmium orange and violet; 1/8–2/5. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

Dan Flavin—A selection of the late artist's fluorescent light sculptures dating from the late sixties to the eighties; through 1/29. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Tim Gardner—Watercolor and oil paintings based on snapshots of young men caught in moments of freedom; 1/8–2/12. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Ryan Humphrey—Mixed-media installations that suggest fragments of films; through 1/15. Golden, 526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304).

Sarah Leahy—Ink paintings on Plexiglas whose images suggest early black-and-white photography; 1/8–2/12. Foster, 528 W. 20th St. (212-966-9024).

Christian Marclay—A work titled *Telephones* that features a succession of edited film clips woven together in a cinematic collage spanning several genres; through 1/27. Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Matthew McCaslin—Recent assemblages that combine children's wagons, televisions, and colored lights; through 1/15. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

John Miller—Garishly colored computer-generated paintings whose images play on the exaggerations of TV game shows; through 1/22. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Stuart Netsky—Abstract paintings made with beauty products; through 1/29. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (212-463-0970).

Kellie O'Bosky—New paintings; through 1/29. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6555).

Claude Parent and Scott Hug—Drawings that take a non-Euclidean, topological approach to architecture and urban space by Parent, a master French architect, and drawings that continue Parent's investigation by Hug, an emerging New York artist; through 1/15. Urbach Architecture, 526 W. 26th St. (212-627-0974).

Thomas Scheibitz/Markus Baenziger—New paintings and sculptural constructions/Cast-resin sculptures. Through 1/15. Bonakdar Jancoe, 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

Richard Serra—A new sculpture inaugurating the gallery's new Chelsea space; through 1/14. Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. (212-228-2828).

Barbara Stork—Works that are life-size, functioning examples of what their titles promise, among them *Grocery Sack Mattress* and *Milk Carton Leather Briefcase;* through 1/15. Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. (212-242-3232).

Yvonne Thomas—Early paintings made between 1955 and 1962 that show the artist developing her signature style of abstraction; through 1/30. Bibro, 529 W. 20th St. (212-647-7030).

Thomas Trosch—New paintings; through 1/22. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Betty Woodman—A 40-year retrospective of the artist's works in clay, bronze, and paper; 1/8–2/12. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6999).

Manabu Yamanaka/Annegret Solta—Photographs that depict elderly Japanese women in the nude/Collaged and sewn-together photographic self-portraits. Through 1/22. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-1600).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338). "Quirky," works by 33 artists that represent a diversity of concepts, imagery, and techniques; 1/6–2/12.

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470). Works by Colson, Ruscha, Therrien; through 1/29.

Godel—39A E. 72nd St. (212-288-7272). Winter landscape paintings by nineteenth-century American artists, among them Carr, Mattheson, Palmer, Ryder, Wiggins; through 2/1.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810). A survey chronicling the development of the fine and decorative arts in Boston between 1810 and 1840, with furniture by Emmons & Archibald, silver by Churchill & Treadwell, and artworks by Audubon, Cole, Stuart, others; through 2/5.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500). Sculptures by Byers, Blue, Harp, Moss, Taniguchi; through 1/22.

York—21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155). Works produced between 1880 and 1920 by American artists, among them Beaux, Cassat, Chase, Inness, Manship, Sargent, Stella; through 1/29.

57th Street Area

Cohan—41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171). "The Nature of Order," with works by Cage, Fischli & Weiss, Gallagher, LeWitt, Long, Miyagima, Tomaselli; through 1/29.

Krugier—41 E. 57th St. (212-755-7288). Still-lif paintings and works on paper by Beckmann Braque, Giacometti, Picasso, Morandi, Redon others; through 1/15.

PaineWebber—42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (212-713 2885), Mon.–Fri. 8–6. "Beyond Appearances: Im ages in Science at the Millennium," an exhibitio of scientific and medical illustrations from th Middle Ages to the late nineteenth centur 1/7–3/31.

Rubin, Greenberg Van Doren—730 Fifth Ave. (212 445-0444). "Architecture and Memory," work that reflect on modern and postmodern architec ture by Doig, Edwards, Manetas, Opie, Vejvi, oth ers; 1/6–1/29.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—33 Greene St. (212-226-3970 "Made Especially for You," site- and audience-spe cific works by Asbury, Brannon, Giannotti; a ful scale dwelling by New York-based archite Toshiko Mori; through 1/15.

Lennon, Weinberg—560 Broadway (212-941-0012

Photographs by sculptors, painters, and photographers, among them Aguillar, Burckhardt, Coyne, Lucier, Sullivan, Uslé; through 1/22.

Taylor/TZ'Art—470 Broome St. (212-966-9059). "Shoes, Shoes, Shoes," objects, drawings, photographs, and paintings on the theme of footwear by Antin, Blondel, Christo, Guston, Cecere, Horst, Mapplethorpe, Monk, Pierson, Warhol, Yeohlee, others; through 1/22.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (212-966-9520). Video installation by Maura Jasper; "Mr. Fascination," group show of works inspired by John Cassavetes's films; through 1/15.

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474). Drawings by 28 artists, among them Ahearn, Antoni, Bolande, Cole, Dion, Mangold, Scully, Ward; through 1/22.

Art Resources Transfer Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Conversation exhibitions: Betty Woodman and Pat Steir, 1/5–2/13, Byron Kim and Lisa Sigal, 1/5–2/6; works by Thomas Beckman, Eyal Danielli, Jeffrey Sturges, 1/5–2/6; works by Builder Levy, 1/5–2/13.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Couples," works by Arbus, Billingham, Bourgeois, Clark, Currin, Guston, Holzer, Nauman, Neel, Prince, others; 1/6–2/26.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770). "Snowflake Office," works by fourteen young German artists working in various media; through 1/22.

Luhring Augustine—531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100). Sculpture by Cardiff and Miller, Geers, Gober, Gonzalez-Torres, Kippenberger, Mucha, Tunga, Whiteread, Wolfe; 1/8–2/12.

Taylor—529 W. 20th St. (212-463-7166). "The Usual Suspects," with paintings and sculpture by Glantzman, Goodman, Hambleton, Knowlton, Lees, Posner; through 1/27.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). Works on the theme of outer space by Alexopoulos, Jervert, Bransford, Hammond, others; photographs of the rich-and-glamorous set by Jessica Craig-Martin; collaborative project by Hanson & Sonnenberg; through 2/6.

Photography

Lynne Cohen—Color photographs that depict interiors of medical and educational institutions, corporations, and government buildings; 1/6–2/12. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642).

John Coplans—Recent black-and-white images from two new series depicting the artist's fingers and his hands on his knees; through 1/22. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Roland Fischer—Large-scale photographs of the façades of modern high-rise buildings in Beijing, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and New York; through 1/29. Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

ane Greer—Photographs that depict dolls at the Doll Hospital of New York; through 1/15. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (212-355-3330).

Grimm—505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662). Photographs that link landscape to human emotions, by Courville, Gerety, Rowley; through 1/15.

ndras Gursky—New large-scale color photographs depicting vast interior spaces, among them views of merchandise in a discount store in Los Angeles, a massive hotel atrium in Taipei, and the stacks of a library in Stockholm; through 1/15. Marks, 522 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

iro—A small retrospective of fashion photographs from the sixties and seventies, celebrity portraits, and iconic images such as the *Apollo 11* spaceship launch of 1969; through 1/15. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

CP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and US." A comparison of Farm Security Administration photography created in the U.S. and Socialist Realist pictures produced in the USSR; through 2/13.

Jose Picayo—Still-life photographs whose compositions bring to mind paintings by seventeenth-century Dutch masters; through 1/15. Robin Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (212-366-6660).

Mann—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600). "YNOT," photographs by Baldessari, Berman, Maning, Ruscha, Wegman, and others that appear in issue 14 of *Blind Spot* magazine; through 1/29.

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596), Mon.–Sat. 10–5:30; free. "*Vanity Fair* and the Birth of the Modern Age: Portraits, 1914–1936." Images of the celebrities of the day shot for the magazine by Abbott, de Mayer, May Ray, Steichen, others; through 1/3. . . . "The Century in Times Square." The evolution of New York's most famous gathering place as told through photographs from the archives of the New York *Times;* through 1/29.

Nosei—530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695). Recent works by female photographers, among them Eyre, Laplante, Neshat, Peréz Bravo, Porter; through 2/4.

Ruth Orkin—Photographs of street life, children at play, and views from the artist's window; through 1/22. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010).

René-Jacques—Photographs of Paris taken from the thirties through the fifties by the photographer, who was born René Giton in 1908 in Phnom Penh, Cambodia; through 1/22. 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

Richardson—560 Broadway (212-343-1255). Views of the ancient world taken between 1851 and 1997 by nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographers; through 1/15.

Andrea Robbins and Max Becher—Collaborative portraits and documentary images that expose the German fascination with Native Americans; through 1/29. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (212-255-8450).

Louis Stettner—A selection of photographs from 1936 to the present taken in New York City, upstate New York, and Paris; through 1/15. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

Stevenson—338 W. 23rd St. (212-580-8169). Photographs by Bradshaw, Izu, McDermott & McGough, Suter, others, printed at Renaissance Press; through 1/22.

Dennis Stock—Images of actors, hippies, bikers, and jazz musicians spanning the photo-essayist's career since the early fifties, as well as impressionistic color studies of flowers and landscape; through 1/22. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Beaded Universe: Strands of Culture." The largest and most comprehensive survey of the art of beads, including beaded talismans; religious artifacts from the Buddhist, Christian, and Islamic faiths; and purses and costumes; through 1/30. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Capturing Time: The New York Times Capsule." An exhibition presented in collaboration with the New York *Times* that features nearly 50 design proposals received in a *New York Times Magazine* competition; through 3/26. . . . "Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the United States, Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. . . . "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children (admission to "The Butterfly Conservatory" is by timed entry; tickets, which can be reserved in advance and include museum admission, are $14 adults, $8.50 children).

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"E. W. Godwin: Aesthetic Movement Architect and Designer." Architectural drawings, designs for decorative arts, textiles, ceramics, wallpaper, and other works by the nineteenth-century British designer; through 2/27. 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Amnesia." Works by sixteen artists from South America who explore themes of memory, loss, desire, mortality, and the temporal nature of the body; through 2/27. . . . "Recent Acquisitions From the Permanent Collection." Works by contemporary artists of African, Asian, and Latin American ancestry; through 2/27. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection." The much-discussed exhibition that originated at the Royal Academy in London, of paintings, sculpture, photographs, and installations by 42 artists, among them Jake and Dinos Chapman, Tracey Emin, Damien Hirst, Sarah Lucas, and Rachel Whiteread; through 1/9. . . . "Eastman Johnston: Painting America." The first major exhibition of the nineteenth-century American artist's work in 25 years, including paintings and drawings of rural subjects, Civil War scenes, interior scenes, and portraits; through 2/6. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission to "Sensation" is $9.75 adults, $7.75 students and seniors and includes general admission).

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"The Work of Charles and Ray Eames: A Legacy of Invention." A major retrospective of works by the husband-and-wife team considered among the greatest designers of the twentieth century, featuring their furniture, buildings, toys, films, and photographs dating from the forties to the seventies; through 1/9. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Donald Judd *Untitled*, 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 2/28. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/30. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"Velázquez in New York Museums." An exhibition of the seventeenth-century Spanish master's portraits organized in conjunction with the Hispanic Society of America, including paintings from the collections of the Frick, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Hispanic Society of America; through 1/16. . . . "Watteau and His World: French Drawing From 1700 to 1750." Works on paper by Watteau and by his forebears and followers, among them François Boucher, Nicolas Lancret, and François Lemoyne; through 1/9. . . . "Henry Clay Frick as a Collector of Drawings." Works on paper by Gainsborough, van Riijn, Whistler, and others purchased by Frick between 1913 and 1916; through 1/30. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors (admission free on Dec. 19, 1999); children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Inverted Odysseys: Claude Cahun, Maya Deren, Cindy Sherman." Photographs, books, collages, films, and props by three women artists whose investigations into self-portraiture involve adopting identities from different social classes and geographic environments, "traveling" into the past and future, and transforming themselves into heroes, villains, mythological creatures, and other archetypes; through 1/29. 100

Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5: $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Clemente." A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, pastel drawings, book illustrations, and sculpture spanning the seventies to the present by the Italian-born artist Francesco Clemente; through 1/12. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." A group of portraits of the London art dealer Ager Wertheimer and his family painted by the American artist between 1898 and 1908; through 2/6. . . . "Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890–1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. . . . "The Changing Face of Family: Photographs From the Collection of the Jewish Museum." Photographs illustrating the importance of family in shaping identities, by Avedon, Goldin, Hine, Steichen, Sultan, others; through 2/6. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Rock Style." An exhibition exploring the influence of rock stars on fashion, featuring attire lent by rock artists and drawn from the collections of the Met's Costume Institute and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland; through 3/19. . . . "Only the Best: Masterpieces of the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, Lisbon." Works collected by the oil-industry pioneer and philanthropist Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869–1955) on loan from the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, including European paintings ranging from the Renaissance to Impressionism, Egyptian sculpture, Roman medals, Islamic ceramics and textiles, illuminated manuscripts, eighteenth-century French furniture and silver, and objects by Lalique; through 2/27. . . . "Sean Scully." A selection of recent watercolors, pastels, and photographs by the American artist; 1/11–3/12. . . . "Klee's Line." Works that display the artist's imaginative use of line; 1/11–3/12. . . . "Carleton Watkins: The Art of Perception." An exhibition of works by the American landscape photographer (1829–1916) best known for his large albumen silver prints of Yosemite Valley taken in the 1860s; through 1/9. . . . "A Century of Design, Part I: 1900–1925." Art and Crafts, Art Nouveau, and Art Deco works from the museum's collection; through 3/26. . . . "Egyptian Art in the Age of Pyramids." The first major museum presentation of the art of the Old Kingdom (ca. 2650–2150 B.C.), featuring approximately 230 masterpieces from the golden era of ancient Egyptian culture; through 1/9. . . . "Northern Drawings of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries in the Robert Lehman Collection"; through 1/9. . . . The Artist as Collector: Masterpieces From the C.C. Wang Collection." Old-master Chinese paintings given to the museum by the Wang family over the past twenty years; through 1/9. . . . "Guardians of the Longhouse: Art in Borneo." The first American exhibition devoted exclusively to the Kenyah-Kayan art of central Borneo; through 1/16. . . . "Annual Christmas Tree and Neapolitan Baroque Crèche"; through 1/9. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Pepon Osorio: *Transboricua*." A multimedia installation on the theme of cultural identity in transition and transformation; through 1/9. . . . "Pressing the Point: Parallel Expressions in the Graphic Arts of the Chicano and Puerto Rican Movements." An overview of prints and posters created by artists who were active in the artistic and social struggles of the sixties and seventies; through 1/9. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: People." A survey of figural representation in early modernism, with works by Fernand Léger, Sol LeWitt, Pablo Picasso, Odilon Redon, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Places." Interpretations of site, both real and imagined, in paintings, sculpture, photographs, furniture, and objects, with works by Paul Cézanne, Maria Fernanda Cardoso, Paul Gauguin, Henri Matisse, Georges-Pierre Seurat, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Things." An exhibition exploring the presentation and representation of ordinary and extraordinary objects, with works by Constantin Brancusi, Marcel Duchamp, Michael Craig-Martin, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Projects 69: Julia Jacquette." Paper cups, plates, and napkins designed for MOMA's Café/Etc., a new space in the museum's lower level that combines multimedia projects, a bookstore, and a café; through 3/21. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. . . . "Forgotten Gateway: The Abandoned Buildings of Ellis Island." A journey through Ellis Island's past and present through the photographs of Larry Racioppo and Shirley Burden; through 2/13. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

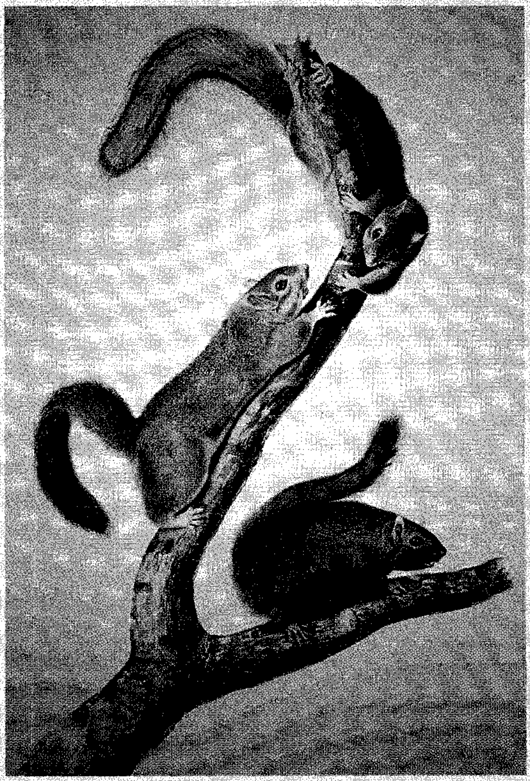
New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Cildo Meireles." The first retrospective of the work of the internationally known Brazilian artist, including room-scale installations and walk-through environments, sculptures, and drawings spanning 30 years; through 3/5. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20. . . . "$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native America artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9. W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5 $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Seeing Is Believing: 70 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration." Work drawn from all of the library's research centers augmented by items on loan from the New Yor Academy of Medicine and other collections, ranging from medieval renderings of the universe t the first photograph of the moon; throug 2/19. . . . "Sight/Insight: Visual Commentaries o the Physical World." Prints, portfolios, and illustrated books by contemporary artists who hav drawn inspiration from the natural and physic sciences; through 1/8. . . . "Berenice Abbott: Science Photographs." Science-themed prints by th photographer; through 1/8. . . . "Adventures i Science and Exploration." Humorous drawings b Charles Addams of perilous and bizarre discoveries by scientists and explorers; through 1/29. . . "In Company: Robert Creeley's Collaborations. Books and projects by the poet made in collaboration with artists Georg Baselitz, Francesc Clemente, Alex Katz, Susan Rothenberg, and others; through 1/15. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:3 Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Rudy Burckhardt: View From Astoria." Photographs of Queens an Manhattan by the late Swiss artist; through 1/1

On View **Looking for a show that will entrance both you and the kids? You may have to hoist them up to see the immense copies of John James Audubon's *The Birds of America* and Mark Catesby's *Natural History* currently on view in "Audubon and the Artist-Naturalist Tradition in America," but Audubon's framed, wall-mounted studies of birds and mammals (below, *Cat Squirrel*, 1841) and Catesby's images of the flora and fauna of Virginia and the Carolinas will inspire them—and possibly you—to hunt down the watercolor box. At the Morgan Library, 29 East 36th Street; through January 30.**



Photograph courtesy of the Pierpont Morgan Librar

. . . "Juan Sánchez Ricanstructions: Paintings of the Nineties." An exhibition of Sánchez's paintings curated by his students at the Robert F. Wagner Jr. Secondary School for Arts and Technology; through 2/13. . . . "The Promise of Photography: Selected Works From the DG Bank Collection." 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*." A holiday presentation of the original manuscript of *A Christmas Carol*, one of the library's greatest treasures; through 1/9. . . . "The Great Experiment: George Washington and the American Republic." A selection of Washington's books, manuscripts, maps, broadsides, works of art, and personal effects, drawn primarily from the collections of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California; the Morgan Library and the Gilder Lehrman Collection; through 1/9. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 1/16. . . . "Audubon and the Artist-Naturalist Tradition in America." Rarely seen drawings and published volumes by John James Audubon, as well as a group of the artist's letters; through 1/30. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Modern Odysseys: Greek American Artists of the Twentieth Century." The first museum exhibition to survey the contributions of Greek-Americans to modern and contemporary art, including works by Stephen Antonakis, William Baziotes, Linda Benglis, Lucas Samaras, Theodoros Stamos, and others; through 1/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Passages: Contemporary Art in Transition." Installations, paintings, sculptures, photographs, prints, and mixed-media works by sixteen contemporary artists who have participated in the museum's Artists-in-Residence program over the last three decades; through 1/17. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs, Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." Part two of a survey of American art and culture as seen through more than 500 works of painting, sculpture, photography, installation, film, video, and related historical and cultural materials covering the years 1950 to 2000 drawn from the museum's permanent collection and from private collections and public institutions around the world; through 2/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

hitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Fred Tomaselli: Gravity's Rainbow." A site-specific wall piece that incorporates the artist's trademark pills, hemp leaves, and photographic cutouts; through 1/7. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17. 120 Park Ave. (212-878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

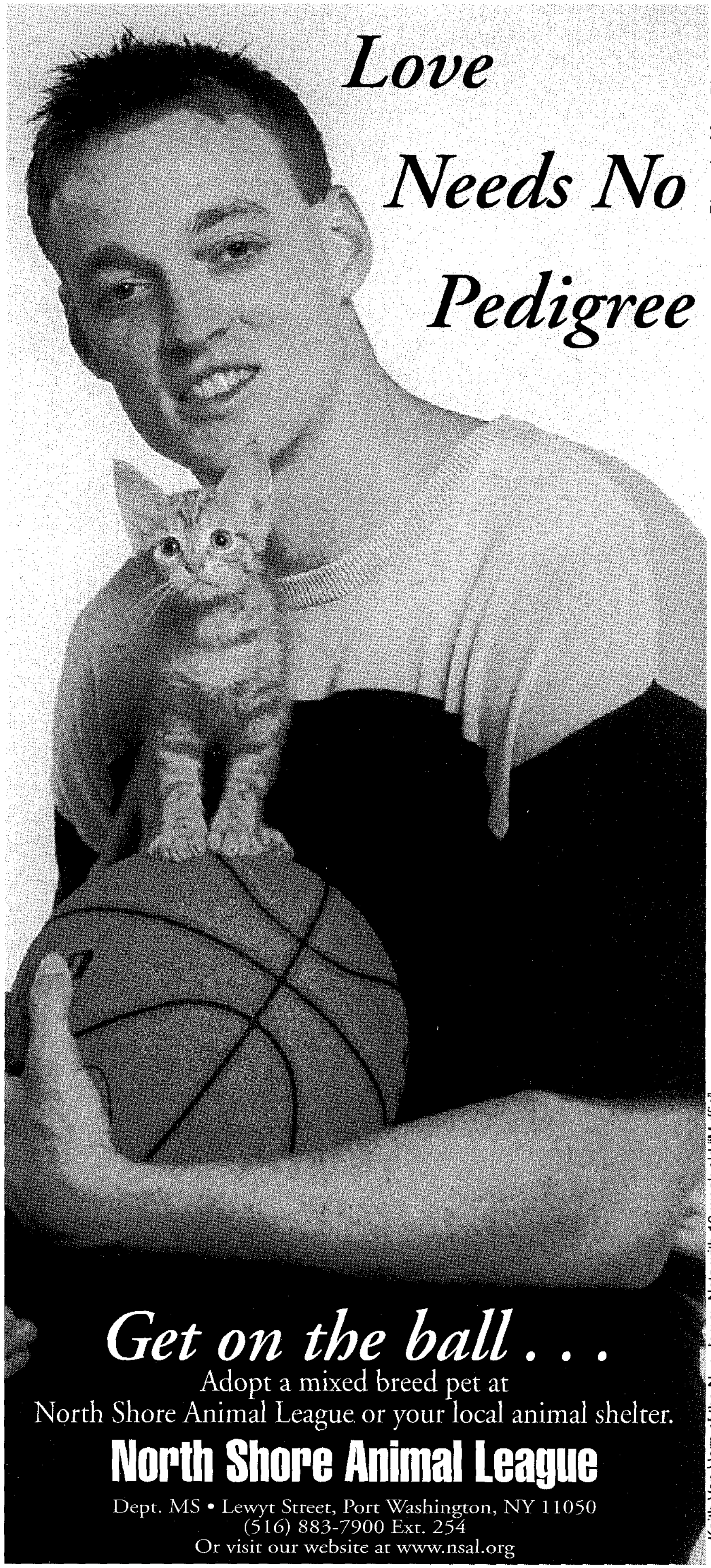
Auctions

ristie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). Next auction 1/21.

ristie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). Next auction 1/19.

illips—406 E. 79th St. (212-570-4830). Next auction 1/25.

theby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). Next auction 1/21.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Keith Van Horn of the New Jersey Nets with 12-week old "Muffin"
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restaurants

Brooklyn Bistro...Beefeater...Noble Peasant

Opening

Taking Umbria

Praised for its food and derided for its hotel-lobbyish décor, Paggio never made the splash that its veteran owners' pedigree and its extensive menu warranted. So now, after a cosmetic face-lift featuring warmer colors plus fabrics, tapestries, wrought-iron chandeliers, and a collection of imported majolica pottery, it's reopened as Gubbio, which also happens to be the name of the medieval Umbrian hill town where chef Luca Filadi last worked. For the next two weeks, customers receive a 25 percent discount on everything from saddle-of-lamb carpaccio with olive paste to a five-course, $55 tasting meal served with Umbrian wines. Everything, that is, except the unconventional flavor-your-own olive oil, served with optional mix-ins like rosemary and sun-dried-tomato paste, which is free. (223 West Broadway; 212-334-8077.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (212-727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Laight Street and Dylan Lounge—White tapestries and blue lighting lend this coolly contemporary TriBeCa space a marine feel, which makes perfect sense in a seafood restaurant with an extensive raw bar. Choose among Nantucket lobster salad, ginger-octopus salad, and grilled whole snapper wit pistou, or if you're still working up an appetite have a cocktail in the adjacent Dylan Lounge. *6 Laight St. (212-334-2274). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Dre Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toaste couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC,*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has fiv places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zep pole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly gre restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch o Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—an dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—h conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossib to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes ca wait for a table to open up two doors down Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-21 0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all ov again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's o of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room ge everyone from the banker, his wife, and their year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted bi deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Robert Huber/Lookat (

Restaurant Omen—Step off this quiet SoHo side street, and you're suddenly transported to Kyoto—a feeling that's reinforced by the traditional menu and decorative calligraphy and ceramics. *113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M–E) AE.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (212-226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse is known for its huge portions of barbecued and smoked chicken and ribs, and has added a steak menu with prices starting at $14.95. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $14.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday and Tuesday night. Kids' menu available. *143 Spring St. (212-431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

otham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

aveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

nickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (212-388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

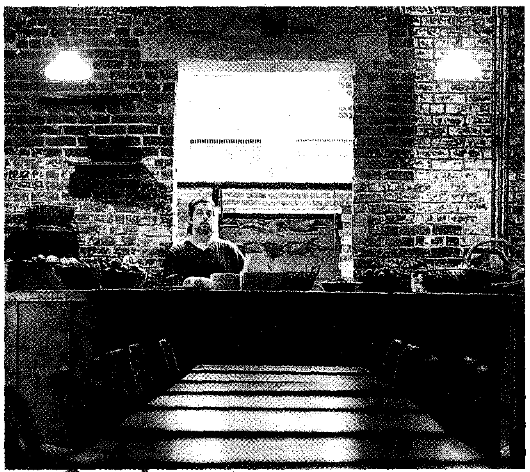
Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished ex-



Opening Into the Fire

Sprung from the defunct Circa, where the emphasis was more on the scene (hip) and the ambience (lounge) than on the food, chef Frank DeCarlo has rededicated himself to the art of cooking at Peasant, opening this week in NoLIta. This studiously rustic, slate-and-brick shrine to peasant-style Italian cuisine features an open kitchen where almost everything—grilled fish, rotisserie-roasted game, pizza—is cooked over an open flame. The furnishings feel equally Old World, with oak church pews for banquettes, a fifties-era pulpit for a hostess stand, and twenties shoe racks for wine storage. (194 Elizabeth Street; 212-965-9511.)

Photograph by Sang An.

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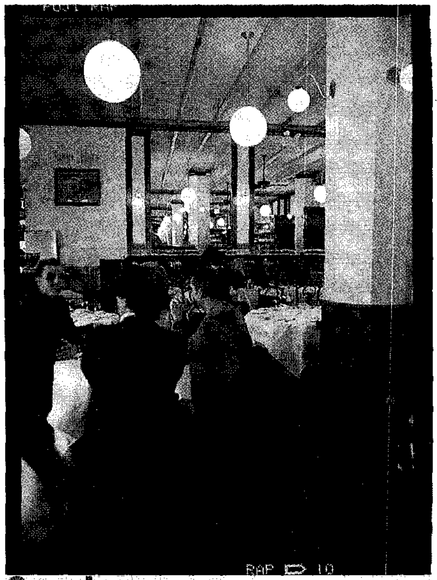
plorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*



Opening Family Trip

Eric and Jean-Christophe Demarchelier, the father-and-son team responsible for such hits and misses as Demarchelier, Jean Lafitte, and Le Select, have exported their particular blend of French food and ambience to Houston Street, where they've opened Demarchelier Downtown. Balthazar's nearby triumph notwithstanding, it remains to be seen whether the familiar brasserie-bistro arsenal of plateaux de fruits de mer, steak-frites, escargots, pot au feu—plus lots of French-inflected seafood—will make a success of the ill-fated space where first E&O, then Harmony, fizzled out. (100 Houston Street; 212-254-7000.)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. *116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meli Melo—A forerunner on the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$28.50 for four courses, all night. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Thursday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *10 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered thi Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientel were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselve at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired and the regulars are taking their places at th counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafoo preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and serve with notable agility in an intimate—sometime crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212 689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you i a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-stor dining room suits the changing mood of diners bright and airy by day and warm and earthy b night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drin made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20t St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scal dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisin make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *2 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisin is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; th room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feelin luxurious and minimalist at the same time. Th menu is whimsically divided into two cate gories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, an meats—with such appealing entries as butternu squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rac of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454 (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room cal isthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or one of the outdoor tables, in season—where th Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and sou change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (212-72 3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Lon Island chain—brings a full roster of pastram corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and oth highlights of kosher cooking to the garment di trict. All baking is done on the premises, and f those who hanker for something a little strong than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian i fluences. Excellent desserts and a great selection Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park h been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour f Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, a scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Six Aves. (212-840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Ch

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (212-691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (212-989-0303). (E) AE only.*

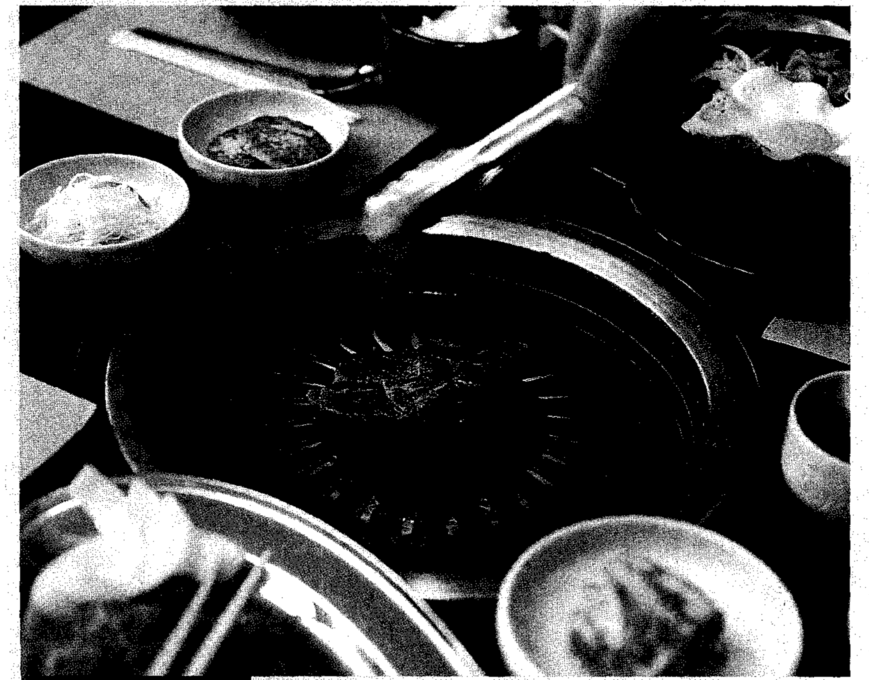
Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windfall Lounge & Grill—What used to be the dining room of the Engineers Club has become a candlelit, oak-paneled American restaurant, outfitted with sofas, banquettes, and a turn-of-the-century oak bar. The eclectic menu offers salads, pastas, and entrées like crab-crusted salmon and Parmesan risotto with red-pepper coulis. *23 W. 39th St. (212-869-4606). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie

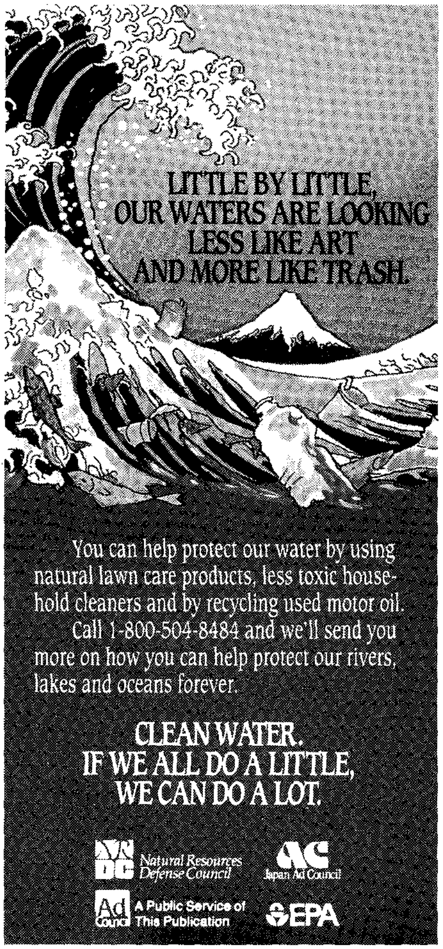


ASK GAEL

Help! Korean food is a mystery to me.

Just fixate on one of the family-style dinners for four from the user-friendly menu at Dŏ Hwa, the smart and sexy West Village offshoot of homier Dok Suni's. "We're having Kaesong, whatever that means," I tell my tardy pal as he unfrazzles over an icy Gibson. We three on-time arrivals have already gone through the feisty kimchi, seasoned spinach, and assorted edible oddments on the table—banchan (small side dishes) that come with a Korean dinner. Now vegetable rolls and a fabulous seafood-chili-pepper pancake arrive, along with stewed pork ribs and watercress-spinach salad in pine-nut dressing. "This is all very upscale, very grand," my friend observes with an edge of disapproval as he orders a second Gibson. "I only know the rough peasant stuff on 38th Street—it's gutsier." But once we're flipping our boneless short ribs on the table's central hot plate, ready to dip them in a piquant dew to wrap in lettuce leaves, he's ready to concede: "Deelicious." True, the steamed beef-and-kimchi dumplings are stunning to look at but taste stringy and bland. Not the beef bibimbop, though—it's fabulous, all of it, but especially the crunchy rice bits I have to scrape free of the stone pot. All for $98 for four, plus tax and tip, a few Gibsons, some beer, and $8 for the teeniest glass of Syrah. (55 Carmine Street; 212-414-1224.)

Photograph by Sang An.



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gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Leopard—This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. *253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Garrick—Well-situated for pretheater dining, this wood-paneled bistro is decorated with photographs from Broadway productions and offers such classic French and American fare as lobster thermidor, coq au vin, and grilled-rib-eye-steak frites. *242 W. 49th St. (212-489-8600). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (212-767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Palladin—Famed French chef Jean-Louis Palladin has finally made it to Manhattan, where his unique creations (octopus seviche in chili-spiked grapefruit juice, oxtail crépinette with bone-marrow flan) are served in the dining room of a new theater-district hotel designed by Adam Tihany. *224 W. 49th St. (212-320-2929). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Steaks have been added, starting at $14.95. *121 W. 45th St. (212-869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

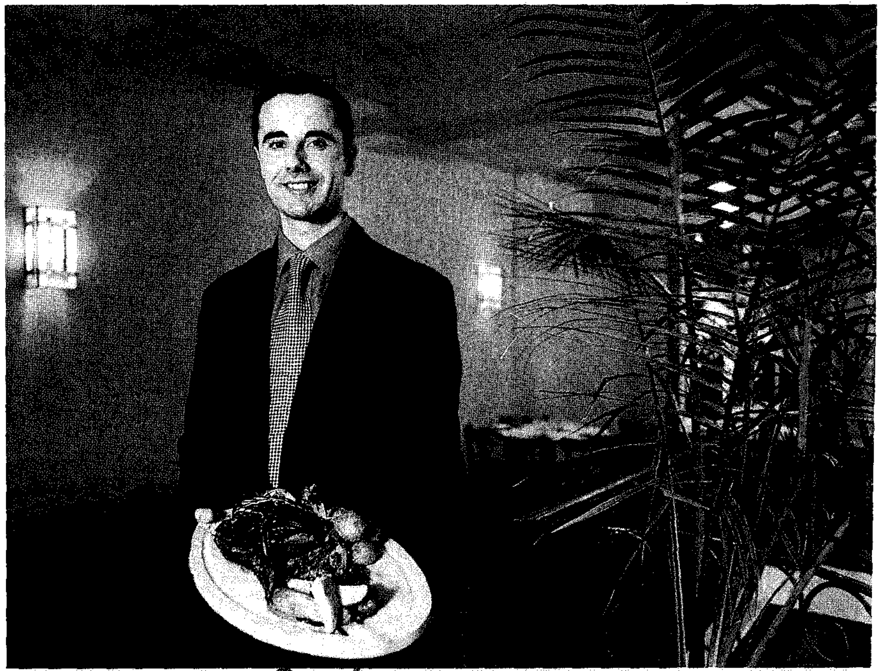
Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Opening

Have a Cow

The owners of Torre di Pisa have branched out with an Italian-style steakhouse called Florentine, after Tuscany's renowned bistecca alla fiorentina, traditionally a T-bone but here a 30-ounce, $44 porterhouse for two. It and its lesser brethren (hanger, filet, strip, veal chop, pork chop) are marinated in garlic and rosemary and drizzled with olive oil, and may be paired with steakhouse staples like Parmesan (rather than creamed) spinach, rosemary-roasted potatoes, and Tuscan fries. And for those craving something other than meat and potatoes, there's pasta, salad, seafood, and rustic, home-style stews. (44 West 56th Street; 212-541-6641.)

Photograph by Imke La

Above 60th Street, East Side

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ost House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

rimavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

el & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

cchero e Pomodori—What used to be two separate Italian restaurants have merged into one larger room serving fresh pastas, risotti, and seafood. Sidewalk dining available. *1431 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (212-585-2100). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

tepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace in a landmark townhouse with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like lamb shank, couscous with chickpeas, and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited-champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (212-501-7014). (I–M) AE.*

fe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (212-874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (212-877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) ($).*

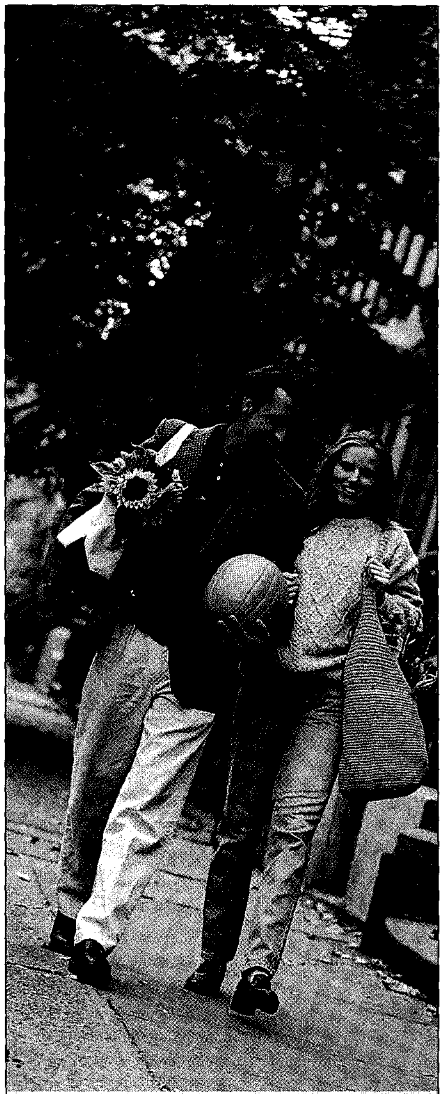
Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes

Opening
Eat Street

Dan Houle, best known as the co-founder of Savann and Savann Est, is the latest chef to desert Manhattan for the increasingly food-obsessed Brooklyn block of Smith Street. At Banania Cafe, Houle keeps his prices relatively low and his bistro menu intriguingly offbeat. Appetizers like pumpkin soup with fried ginger and black beans, and cornmeal-crusted oysters with celery-root purée run from $5 to $8; entrées (wild-mushroom strudel with stewed leeks, pan-roasted cod with black-olive potato purée) don't exceed $15. (241 Smith Street, at Douglass Street; 718-237-9100.)

Photograph by Imke Lass.



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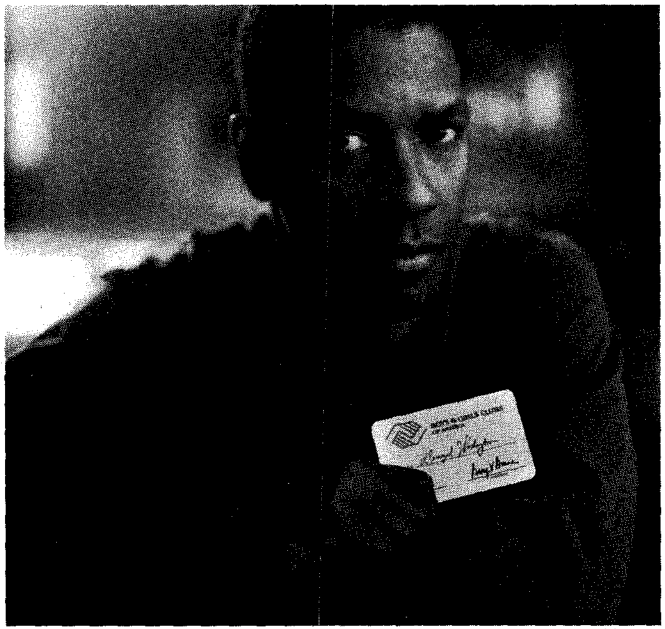

Denzel Washington

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the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (212-234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in thi elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fin weather and a fireplace to warm up the gra days of winter. The seafood-heavy menu find best expression in the zarzuela de mariscos, th paella marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. *11 Bay Ridge Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC DS, MC, V.*

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensationa antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230 0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak fo four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your ow house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, a Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and waiter who tells you what you want to eat. Th double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessl overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat earl during the week and call ahead on weekend Regular private parties make getting a tabl frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *25 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($)*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhatta A quiet and elegant space to partake of fanc American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and re snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion wit baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC,*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

in concert

Doug Varone...Anne-Sophie Mutter...*Roots*

Classical Music

Bargemusic—Mark Peskanov directs the complete Beethoven String Quartets, 1/6–1/8 at 7:30 and 1/9 at 4. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-2083); $23.*

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Lutoslawski, Bernstein, and Gershwin/Bennett with violinist Anne-Sophie Mutter, 1/6 and 1/8 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18–$77.*

Gwendolyn Toth, Fortepiano—"Music From the Classical Era" includes works by Mozart, Maschek, and Haydn, 1/6 at 1:15. *St. Francis of Assisi Church, 135 W. 31st St. (212-967-9157); free.*

Noël Lin and Eunice Chen, Pianists—Works by Bach, Debussy, Franck, Prokofiev, and others, 1/8 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $14–$30.*

Voices of the Century: USA—Harold Rosenbaum directs the New York Virtuoso Singers in works by Randall, Thompson, Ives, Barber, Copland, Babbitt, and others, 1/8 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $18.*

Andrea Anderson, Piano—Works by Bach, Beethoven, Ravel, and Scriabin, 1/9 at 3. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $22.50.*

Ibex Chamber Orchestra—Martin Rutishauser conducts Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, with the Long Island Symphonic Choral Association, 1/9 at 4. *Evangelical Lutheran Church of St. Paul, 315 W. 22nd St. (212-362-1732); $15.*

Musical Evolutions II: Crisis and Creativity (1922–1945)—Violinist Joshua Bell plays Copland, Prokofiev, Gershwin/Heifetz, and Ravel, with pianist Frederic Chiu, 1/9 at 5. Bruce Adolphe gives a free lecture on "Innovation and Renovation," 1/8 at 11 A.M. in the Rose Rehearsal Studio. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $25–$35.*

Roots—Dennis Russell Davies conducts the American Composers Orchestra in works by John Cage, Amy Beach, Muhal Richard Abrams, and Daniel Roumain, 1/9 at 1:45. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $16–$46.*

Classical Connections—The ensemble Bimbetta, flutist Mimi Stillman, violinist Jennifer Koh, and the Zéphyros Quintet perform for arts presenters and the public, 1/10 at 7. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800); free.*

nne-Sophie Mutter, Violin—Works by Webern, Respighi, Crumb, Bartók, and Ravel, with pianist Lambert Orkis, 1/10 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $19–$71.*

Opera

mato Opera—*Die Fledermaus*, 1/7 and 1/8 at 7:30 and 1/9 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (212-228-8200); $25.*

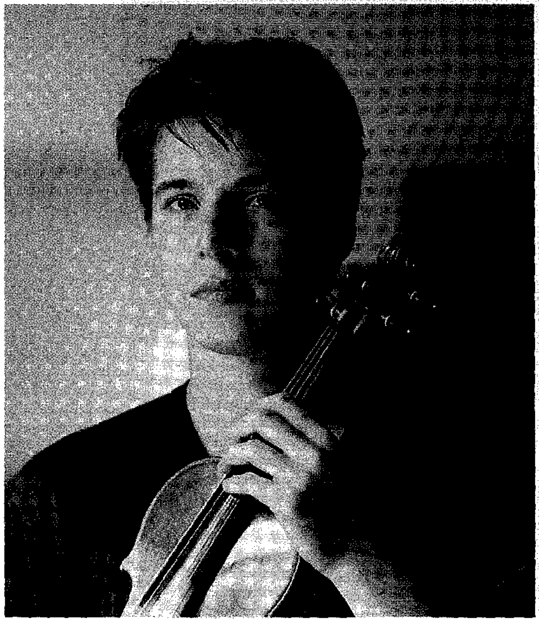
letropolitan Opera—*The Great Gatsby*, 1/4 and 1/7 at 8; *Tosca*, 1/5 at 8 and 1/8 at 1:30; *Madama Butterfly*, 1/6 at 8 and 1/10 at 7:30; *Rigoletto*, 1/8 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$275.*

Previews

Swinging String

On January 9, violinist Joshua Bell (pictured), with pianist Frederic Chiu, kicks off the Chamber Music Society's "Musical Evolutions II: Crisis and Creativity"—a musical snapshot of the tumultuous period between 1922 and 1945. "You get an interesting variety," says Bell, contrasting Prokofiev's haunting F Minor Violin Sonata with Copland's "wide-eyed American" Violin Sonata. (Also on the bill at Alice Tully Hall are Maurice Ravel's 1927 blues-inspired Violin Sonata and Jascha Heifetz's jazzy arrangement of Gershwin's Three Preludes for Piano.) Bell's historical aptitude begins with his own violin, a 1732 Stradivarius named Tom Taylor, valued at $2.5 million. "I'm very close to it. It has an incredible, romantic history," he says. "I recently came across a letter from one of the owners in the nineteenth century relating a story about how the violinist [Joseph] Joachim was over at the house of the owner for a dinner party. The house started to burn down and Joachim ran in, shouting, 'We must save the Stradivarius!' After all these people are long dead, this violin just keeps going." Bell, 32, began his love affair with strings at the age of 2, when he plucked rubber bands stretched across the knobs on his dresser to the tune of "Mary Had a Little Lamb." By 4, he was studying in earnest, and at 14, he made his professional debut with Riccardo Muti and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Despite a grueling concert schedule (he's on the road 200 days a year), Bell has been able to nurture his video-game habit, dabble in theoretical biology, and even don polyester and plaid for his latest hobby: golf. "It's a very frustrating game for me, although I'm totally addicted to it," he says from his cell phone after a week in Hilton Head. "The physical drawing of a sound on the violin is a subtle thing—much like a golf swing." (See "Classical Music.")

ERIKA KINETZ



Dance

Food for Thought: Bagnolet Platform—Nine New York choreographers, including the gifted Mark Haim, wacky Eun Me Ahn, and that rare, graceful animal Wally Cardona, compete in an international choreography showcase, 1/7–1/9 at 6, *Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (212-334-7479), $10; 1/7–1/9 at 8:30, Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-8194), $5 and two cans of food or $10.*

Doug Varone and Dancers—Five new dances from the postmodern humanist, whose vision lately has taken him to Broadway and Hollywood, 1/4–1/7 at 8, 1/8 at 2 and 8, and 1/9 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.*

New York City Ballet—*Waltz Into the Millennium*, 1/4 at 8; *Mozartiana Walton, Cello Concerto*, and *Vienna Waltzes*, 1/5 at 8; *Concerto Barocco, Fancy Free*, and others, 1/6 at 8; all-Balanchine program, 1/7 at 8; *In G Major, Walton Cello Concerto*, and *Vienna Waltzes*, 1/8 at 2; *Agon, Fancy Free*, and others, 1/8 at 8; *Concerto Barocco, Vienna Waltzes*, and others, 1/9 at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-307-4100); $25–$72.*

The Japan Society—American debuts from four contemporary Japanese dance companies, 1/7 at 6. *Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015); $12.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

otograph by Mark Sink.

nightlife

"Simply Barbra"...Van Dyk..."Lyrics & Lyricists"

Concerts

Small Stages

Bottom Line—1/3: Dave Mason. 1/7: North of the Border. 1/9: Dee Carstensen; Susan Werner. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—1/8: Zen Tricksters. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—1/5: Filthy Rich & The Poor Boys. 1/6: Sam Taylor. 1/7: Johnny Allen. 1/8: Christine Santelli. 1/9: Woof. *73 Eighth Ave. (212-924-9755). $.*

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. *13 416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat's "How The Bitch Stole Christmas." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Joe's Pub—1/6: Muhal Richard Abrams. 1/7–1/8: Faith Prince: "Leap of Faith." 1/10: "War of the Worlds." *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—1/6: Jarboe. 1/7: Gary Lucas's Gods and Monsters. 1/8: Thurston Moore. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3006)*

Makor—1/4: Lucy Kaplansky. *35 West 67 St. (212-601-1000)*

Manitoba's—1/5: Dirty Water Dogs. 1/7: Simon and the Barsinisters. 1/9: Katherine Bloojet. 1/10: Beat Rodeo. *99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).*

Maxwell's—1/4: Reading by Ira Cohen. 1/6: R. Stevie Moore. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—1/3: Liquor Cake; David Wallingford. 1/4: Iridescence; Jerk Water. 1/5: Marah; Pernice Brothers. 1/6: Indigo; Seven; Skywriter. 1/7: "Night of Avant Jazz" with William Parker; Matthew Shipp; Joe Morris; Daniel Carter; Roy Campbell. 1/8: The Realistics. 1/10: Tugboat Annie; AM 60; Junior Fudge. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—1/3: Western Caravan. 1/4: Hugh Pool. 1/5: The Camaros. 1/6: Lucky 7. 1/7: Rogues March. 1/8: The Frantic Flatops. 1/9: Leanne Westover and Strange Cargo. 1/10: Brian Mitchell. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—1/7: General Defao. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 1/4: Yukon Cornelius. 1/5: Agent Porridge; Swampadelica. 1/6 1/7: Lake Trout; The New Deal; MB 2000. 1/8: Conehead Buddha; Nymbus; The Brain Trust. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600) $.*

Performance Cy-Fi

The 92nd Street Y kicks off the thirtieth-anniversary edition of the "Lyrics & Lyricists" series on January 8 with a tribute to Cy Coleman, composer of such musicals as *Sweet Charity, Little Me,* and *The Will Rogers Follies.* Cabaret wunderkind Eric Comstock, along with Broadway luminaries Debbie Gravitte (pictured) and Liz Larsen, stars in the program, which mixes musicology, dance, archival recordings, and singing. [See "Cabaret."]

Clubland

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Alphabet Lounge— Saturdays: A great house-music party called "School," with resident D.J.'s Melvin Moore and Neil Aline (of "BPM" and "Rendez-Vous") and producer Matthias Heilbronn. *104 Avenue C (212-780-0202).*

Baby Jupiter—1/3: Ben Eyler; Rick Shapiro. 1/4: Pinto 800; Clark Gayton. 1/5: Chris Stewart; Swim: Solar Plexus. 1/6: Transmitting; Picnic; Zinc. *170 Orchard St. (780-0287).*

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed and unpretentious club nights. Thursdays: A nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy." Fridays: loved-up house music from D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram at "N'Ice"; the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party." Saturdays: "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for the complete schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

Black Betty —A wondrously eclectic nightspot in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: "D.J.-O-Rama," D.J.'s spinning everything from hip-hop to dance-hall reggae and funk. Sundays: "Jazz on Sundays." Mondays: "Rhythm on Mondays," anything with a groove, from Afro-Cuban jazz to sixties soul. *366 Metropolitan Ave., Williamsburg (718-599-0243).*

Centro-Fly—The club formerly known as Tramps is now a hot spot to groove to D.J.'s. And there's more good news: The new owners have already managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big-beat promoters "Plant" for their Saturday nights and "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo for their Thursdays. 1/8: "Plant" presents D.J. John Selway. *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron-district nightspot has suddenly become a great dance-music destination thanks to "Twelve West," "Underground Network," and "Legends." Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Wednesdays: "Underground Network" returns. Thursdays: "Legends" with D.J.'s Adam Scott and Danny Krivit. 1/6: "Legends" presents D.J. David Morales. *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Culture Club—As its name suggests, this downtown club is all about the eighties. Thursdays: "FlashhhBack" with D.J. Grandmaster Flash. Fridays: "Here They Are Now," eightie music and occasional performance from the decade's icons. Saturdays "Me! Me! Me!," total immersion i the "Me" decade made terrifyingl real by an actual Delorean that ju out from a *Back to the Future* movi poster. *179 Varick St. (212-243 1999).*

Don Hill's—South and west enoug to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, clu kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groov to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays Drag queens and gay rock 'n' rollers get down a "Squeezebox." Saturdays: British-rock-theme "Tiswas." Sundays: D.J. Johnny Sender spins a eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, r&b, salsa, an house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (212-21 2850). $.*

Frank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance sp that hosts Lorie and E-Man's great Friday-nig house music party, "Bang the Party." *660 Fult St., Fort Greene (Bang the Party info line: 212-72 1322).*

Guernica—The club formerly known as Save th Robots makes a bid for good-neighbordo with upscale loungey fare and hipster D.J. night Thursdays: Rotating D.J.'s spin at "Quickness Fridays: House music with "Slippery." Saturday Brazilian and Latin beats with "Sound and V sion." *25 Ave. B (212-674-0984)*

Photograph courtesy of 92nd Street

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-vous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays: things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesdays: "On!" offers a mod-influenced, Austin Powers–esque midweek romp. Thursdays: "Get a Life!" with D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. Fridays: "Flash Fridays" with legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. *158 Bleecker St. (212-420-1999).*

imelight—Its club-kid heyday long gone, the sobered-up House of Gatien has been struggling to find a new identity for itself. Promoters have come and gone on almost a weekly basis, so it's wise to phone up and find out what you're getting into before you make the trip over to Sixth Ave. Wednesdays: British D.J.'s converge on "UK Blitz." Thursdays: A deep-house-and-garage-oriented "Body & Soul" knockoff called "Garage City." Fridays: "Beige" mastermind Erich Conrad presides over wannabe fashionistas and weekenders. Saturdays: the usual mix of drag queens, go-go boys, and house heads party at the unfortunately named "Fun Club." *660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (212-677-1717).*

other—This meatpacking-district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesdays: "Jackie 60," the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate Moss–inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped-Out Party Girls." Thursdays: the very gothic "Long Black Veil." Fridays: the ladies-only "Clit Club." *432 W. 14th St. (212-366-5680).*

he Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

oundfactory—A curiously inactive presence in the city's club scene, Soundfactory has almost completely fallen off the clubland radar. But this should change with the recently introduced (and unimaginatively named) "Soundfactory Fridays," which offers big names from the worlds of techno, drum 'n' bass, and house. *618 W. 46th St. (212-489-0001)*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Thursdays: "Midnight Turntable Knockers," a hardcore hip-hop party with D.J.'s like Doo Wop, Max Glazer, and S&S. Fridays: The main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays: D.J.'s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Delour spins house for "Speeed Saturdays." Sundays: A soulful house party called "Sunday Mass" with DJ.'s Merritt and Father Chris. *20 W. 39th St. (212-719-9867).*

Twilo—Twilo is *the* superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 1/7: Paul Van Dyk. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the breakdancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early, or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Ave. (718/992-5974).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Chico O'Farrill's Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin, and the Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 1/5–1/8: Joe Chambers Quintet featuring Donald Byrd. 1/9: David Sanchez. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 1/3: Miri Ben-Ari. 1/4–1/9: Gato Barbieri Quintet. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in

Performance

Barbra Queen

Steven Brinberg (pictured) has brought his Streisand tribute show *Simply Barbra: 2000* everywhere from London's West End Theatre to *The Rosie O'Donnell Show,* and he's about to get his own tribute: a show with Streisand musical director Marvin Hamlisch. "I know exactly how I'm going to open the show," Brinberg says excitedly. "I'm going to say, 'Listen Marv, I've got a few notes about New Year's.' " It's this sharp sense of humor—along with his pitch-perfect interpretations of the Streisand oeuvre—that puts Brinberg head and tastefully bare shoulders above Streisand's other impersonators. "I incorporate all sorts of things about Barbra into my show," Brinberg explains. "Like her trading stocks online and that auction of all the stuff from her home." So it's no surprise that Brinberg's show, which began in 1993 at the cabaret space Don't Tell Mama and is currently enjoying a long run at the Dominion Theater, has a long list of high-profile admirers, from director Arthur Laurents (who, Brinberg relates, characterized the show as "Barbra trapped in a fun house") to Liza Minnelli, who was so impressed with his act that she invited him to attend rehearsals of *Minnelli on Minnelli.* For his part, Brinberg attributes the success of *Simply Barbra* to the intimate atmosphere of the venue, which makes audience members feel as though they are catching Streisand at a rare non-arena show. "I like to tell the audience, 'I'm so close you can reach out and touch me,' " Brinberg says, adopting a saccharine, Streisandesque coo. "But please don't." (See "Cabaret.")

ETHAN BROWN

tograph by Michael Martin.

every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 , guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 1/4 & 1/9: The Tommy Flanagan Trio. 1/10: Juan Carlos Formell. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 1/7: Ted Nash Quintet. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Duke's. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band, featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 1/6: Joe Baron's Killer Joey; Slow Poke. 1/7: Peter Apflebaum; Sex Mob. 1/8: Yuko Fujiyama, Mark Feldman and Susie Ibarra. 1/10: Virtual Cantos. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 1/3–1/9: A rare small-club appearance from the Wynton Marsalis Quintet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, DC Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 1/9: Colin Quinn; Dave Attell; Billy Burr; Mitch Fatel; Wanda Sykes; Keith Robinson. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri.; Sat. $15 cover for 8 and 12:30 shows, $20 cover for 10:30 show; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun. is New Talent Showcase. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

KGB—Thursdays at 10: Ahna Tessler and Lauren Engel. $5 cover. *KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-995-8502).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known t drop by here unannounced to warm up for hi *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat at 8, 10, and 12. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, th Oak Room hosts some formidable names in it cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., lat shows Fri. & Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis o opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212 741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swing through the early set with Eddy Davis & Hi New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. Bobb Short plays two shows nightly (Tuesday-Saturday) at 8:45 and 10:45. $60. Pianist Peter Mintu performs Tuesday through Saturday, from 9:3 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathlee Landis performs works by Gershwin, Va Heusen, Arlen, and Rogers in "Where When?" Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings an plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind dow after an evening of overwrought Broadway fa than some understated cabaret? Wednesdays 8:30: "The Next Big Broadway Musical," an improvised comedy. $10 cover, two-drink minimum. Thursdays at 6: "Seth's Broadwa Chatterbox." $10 cover, two-drink min mum. *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788).*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's brand-new cabaret space at the R gency Hotel shares the room with t restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $60, a there is a $50 food and drink minimum. *5 Park Ave., at E. 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 21 339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newe post-show snuggery, right next door to overwrought Russian restaurant—steer cle of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen a you'll be fine. Wed.–Thurs., sets at 9. F and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $ minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (212-58 0244).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, t cozy and friendly piano-bar features t performance spaces, a fine menu, an weekly gig by Judy herself. 1/3: T Lounge-O-Leers. 1/4: Renee Smi Elena Bennett and Fred Barton. 1/5: Mahan. 1/6–1/7: Bianca Lee. 1/8: Mahan. 1/10: Eric Michael Gillette; T Lounge-O-Leers. *169 Eighth Ave., 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

"Lyrics & Lyricists"—1/8–1/10: Tribute to Cy Coleman," featuri David Zippel; Debbie Gravitte; E Comstock and more. *92nd St. Y, 13 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100). $2*

"Simply Barbra: 2000"—1/7–1/9. *minion Theater, 428 Lafayette St. (2 473-1698). $30.*

Performance

Electric 'Avenue'

He may be less of a boldface name than globe-trotting peers like Paul Oakenfold and Sasha & Digweed, but German D.J. Paul van Dyk (pictured) has quietly amassed a large following thanks to the warm, amniotic trance of singles like "Another Way" and "Avenue." Bliss out with Van Dyk and the glow-stick-waving masses January 7 at Twilo (see "Clubland").

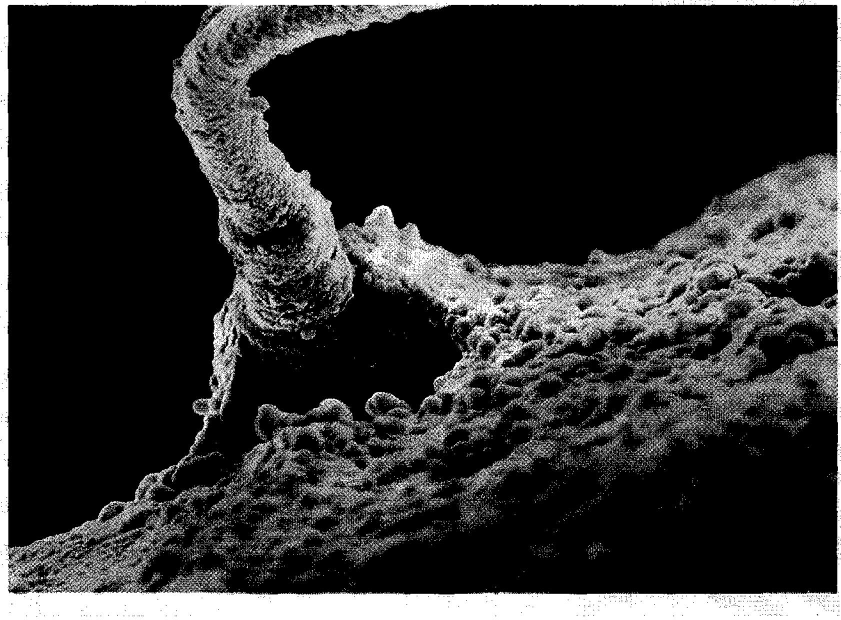
Photograph by Olaf Heine/Universal Records Germ

the mix

Jesse Jackson...Albert Mobilio...“Food for Thought”

On View
Through the Magnifying Glass

Life goes under the lens—as in the sperm's-eye view of entering an ovum pictured below—at “Beyond Appearances: Imagery in Science at the Millennium.” The exhibition at the PaineWebber Art Gallery (1285 Sixth Avenue) will be open from January 7 through March 31.



otograph courtesy of PaineWebber Art Gallery.

John Leonard's TV Notes

ames Thurber: The Life and Hard Times (1/6; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), an Adam Van Doren documentary narrated by George Plimpton, warms us up for the forthcomings of the 75th birthday of the *New Yorker* and Jim Carrey as Walter Mitty with archival footage of the artist-author; his wives, dogs, and colleagues; generous quotations from his stories; an amplitude of his drawings of what Dorothy Parker called “the playful, the depleted, and the ferocious”; and bites of sound from Edward Albee, Roger Angell, Roy Blount Jr., Alistair Cooke, Fran Lebowitz, Marc Simont, and John Updike—with more emphasis on the booze and blindness than on the misogyny. Imagine his wanting to have been, instead of our only Thurber, another Henry James!

he Virginian (1/9; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT), with Bill Pullman directing himself in the Gary Cooper role of principled cowpoke, Diane Lane as the schoolmarm who turned Wyoming from a barbaric territory into a state of grace, and Colm Feore as the malign Trampas, testifies all over again to the iconic staying power of Owen Wister's novel. How a Harvard man like Wister wound up etching the original stencil for every Old West horse opera that came after him is one of the mysteries of our literature. But with Dennis Weaver and Harris Yulin in supporting roles, plus West-scapes as breathtaking as the best of John Ford, it still works. And Lane is glorious.

eath of a Salesman (1/9; 8 to 11 P.M.; Showtime) is what nine cameras recorded at the last performance of the Broadway revival on November 14, 1999, with Brian Dennehy as Willie Loman, Elizabeth Franz as Linda, and Ron Eldard as Biff. No film-school attempt has been made to “open up” Arthur Miller for the small screen, and none is needed. The attention that must be paid belongs entirely to Dennehy, who, huge and broken, is more than sufficient. As if back in the “live” television fifties, the characters float inside circles of their own urgency. When the theater audience laughs or gasps, we hear it. It occurs to me in passing that maybe Norman Mailer wrote *Marilyn,* so vicious to Arthur Miller, because he couldn't write *Death of a Salesman.*

he Crossing (1/10; 8 to 10 P.M.; A&E), from Howard Fast's novel, stars Jeff Daniels as a fatalistic—and maybe even death-wishful—George Washington, crossing the Delaware by night on Christmas Eve to attack the Hessian mercenaries at Trenton in the dangerous daylight, after which a revived if ragtag Continental army would fight on for another seven revolutionary years. It's a splendidly mounted production, with Roger Rees as Mercer, John Henry Canavan as Knox, Ned Vukovic as Stirling, Steven McCarthy as Alexander Hamilton, and Sebastian Roche as a wonderfully energetic John Glover, leading his Marblehead fishermen. Daniels, who must have been fattening up on the same hot-fudge sundaes to which Tom Hanks is apparently partial, bears an astonishing resemblance to the George we see on our currency and coins, and is for the most part equally phlegmatic, which accounts for some of the enduring mystery.

anor Roosevelt (1/10; 9 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13), a scrupulous American Experience documentary written and directed by Sue Williams, covers all the bases, from the alcoholic father she adored too much to FDR before and after polio and Luc, to he magazine articles, the newspaper columns, Marian Anderson, Joe Lash, Adlai Stevenson, the United Nations, and the five children who married nineteen times. Perhaps because Geoffrey C. Ward is the senior creative consultant and Blanche Cook is restricted to a few stingy sound bites, Eleanor's relationship with Lorena Hickock is rather fudged. But she nevertheless emerges not merely as the only First Lady ever to have a personal politics worth caring about but also as someone who devoted her life to including those publics (women for instance, and black people) who had been omitted from the magic circle of Constitutional protection.

Lectures and Panels

Jesse Jackson—1/5 at 8 P.M.: Talking to newswoman Carol Jenkins about his work as national director of Operation Breadbasket, the economic wing of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and the book he has just written with his son. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

The Written Word

David Lehman, Rebecca Wolff, and Andrew Zawacki—1/4 at 8 P.M.: An evening of poetry. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (212-592-4648); free, wear a jacket.

Lee Lorenz—1/6 at 7:30 P.M.: Discussing *The World of William Steig,* which he edited. Barnes & Noble Upper East Side, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-2264); free.

“Mystery Girls”—1/7 at 6 P.M.: Albert Mobilio reads from poetry inspired by Jenny Scobel's new exhibition of paintings. Locus Media, 594 Broadway, Suite 1010 (212-334-6434); free.

Richard Howard and William Logan—1/10 at 8 P.M.: Reading from their poetry. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $12.

“Coming of Age in the New Millennium”—1/7 at 6 P.M.: Stories by Dale Peck and Nicola Barker read by Francesca Faridany and Matthew Rauch. Vivid, 143 Madison Ave., bet. 31st and 32nd Sts. (800-372-1131, ext. 5656); free.

Tours

“Glorious Gramercy Park”—1/8 at 2 P.M.: Get to know the beautiful, exclusive area that was once a swamp before it was home to Edwin Booth, John Garfield, and Margaret Hamilton, a.k.a. the Wicked Witch of the West. Meet in front of the Gramercy Park Hotel at 52 Gramercy Park North, at Lexington Ave. (212-969-8262); $10.

“Views From the Past”—1/8 at 1 P.M.: Visualize Central Park as it was in the early nineteenth century on this tour up the East Drive. Learn how sheep, goats, and milk shaped the lower part of the park. Meet at the Dairy, mid-park at 64th St. (212-794-6564); free.

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ▨

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
ISLANDERS		BOS FSNY 7:30 P.M.		PHI FSNY 7:30 P.M.		BOS NY55 7 P.M.	
RANGERS	STL MSG 7:30 P.M.		TOR MSG 7:30 P.M.			TOR MSG 7 P.M.	CAR MSG 6 P.M.
DEVILS	OTT FSNY 2 P.M.		PIT FSNY 7:30 P.M.	BUF MSG 7 P.M.		PHO PAX 7:30 P.M.	
KNICKS		BOS MSG 7:30 P.M.			ORL MSG 8 P.M.	CLE METRO 7:30 P.M.	
NETS		IND FSNY 7 P.M.			VAN FSNY 7:30 P.M.	MIA FSNY 7:30 P.M.	
	1/3	1/4	1/5	1/6	1/7	1/8	1/9

- **As of press time, the Giants' playoff future had not been determined.**

Afternoon Tea and Home Furnishings—Saturdays at 11 A.M.: Sample teas, scones, and sandwiches from around the tea-drinking world, and then tour the antique home furnishings of the city. For reservations and meeting location, call 732-636-4650.

The Mystical World of Hasidim—Sundays at 9:30 A.M.: a round-trip bus and walking tour during which you'll experience a Hasidic synagogue, the writing of a Torah scroll, a library, and a kosher-deli lunch. Meet at the New York Public Library, 42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (800-838-TOUR); $36.

Benefits

"Food for Thought"—1/7–1/9 at 6 P.M. and 8:30 P.M.: The New York platform for the internationally renowned Bagnolet choreographic competition, which takes place in nineteen countries, benefits neighborhood food-distribution programs. Earlier performance is at Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (212-334-7479), $10; later one at Danspace Project, Second Ave. at 10th St. (212-674-8194), $10 or $5 with two cans of food.

Exhibitions

"A Ha! Christmas"—Through 1/29: An exhibition of Christmas books and ephemera from the collection of Jock Elliott, featuring the first account of the Nativity printed in English and the first printing of Milton's "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity." The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (212-838-6690); free.

"Andy's Funhouse: The Andy Kaufman Special"—Through 1/30: If you think your study of Andy Kaufman will be complete merely by watching Jim Carrey acting out the comic's life, think again. The Museum of Television & Radio offers you the special he filmed in 1979 plus his debut on *Saturday Night Live* and appearances on *Fridays* and *Late Night With David Letterman*. 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $6.

"American Families: Beyond the White Picket Fence"—Through 2/1: Photographs of lesbian moms, interracial and teenage families, stepparents, single parents, and anyone else trying to construct something a little more turn-of-the-millennium than the old *Ozzie and Harriet* model. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $10.

"The Italians of New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement"—Through 2/20: Revisit the public lives of prominent Italians in the city. New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5.

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910–1955"—Through 2/27: An exploration of costume couture. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); recommended donation $5.

"NYC Century"—Through 7/9: One hundred objects reflecting a range of perspectives on the twentieth-century New York City experience. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-6272); $5.

Online

New York on the Web—The holiday season may be over, but that's no reason to stop shopping—especially since "Best Bets" is now online, complete with photographs. Plus, check out "Sales & Bargains" and "Smart City" for even more ways to get the most out of shopping in Gotham. You can link to a new "Best Bets Online" feature as well. Also on the newly relaunched www.newyorkmag.com, access to our extensive archives of back issues has been made easier than ever. Just click on our Table of Contents icon on the home page and browse through past articles, catch up on your favorite columns, or read selected articles from our current issue. Our site exclusives include "The Surf Report," which scours the Web for all the coolest sites—so you don't have to. This week, make contact with the *Any Given Sunday* site or enter into a spirited dialogue on American culture (politics, movies, and more) at www.WFtheColiseum.com. Plus, enjoy a wealth of weekend getaway options with our "52 Weekends" feature, and participate in our daily poll and trivia contest.

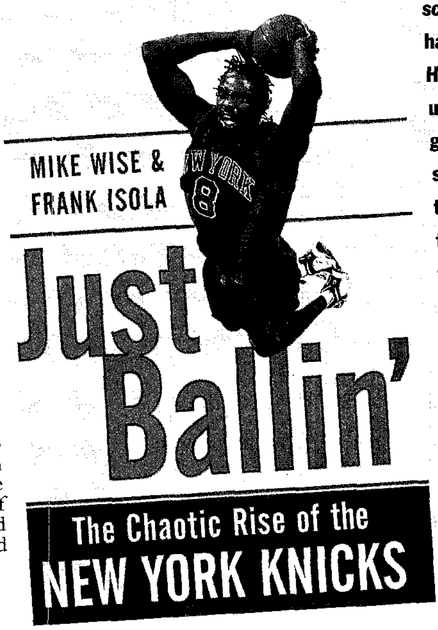
Sports

Bacon and Legs—One week into the new millennium and you're already thinking of blowing your resolution on a triple stack with bacon and eggs in front of the tube. But then, you tried to give up TV last year, too. You can at least earn the meal by joining the Five Borough Bicycle Club for the inaugural ride of its "Fast Flapjacks" series, Saturday 1/8. The twenty-mile tour spans mainly flat terrain, with occasional heavy climbing, and stops at an IHOP in Teaneck, New Jersey, for brunch. Pace will be rather brisk, averaging fifteen to eighteen miles per hour. Meets at 9 A.M. at the Plaza Hote (Central Park South and 59th Street). Bring a lock and money for the meal. The club's next Frostbite Ride, on Sunday, 1/9, is a mostly flat 25-mile trip to the Giuseppi Garibaldi–Antonio Meucci Museum and the Alice Austen House in Staten Island

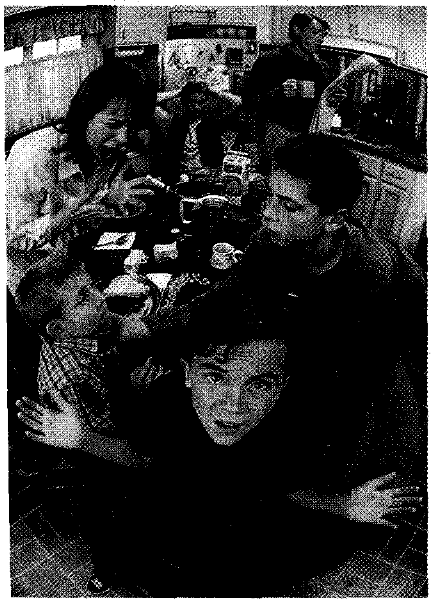
In Print

Basket Brawl

Dave Checketts is as pleasant as always, but there's acid in his words. The president of Madison Square Garden is talking about Mike Wise and Frank Isola, the co-authors of *Just Ballin'* (Simon & Schuster; $23), a new book about the Knicks. "Frank and Mike are both good writers with terrific sources," Checketts says, "except when it comes to me." Checketts is half kidding, but he still smarts from an episode last May when Wise, the national basketball columnist for the *Times*, broke a particularly explosive—and completely accurate—Knicks story. Wise discovered that Checketts had been meeting secretly with Phil Jackson, the former Bulls coach, about replacing Jeff Van Gundy on the Knicks' bench. Then Checketts dug himself into a deeper hole by lying to Wise about the Jackson chats. There are few other such revelations in *Just Ballin'*, which chronicles the strike-shortened 1999 NBA season and the Knicks' brutal internal politics, but Wise and Isola, who covers the Knicks for the *Daily News*, score more new behind-the-scenes anecdotes than Latrell Sprewell does points: Van Gundy, exhausted and absent-minded during a losing streak, crashing his '95 Honda Civic into a garage door; the Phoenix Suns debating the sexual preferences of female hoopsters. The authors also offer rich digressions, touching on pro basketball's racial and generational tensions. "In March, we proposed writing a book about the Knicks as the biggest disaster in a crippled NBA season," Isola says. "Then the Knicks won all those playoff games and everything changed. By the time we got a book deal in July, we had five weeks to write it. Mike and I nearly killed each other. Especially when he'd come over and eat everything out of my refrigerator." Wise says last season's morality plays, in which Sprewell went from thug to savior, taught him some humility when judging the character of athletes. And the tumult may end up helping the Knicks. "All the fires they went through brought the team closer together," Wise says. "This year's Knicks are one of the tightest groups I've ever been around." Yeah, well, it's only January. **CHRIS SMITH**



The Tube ***Malcolm in the Middle*** **stars the precociously wry Frankie Muniz as a kid already embarrassed by hairy parents who walk around the breakfast table naked. His slim chance of having anything close to what he thinks of as a normal childhood is wrecked when his school discovers he has a 165 IQ and belongs in a special class of similar freaks. ("Around here, being smart is exactly like being radioactive.") Mom, on the other hand, couldn't be happier; now maybe Malcolm will stop hanging around with the losers down the block who electrocuted a dog while trying to get free cable. (Premieres January 9 at 8:30 P.M. on Fox.)**



Garibaldi was an exiled Italian patriot, Austen a pioneering American photographer. Meet at City Hall at 9 A.M. Bring money for lunch and admission to the museums. For additional information on these and other free rides, call 5BBC at 212-932-2300, ext. 115, or visit www. 5bbc.org.

eep-Water Running—Though it's not the aerobic adventure under the sea the name conjures, this class, offered by the New York Road Runners Club and taught by trainer Doug Stern, teaches a form of running in place you can't get at the gym. Sessions begin with stretching and strengthening exercises and continue with a workout in a swimming pool that simulates road-running training. Flotation belts provided; bathing suit required. Classes meet Mondays at 6:15 and 7 P.M. at John Jay College, 899 Tenth Ave., at 59th St., and Wednesdays and Thursdays at 6:10 and 6:55 P.M. at the Columbia Grammar School, 5 W. 93rd St.; $90 for seven sessions, $210 for twenty sessions. For more information, call 212-222-0720.

ed Lebow Classic—Tackle this NYRRC-hosted five-miler in Central Park Sunday, 1/9, and be home in time to catch the afternoon's NFL playoff games. Starts at 9:30 A.M., East Drive at 92nd St., and finishes at the Engineer's Gate, Fifth Avenue at 92nd St. Nonmembers, $18; limited race-day entries, $23. The post-race awards ceremony at P.S. 6 (45 E. 81st St.) includes complimentary bagels and hot chocolate for thawing (who needs Gatorade in January, anyway?). Call the NYRRC at 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org for more information.

otograph by Deborah Feingold/Fox.

Cue

What are the new films and where are they playing?

Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway?

Music under the stars or on the stage?

How about a comedy club for a few laughs?

Want to be moved by classical art or avant garde art?

How about dinner after the show?

Let's take the kids out - where should we go?

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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kids

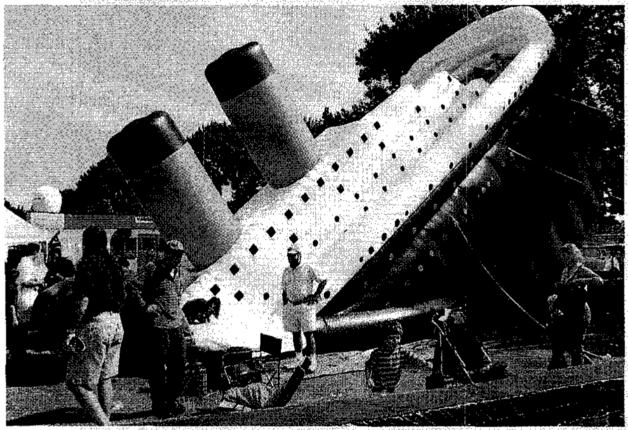
'Pops' Armstrong...Reiki

Happening

Take a Bow

It's almost impossible to tell the kids from the grown-ups at the New York National Boat Show. Now in its ninetieth season, the show promises to fascinate adults and children alike with more than 1,000 vessels on display. Families looking for a hands-on experience can hop aboard many of the boats (kids must be accompanied by an adult), which range from luxury motor yachts to sailboats to small inflatables. "Over the past twenty years, the show has evolved from a 'boat-sales market' to a family event," says Glenn Mazzella, owner of Glenn Marine Family Boating Centers on Long Island. To be sure, the show is geared toward family entertainment: Children can slip down a 33-foot *Titanic* slide (pictured), pal around with Skipper (the show's dolphin-costumed mascot), and watch a remote-controlled model-boat race around a ten-foot-tall replica of Manhattan. Additionally, the "Draw Kids Into Boating" contest, in which youngsters (ages 12 and under) draw and color a "boat of the future," offers children the chance to win a craft valued at $17,500. Mazzella—who was inspired to work with boats after attending this show and others like it—recalls going to the New York show as a young teen, when primarily serious boat buyers were in attendance. "But today," he explains, "the exhibit is more like a car show: Families often go just to look, not necessarily to buy." Besides, what else can kids do for an entire day in New York for just three bucks? (See "Children's Events.")

TARA MANDY



Children's Events

Ships Ahoy!—More than 1,000 boats will be on exhibit at the ninetieth edition of the New York National Boat Show, starting this Saturday at the **JACOB K. JAVITS CONVENTION CENTER**. Children's activities include a boat-drawing contest, model-boat races, and a rod-and-reel contest in which children cast for plastic bass. The show runs daily from 1/8 to 1/16: Saturdays from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M., Sundays from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M., Mon.–Fri. from 1 P.M to 9 P.M. 655 W. 34th St. Tickets are $10 for adults ($8 with advance sale; call 888-322-9922), $3 for children ages 6 through 12, free to those 5 and under. For further information, call 888-322-9922.

Over the Rainbow—Introduce your munchkins to the magical world of Oz: Saturday afternoons in January, **THE SCREENING ROOM** presents *The Wizard of Oz*. Showtime is 1:30 P.M. Tickets are $6 for children under 12, $9 for adults (or $6 for adults if you have brunch). Brunch is available before the show; the kids' menu includes triangle-shaped noodles and French-toast fingers. 54 Varick St., near Canal St. (212-334-2100).

Speaking Frankly—The **NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER** presents *The Diary of Anne Frank*, 1/7–2/6; Fridays at 7 P.M., Saturdays at 2 and 7 P.M., and Sundays at 3 P.M. Central Presbyterian Church, 593 Park Ave., at 64th St. (212-888-0696); $12.

Love Bug—Costumed creatures (the Delicate Centipede, the Golden Mantis, and the Green Lizard) guide children from the audience—who don costumes fashioned out of balloons—in *The Search for the Love Bug*, an interactive performance about the hunt for a cure to cheer up a sad princess, 1/8–1/9 at 2 P.M. **CAROLINES KIDS KLUB**. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). Ages 3 through 9; $14.●

Chill Out—**NEW PERSPECTIVES** presents "Living Light" for children: A traditional Reiki master uses games, guided meditation, and art projects to teach children conflict resolution and coping skills. For children ages 7 through 12. 1/8 from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. 220 Madison Ave., bet. 36th and 37th Sts. (212-679-7810); $85.●

Wonderful World—Lincoln Center celebrates the 100th birthday of Louis Armstrong with "Reel to Real"—clips from his various films. See him sing "Jeepers Creepers" and "The Saints Go Marching In," trade solos with Paul Newman in *Battle Royale*, and cook with Ella Fitzgerald in a never-before-seen cartoon. Following the film excerpts, listen to the Gully Low Jazz Band. 1/9 at 11:30 A.M. and 2 P.M. **THE WALTER READE THEATER**, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (212-721-6500). Tickets are $12 for adults, $6 for children ages 4 through 14.●

Story Time—Accompanied by a drummer, Nina Jaffe tells nature tales from the Jewish tradition, 1/8 at 2:30 and 3:30 P.M. **WAVE HILL**, 675 W. 252nd St., the Bronx (718-549-3200); free. Jacob Grimm fairy tales are brought to life with a paper-puppet story hour on 1/9 from 3:30 to 4:30 P.M. at the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-2060); $4. **ARTSCONNECTION** hosts two internationa story hours on 1/8: Caribbean tales by Felix Pitre from 11 to 11:45 A.M., and David Rafael Gonzalez' stories about the people of South America, Spain the Caribbean, and the Bronx from 3 to 4 P.M.●

cue

Ethan Brown	*Nightlife*
Luisa Colon	*Online*
Barbara Ensor	*Kids*
Logan Hill	*Theater*
Brett Kelly	*Movies*
Erika Kinetz	*In Concert*
John Kline	*Sports*
John Leonard	*Television*
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Pulling Strings—Marionettes perform *The Snou Queen* and *The Steadfast Tin-Soldier* at **THE PUPPET WORKS**, weekends at 12:30 and 2:30 P.M., throug 4/16. 338 Sixth Ave., at 4th St., Brooklyn (718 965-3391); $5 children, $7 adults.

Jiminy Cricket!—Miss Majesty's Lollipop Playhous presents *Pinocchio* and *Snow White and the Seve Dwarfs*. Both performances involve audienc participation and are appropriate for childre ages 2 through 10. Saturdays and Sundays fron 1/8 through 3/5. *Snow White* is at 1:30 P.M. *Pinocchio* is at 3:30 P.M. **THE GROVE STREET PLAY HOUSE**, 39 Grove St. (212-741-6436); $8.50.

New Developments—Psychiatrist Dr. Wendy Turchi teaches parents how to guide their infant's development during its first year: *Overwhelming Understimulating*, presented by **THE NEW MOMMIE NETWORK**, 1/7 at 9:45 A.M. Delphini, Columbu Ave. at 85th St. (212-769-3846); $24, includ brunch.●

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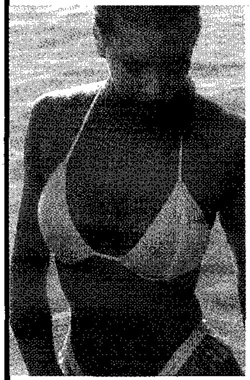

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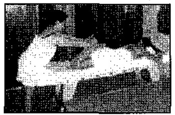

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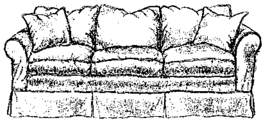

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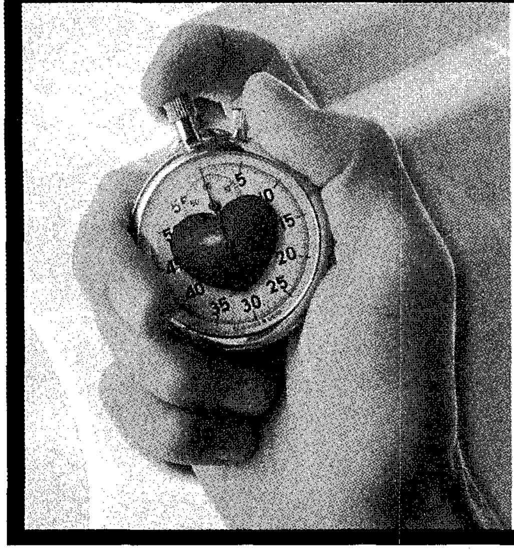

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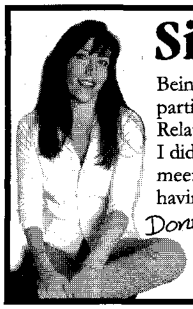

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New York, New York 10163-4600

J, (201) For New Year—Divorced wish male, 51, 5'10", funny, fit and ore, seeks woman, 35-50, to share 2000 d beyond. Note/photo, please. 2922 ✉

nally, Truth in Advertising!—ow.com we're apart? Guaranteed to a smart, beautiful, well-bred, slim, complished, sensual, life-affirming, uthful 40s, Jewish, green-eyed blond edia executive. Appreciates/enjoys all e arts, scuba diving, travel, antiquing, od conversation, food and wine, ghter, family and friends, beauty in ture, design and people, real character, tural class and genuine talent. You are -55, intelligent, refined, witty, fit/ ractive, upbeat, energetic, romantic, ring, divorced, somebody's dad (to limit lf-preoccupation), and successful on ny levels - a major, evolved, grown-up nsch. If you have everything in life but elusive "her", take a flying leap and k revealing yourself. I promise to more n hold up my side of the ink! Note/ oto/phone. 2905 ✉☎

ndsome Prince Seeks—Asian or ropean princess. If you are an exceptnally gorgeous and well-built, highly sual, single white female, 22-35, with elligence, sincerity and beautiful dy, let's mutually spoil each other. m a tall, trim, very handsome, supercessful, single white male, 41, never rried, ex-pro athlete, who desires an lusive relationship with an extremely ective woman who loves travel, ance and a very generous, great guy. to is a must. 2883 ✉

an, Petite, 46—Professional, love /music/nature. Seek soulmate. 2921 ✉

Mensch, 66—Seeks wit/fit, keen/civic, political/puckish Ms. POB 171, NY 10028

Sophisticated Gent—Seeks cultured lady who is available for love, laughter and traveling adventures. She is 40ish and athletic, enjoys eating in as much as out, has a flexible schedule and wants to love again. He is an attractive person of substance and integrity and seeks a long-term relationship. Photo. 2904 ✉

Dynamic Surgeon/Inventor—A communicative, handsome, generous, gentle Renaissance man, 5'10", muscular build, mid 40s - passion for health/fitness, the arts, travel, laughter. Seeks vivacious, bright, sweet woman under 38 for the real thing. Phone/photo a must. 2762 ✉☎

Gay, Super-Successful—Good-looking 60, in-shape, wishes to meet 40s, sophisticated, well-educated man, prefer European, to share special life style. Photo/letter. Serious replies only. 2890 ✉

No Affectations - No Pretenses—I am a 34-year-old, pretty, fit, professional Jewish female living on the East Side, but a true West Sider at heart. I love blading, scuba diving, foreign films, good books, travel (anywhere and everywhere) and New York City. I am intelligent, warm, honest, passionate, adventurous and have a good sense of humor (even in regards to this personal ad). I am seeking a man with similar characteristics - a soul mate for life. 2911 ✉

Truly Beautiful Brunette—Slender, young Jewish widow, kind, compassionate, easygoing, fun-loving, great personality, great smile and very positive attitude. Seek male counterpart, 56-65. 2882 ✉☎

Truly One Of A Kind—As a 38-year-old female, I am an extremely successful corporate executive who is sexy, feminine and beautiful. I am 5'3", slim, classy, smart, and possess a great sense of humor. Despite seeming to "have it all", I am very down-to-earth and easygoing. Some of my interests include running, dining out, theater and gourmet cooking. I am seeking a truly spectacular man, who, like me, possesses good looks, wealth, a big heart and an easy laugh, for romance and marriage. Note/recent photo and phone number, please. You will be glad that you did. 2878 ✉

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LA/Central Park South Model—Attorney/investor - stunning, glamorous, chic, slim, long blond hair, great legs, killer smile, dazzling wit. Loves arts, restaurants, travel, theater, film, cabarets, horses, Europe. Seeks tall, lean, handsome, clean-shaven, patrician, highly successful, generous, monogamous jet-set gentleman, 40-60. 2891 ✉☎

Jet-Set Lover Of The Good Life—Seeks like-minded white female companion, 18-35, for pampering, travel, intellectual stimulation, etc. Send photo and note to: 2908 ✉

Here's To Us In 2000—Classy, pretty, artistic, single white female, youthful, fit, 49, Manhattanite - enjoys music, theater, avid reader, film, museums. Seeks accomplished, emotionally/physically fit, nonsmoking gentleman with a caring, romantic soul. Will exchange note, phone and current photo. 2880 ✉

We Interrupt These Personals—For a word from a down-to-earth and sincere male with a great sense of humor. Tall, handsome, 41, romantic, intelligent, fun-loving, this adventurous Manhattanite seeks an attractive, bright, 28-40 female who loves music, film, sports, travel, reading, four-star restaurants, and wants to make this the year we finally find each other. Note/photo, please. 2914 ✉

Englishman In NYC—Comes with green card, tea bags and own airplanes. 53, looks 43, 5'11", 195, twinkly blue eyes, prosperous but zany, seeking fit, sexy, smart woman for future fun and mebbe kiddies. Fear of flying or card-carrying anti-dentites shouldn't apply. Note/phone/subspace. 2893 ✉☎

Nice Guy, Strong Values—Handsome, fit professional, 45, thoughtful and affectionate, likes to laugh - mature, communicative, don't snore. Seeking sweet, self-aware, loving lady. 2879 ✉

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NYC/Telluride. Our client, the CEO of an internet company, is ready to settle down for good. This very fit and attractive, 53, 5'9'', 170-lb gentleman has brown hair, a boyish face and a devilishly infectious grin. He's a divorced father of three (13 years and younger), who relishes his role as a weekend dad. Some of his best times are spent squiring his children around NYC's museums, plays, movies and parks, or kicking back in Telluride. When in adult company, he's happiest indulging his main passions: classical music and gourmet food. A Philharmonic season ticket holder who also enjoys opera and fine art, he admits he'll never stray far or long from NYC. Although he's endearingly wacky and fun-loving, this consummate professional and former Ivy academician works as hard as he plays - and is likely to be found putting in long hours at his business during the week. His ideal mate is a woman, 35-40, who loves for love's sake, wants to be married and have a child. She is very well-educated, attractive, of lithe mind and spirit, and, if life were perfect, accomplished in the arts. She is high-minded and spiritual but not terribly religious. She is centered, independent and genuinely happy. If you or someone you know may be the one for this extraordinary man, please call. Client assumes all fees.

800-360-0364 Est. 1992

Beautiful, Green-Eyed Italian—Artistic, intellectual, personality plus, smoker, seeks gentleman for lifetime of love and laughter, 38-48. Photo a must. 2881✉

Southern Man - Born And Bred—5'9", 49, 170, accomplished investor and pilot, arts lover, avid reader, introspective and outgoing, desires lovely, thin intellectual for lifetime of romance. 2886 ✉

Successful, Attractive Harvard MBA—Male, 32, with diverse cultural and athletic interests, seeks Asian woman. 2920 ✉

Life's Next Chapter—Pretty, 5'7", educated lady seeks tall, sweet, bright man, 60s plus, for mutual spoiling. 2899✉☎

Commitment-Minded Executive—Very attractive, youthful early 50s, great guy, happy, athletic, energetic, sincere, supportive, Jewish, financially secure, well-educated, funny, world traveler, great life style, seeking the right lady to share everything with. Please be full of life, attractive and happy. Note/photo. 2910 ✉

Hiker/Film And Theater Buff—Striking, dark-eyed brunette with warmth, intelligence, passion, seeks man between 45 and 58, with similar characteristics, to share interests in film, theater, outdoor activities and lots more! 2924 ✉☎

Good-Looking Blond Male—34, 5'10", graduate-educated businessman, seeks attractive female, 25-35, 5'6" plus, for committed, loving relationship. 2906✉

Tall, Slim, Nice-Looking—East Side businessman and resident, very strong and fit, 69, seeking slim, tall, pretty, elegant lady for love and romance. Send photo for reply. 2903 ✉

Bergen County, NJ—White professional male, 5'10", handsome, well-sculpted, scientific and spiritual - into theater, classical music, swimming, skiing, hiking, silliness, animals, meditation, alternative medicine, museums, storytelling. Write to me, you attractive, fit, radiant, 50-plus, white professional woman...as our karma unfolds. Photo appreciated. 2884 ✉

Israeli Beauty, 36—Single Jewish female, exotic, sophisticated, lives in FL and NY, seeks successful man, 45-50, for long relationship. Note/photo. 2909 ✉

Fun-To-Be-With—28, blue eyes, handsome, financially independent, easygoing and considerate... This foundation president enjoys tennis, travel, casinos, theater and sporting events. Seeks fit and friendly female. Note/photo. 2888✉ or: Josh95255@aol.com

---

Successful CPA—Recent widower, kind, cultured, great sense of humor. Seeks pleasant Jewish lady, 55 plus, nonsmoker. Forget the hiking and mountain climbing! We'll hike from dinner to theater to cruise line. 2919 ✉

Fine Artist—50s, petite, intuitive, cultured, good humored, seeks successful, caring man. POB 7017, NY 10116

Suburban Gay Man—Professional, attractive, very fit, with herpes. Seeks fun, low-key, masculine guy for travel, romantic dinners and more... 2901 ✉☎

Warm, Bright, Pretty, Cultured—Happy, 50s Jewish lady seeks kind, loving, smart, special man to share life. 2923 ✉☎

Top Of The Line In Elegance And Class—Shapely, smart and sweet lady seeks man, 65-75, who is attractive, intelligent, sensitive and financially secure, to enjoy a life of quality and love together. 2894 ✉☎

A Class Act But Fun—Reserved but spontaneous, cautious but curious, professional, divorced white female, looking for successful, well-educated, attractive, tall, single white male, 50-62, with eclectic interests and enjoys just hanging out in the city or the countryside. 2927 ✉☎

Sarah Jessica Parker Look-Alike—Seeks winter soul mate. I am: 39, Jewish, MD, cultured, athletic female. You are: educated, funny, adventurous male. Note/photo. 2912 ✉

True Head Turner, Ex-Ballerina—Auburn-haired, feminine, strong, successful, playful, ultra-caring. Seeks foxy, attractive man, 50s-60s, very financially secure, excellent qualities of soul and positive attitude. High romance, deep friendship and superior chemistry are musts for me. Your children and a love of animals and the planet are all pluses. 2907 ✉☎

Pretty, Petite—33, skis, golfs, jogs. Seeks emotionally and financially glued, attractive Jewish male. Goal: happiness together. Photo. 2918 ✉

Y2K Compliant—Successful, adorable, Southern Wall Street female, recently single, early 40s. Seeks bright male of substance, character and good humor. Kids okay, commitment-phobic bachelors not. Note/photo most appreciated. 2895✉

NYMessage

US Airways Flight Attendant, "Julie"—
LGA-INDY, Flt 1470 on 12/20 -
INDY-LGA, Flt 1566. You said
I had a great disposition. So do you!
Let's get together! 2900 ✉

Single Jewish Female Casting Call–For romantic, happy-ending adventure well-read, fit, no kids. Single Jewis male is 40, fit, funny, communicativ sensitive, Upper East Side TV exec wh relishes travel and arts, has MBA. Not photo for audition. 2915 ✉

Pretty, Trim—Jewish woman, 49, seek tall, attractive guy (42-55) who i financially/emotionally secure, for long-term relationship. Photo. 2925 ✉

Professional, Early Nassau Lady–Seeks a good, sweet, professionall secure, all-around guy who's marriag minded, 43-55. Photo, please. 2892✉☎

Monmouth County, NJ—Successf businessman, 6', 175, romantic, though ful, upbeat, attractive, seeks woma 50-60, with heart, who is happy wi herself and is looking for a life partne Must reside in Monmouth County, N Photo/note. POB 32, Rumson, NJ 07760

Extraordinary, Stunning Woman—4 educated, athletic, European backgroun divorced mother of two, seeks a Jewi gentleman, passionate, successful, hone for permanent relationship. Photo. 2917

Let's Build A Fire—After a day of skiin and talk about the meaning of lif Successful professional male, mid 40s, t athletic, loves the outdoors. Searching f 38-48 fellow traveler (female) who ow a pair of hiking boots. Note and photo must - will gladly reciprocate. 2885 ✉

What Are You Doing—The rest of life? Fabulous live wire - attracti older blond seeks huggable male co panion, nonsmoker, 55-65. 2898✉☎

Chelsea Lady—5'10", slender blo surprisingly sweet trial lawyer, seeks big-hearted guy, 40-50 and professio must laugh easily and hug well. Musc a plus. 2916 ✉☎

Boston, Single White Male, 61— Manhattanite, attractive, communicati humorous, sensual. Visits NY. In sea of smart, maybe offbeat, woman. 2902✉

Vegetarian Futures Trader—(No ho nonspiritual, recovering Liberta politician, CA home owner, ratio creative, bright, fit, 46. Seeks relocat equivalent female. 2889 ✉

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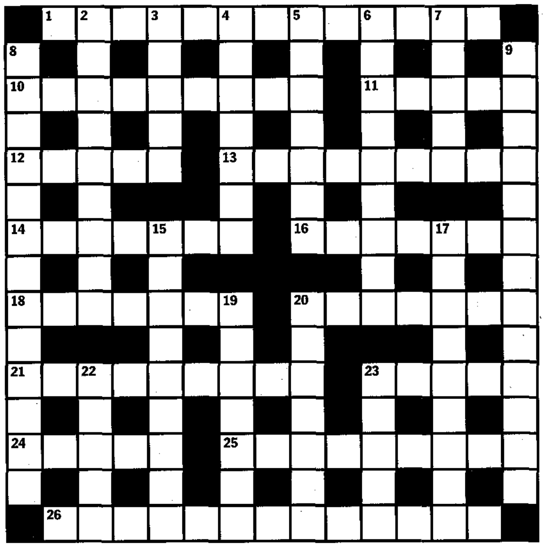
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 One may moderate the award of a degree, perhaps. (13)
10 Put in the picture with underweight measures going round. (9)
11 Innocent about second source of boxer's income? (5)
12 Tree, one Norway supplied after dispute. (5)
13 Form of holy grail, almost—trapping Conservative and a few in government. (9)
14 "Right dress" may be demonstrated on this parade ground. (7)
16 Baby's male! Be out getting absolutely rotten! (7)
18 GI hero's shot—it's monstrous. (7)
20 Trailer's shown for desert expedition. (7)
21 Jacobi's Claudius was one destined for repeats. (9)
23 Oral examination in Slavonic language. (5)
24 Material from Lennon, interesting in retrospect. (5)
25 Top I would fashion in fine-grained timber. (9)
26 Unusual actor walking on with part of a coat of arms. (13)



DOWN

2 Cumbrian area gets result—law being changed. (9)
3 Start using computer—new trademark takes priority. (3,2)
4 Part of horse's leg felt dodgy—OK t bring in colt? (7)
5 Frank Harris's second literary work. (7)
6 Best friend of a Finn, one in the logging business. (3-6)
7 Part of folio's richness illustrates Hamlet's character. (5)
8 This route's barred for pedestrians, for safety reasons. (5,8)
9 Opposed two characterisations in horrific narrative. (6,3,4)
15 Is Romania involved in part of the Middle East? (4,5)
17 I may drive in for regular screening. (9)
19 Philosopher in a dream, missing something in 7's play? (7)
20 Went round, having been given a ring. (7)
22 Appropriate article, then unfinished. (5)
23 Part of school uniform about to get the bird? (5)

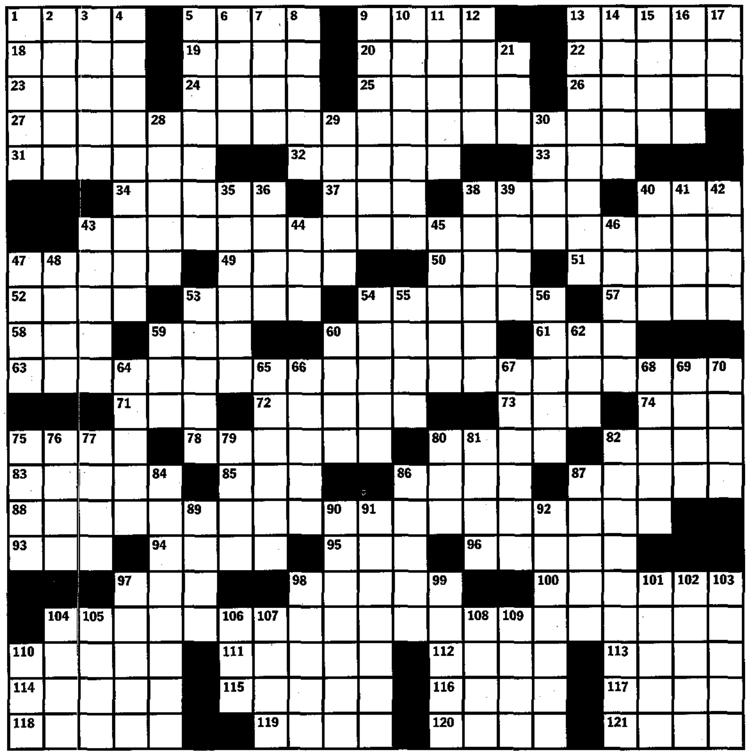
'Invitations': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Algae extract
5 Schnitzel meat
9 Priests celebrate it
13 Cloth reinforcement
18 She rode the range with Roy
19 Between tenor and soprano
20 Similar
22 Cognizant (of)
23 Dismounted
24 Successor to Claudius
25 Rome's river
26 "60 Minutes" regular
27 Invitation from a spider
31 Pick-me-ups
32 Drew Barrymore's great-aunt
33 Please the cook
34 Suffers defeat
37 Autograph seeker
38 Many a Muslim
40 Dallas coll.
43 Invitation from AT&T
47 House of Lords members
49 Antelope's playmate
50 Bank convenience: abbr.
51 Ham it up
52 Epochs
53 Graduation robe
54 Jaunty
57 Wonderstruck
58 Louis Quatorze, par exemple
59 Snarly dog's sound
60 Part of NOW
61 Singer Janis ——
63 Invitation from Mensa
71 Double this for a goof
72 Gas for vacuum tubes
73 Postal code
74 Penguin's kin
75 Neckwear for babies
78 Reflective glass
80 Goats' vocabulary
82 Thigh-reaching skirt
83 Concur
85 Sgt., e.g.
86 Actress Teri
87 Safe harbor
88 *Invitation from Dracula*
93 Biceps location
94 Teaching athletes
95 Macadamia, for one
96 Orange or Indian
97 Maui memento
98 Sonneteer
100 Pre-Lenten Tuesday
104 *Invitation from a* corporate buyer
110 In style again
111 Pencil-sharpening result
112 "—— that has, gets"
113 Adjutant
114 Do tailoring
115 Avignon aunt
116 Henry of publishing fame
117 Not fatty
118 Sheen
119 Borscht must
120 Scholar's collar
121 Stallone and Stone

DOWN

1 Modify for a new *medium*
2 Winery family name
3 Extraterrestrial
4 Storekeepers
5 One of the Redgraves
6 Mountain's ht.
7 Longfellow's "The Bell of ——"
8 Off the leash
9 Lemmon's "Grumpy Old Men" co-star
10 Nutritious substance
11 Oracle prophetess
12 Swerve
13 Above the failing line
14 Be expectant
15 Wilson's predecessor
16 Hudson Bay tribesman
17 L.B.J. beagle, *companion of Him*
21 Afore
28 Barges
29 "I Can Get —— You Wholesale"
30 "Ally Mc——"
35 Samantha's mother, in "Bewitched"
36 One-dish meal
38 Thespian's job
39 Battering devices
40 Skier's surface
41 Unable to speak
42 Preowned
43 "—— to please"
44 Craving
45 Like a bucket of son
46 Saudi's neighbor
47 Coffeepot, familiarly
48 Slangy ending for switch or sock
53 Wedding-cake figure
54 Helicopter blade
55 Ousted Ugandan leader
56 Pre-stereo systems
59 Car of a '64 pop hit
60 Gleason's "And away ——!"
62 Electrician's abbr.
64 Barnaby Jones portrayer
65 Ex-president Ferdinand of the Philippines
66 Misprint
67 Missouri mountains
68 Unsophisticated
69 Sand configuration
70 Complexion
75 —— California
76 Operatic prince
77 Fedora feature
79 Facts, for short
80 With tai, a cocktail
81 Rival of Mobil
82 Fabrics
84 Rulers of Japan
86 Having spunk
87 Peak stock prices
89 Heiden of the ice
90 Moderately slow, in music
91 Fivesome
92 Infielders
97 Come-ons
98 Voice a view
99 Library-listing category
101 Bay window
102 May 8, 1945 in W
103 Downing Street couple of the '50s
104 Holler
105 First Hapsburg
106 Choose
107 Ruth's homeland
108 Closed down
109 Revived art genre
110 Tattered piece



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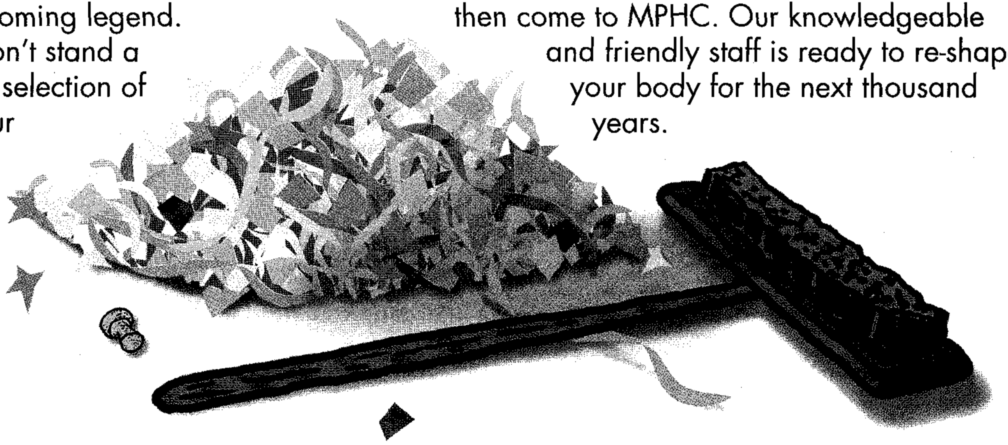

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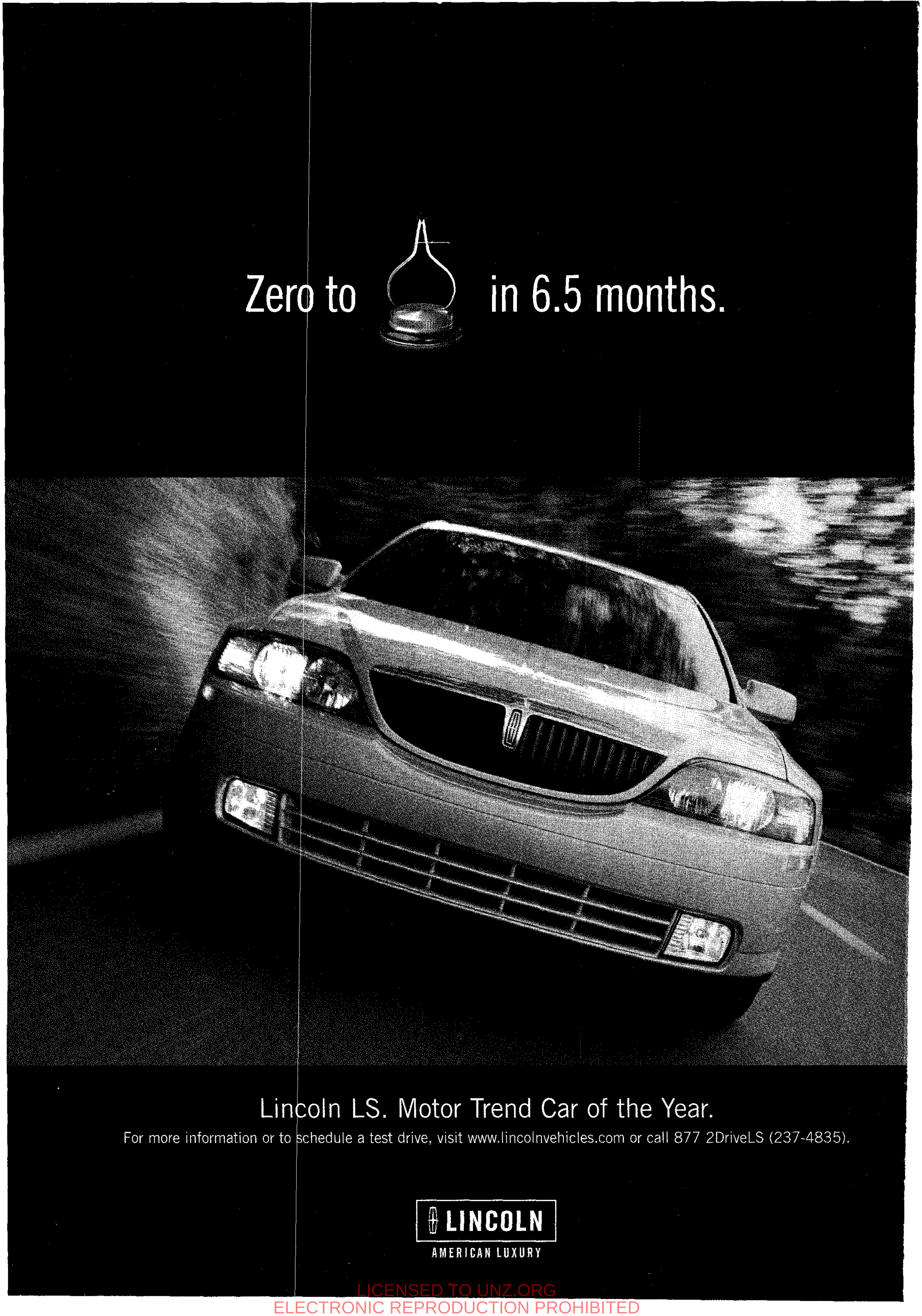

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